Good Housekeeping

FEBRUARY
1930

25 CENTS

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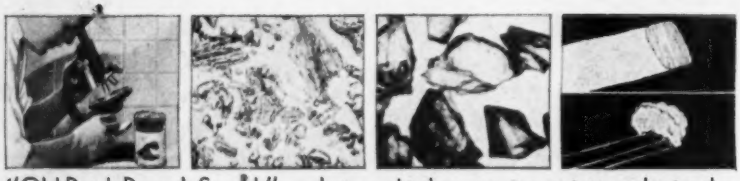
Beginning "STARS AND SCISSORS"
By Mary Lawton

Margaret Kennedy – Dr. Alfred Adler – Frances P. Keyes
Coningsby Dawson – Ruth Suckow – Mary Singer

Old Dutch is safe
– doesn't scratch



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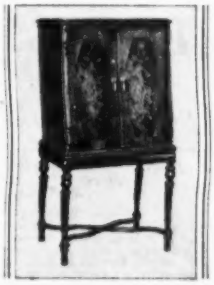

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The Romance of Another "Gallant Lady"
A New Serial *By*
MARGARET WIDDEMER
Begins in Good Housekeeping in March

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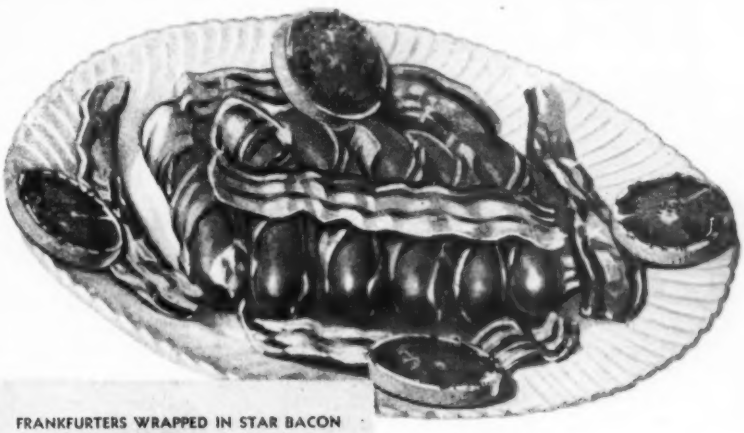

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In using advertisements see page 6

IMMORTALITY

TIME was when the hand of death sealed the lips of those who knew anything that would detract from the fair fame of the departed. Once in the grave, a man was safe from all but those who would enlarge his virtues. "Say nothing but good of the dead," urged a Latin poet, and mankind in general considered his advice and found it good. Not all the dead, of course, had this kindly mantle of silence tucked in round about them, nor did all deserve it, but most men who came down to the grave enjoying the respect of their fellow men could hie them off to their resting place secure in the knowledge that, though their good deeds might not be published, their evil ones would certainly be blue-penciled. And no one garnered questionable gold by gleaning among their wild oats. Silence hemmed them in, were their lives barren of attributes justifying praise and emulation. "He was a good man, but—" had not become a part of the biography of every man, no matter how notable his life or how unselfish his public service.

That time seems to be gone; behind every shining armor we search for the hidden sore. Biographical slumming is the great sport of the day, and as the big busses wait in every city to take visitors through the ill-favored sections, emphasizing them out of all proportion—they signifying nothing but a weakness that humanity has not yet been able to overcome—so are the books piled up that offer one a front seat in the operating room while some self-appointed prober points to some little scar and triumphantly declares, "Here is your hero as he really was." In reality the scar means no more than does the city slum, and the author who will not be satisfied until he has revealed his subject's weakness is, in his field, no more to be respected than the bus-driver who skirts the city's beauty spots to take you to Chinatown and Hell's Kitchen. They are both in business for the one purpose, to profit by the almost universal interest in things just over the border line between good and evil. But the one calls it "searching for truth."

Our thoughts were turned in this direction by the near approach of the birthdays of our two greatest national heroes, called respectively "Father" and "Savior" of our country. Millions of Americans have lived and died in the firm belief that the one, an aristocrat, never did an evil thing in all his life, and that the other, of humble birth and noble thought, committed no deed unworthy of emulation. But there are those who doubt, and doubting, put their bloodhounds on the trail—that the "truth" may be known. "They were good men, but—" and the feet of clay go noisily by, and we never again bare our heads whole-heartedly to their memory, because they were not without sin, "even as you and I." This, we think, is a disservice to all Americans and especially to our boys and girls. We all need heroes; youth must have them. To rob them of their beliefs leaves them with doubts and cynicisms—and with no heights beckoning them on. We are not advocating coats of whitewash nor silence concerning obvious lapses of conduct; truth is better than falsehood. What we decry is the overemphasizing of unimportant things—things the neighbors knew and which changed neither their love nor respect. The only immortality of which man is sure is in the minds and hearts of those who live after him. As we would be remembered, let us remember others. And let us keep our heroes. Washington and Lincoln were great men, they were good men; their greatness and goodness are our inheritance and inspiration. We must not let these virtues be vitiated with a "but—"

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

On the Air

By
Ethel Romig Fuller

Illustrated by Pruett Carter

TIME was, the farm wife standing in her door
And peering through the dusk across the hills,
Could almost hear behind her on the floor
The shadows creeping, creeping to the sills
Like ghosts of black Minorcas come to perch
There in the dark, so still the country night,
While sometimes from the rising mists, a birch
Would beckon till she turned and struck a light.

TIME was . . . now always there is company:
An orchestra usurps the kitchen, while
A prima donna often comes to tea
And presidents revolve the creaking stile—
For neither mire, hub-deep, nor drifting snow
Can block the road against a radio.

Stars & Scissors

A Brilliant Biography Of

Madame Elise Freisinger

Costumer to the Opera

Paintings
By Jules Gotlieb

MORE than forty years ago, on a particularly rainy day in October, there set sail from this country in a small ship from Bremen a young woman, a contract in her pocket (but fear in her heart) for the great job of costumer for the new Metropolitan Opera House of New York.

Alone and unknown to us she came—alone and unknown, without a word of English to her credit—and began her career as costumer *par excellence*. From her first success in the splendid production of "Aïda," on she went, down through the crowded, triumphant years of that golden, epoch-making age of music and the stage. From Patti, Lehmann, De Reszke, Caruso, Eames, Nordica, Booth, Bernhardt, Irving, Terry, Mansfield, the Barrymores, Mrs. Fiske, Pavlowa, and the immortal Duse, down to—believe it you must—Jumbo and the Baby Elephant of Barnum's Circus fame! Whether it was Bernhardt's flowing robes or Jumbo's jeweled stomacher, Caruso's *Pierrot* costume or Mrs. Vanderbilt's most superb ball-gown—for society in the old days came a-knocking at her door—all was grist that came to her mill. No song-bird was too difficult, no actor too temperamental, no hours too long, no job too mean, no work too hard for her genius and art. From youth to old age this valiant and intrepid woman has stood at her post, a little tower of strength in the storms and the calms, the tragedies and comedies of the great world of the theatre. "The cut"—the famous "Freisinger cut"—that turned a few yards of white cotton into an angel's robe, and juggled a Bird of Paradise from a glitter of tinsel and a handful of beads—how eagerly they sought her—then and now—for she is still working her miracles—still turning geese into swans! One by one she receives them all; her magic hands and scissors transform them—poor humans that they are!—from mere stars of the footlight into veritable stars of the firmament, where they still flash and glitter to a gaping world—the Great Dead and the Living.

Anton Seidl was conductor of the Metropolitan when Elise Seeger came to it as costumer, and he it was who gave her away when she married Mr. Freisinger

But I am telling you too much! The stage is now set, and like all good story-tellers and stage managers, I call you quickly to your places and ring up the curtain.

The curtain, ladies and gentlemen—for I hope there will be some gentlemen in my audience—the curtain is going up.

Enter Madam Freisinger—Costumer *par excellence!*

WHAT an introduction!—Costumer *par excellence!* My dear, how charmingly you are giving me the center of the stage! *Mes compliments!* And now I place myself at your disposal and we begin.

So it's the story of my life—the "costumer *par excellence*," as you call me, that you want. A difficult order—the most difficult that I (who've had them by the thousand) ever had to fill.

Little did I think, when I was slashing the window curtains into a dress for my sister, that years later I should be slashing—in just such a frenzy—on a costume for the great Lilli Lehmann, at the Metropolitan

By MARY LAWTON

Who Found in Madame Freisinger's Memories of the Last Half-Century a Treasure Trove of Anecdotes, Grave and Gay, About the Famous Figures of the Operatic World

Photograph by Falk

I put on my best clothes to land in America—a rich brown coat trimmed with beaver. Also I wore a short skirt —unheard-of in those days—light shoes, and gaiters

Yes, I know what you want first—the beginning! There's a saying in English, when some one is very lucky, that he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Then certainly I came into the world—as I hope to go out of it—with a pair of scissors in my hand. Yes, surely, my dear, for I can't remember the time when I wasn't using them—and it was my faithful scissors that brought me to America, the land of my good fortune.

But, as is often the case, it was an accident that started me off. *Ach*, how well to this day I remember it! My sister and I—and our first real party. Our beautiful new muslin dresses with their big blue sashes, hanging fresh and ready in the closet—my sister and I all excitement, our hair in curl papers, watching the clock every five minutes.

Then, as always, came trouble! And it was my little dog that made it. Some stupid one had left the closet door open. Into the closet she went, carefully selected —not my lovely dress, but my sister's—scratched it off the hook, and made a bed for the newly arrived puppies!

Gott in Himmel, what a tragedy! Only a few hours to the party, and the dress a wreck! Such a commotion!—the dog barking, the puppies squealing, my sister crying her eyes out! I was desperate. I felt I was the guilty one. What to do? *Ach*, for a few yards of muslin! And then, my dear—why, I don't know —my eye lit on the new muslin curtains that my mother, thank God, had only just put up. Then came the inspiration—muslin curtains—a new dress! Did I wait? Not one second! Down came the curtains, and with my beloved scissors I was at them as if the devil was after me. In no time at all another dress was cut out.

Ach! don't ask me *how* I cut it! How should I know? I was *born* knowing how to cut a dress. I just *did* it. A simple muslin dress isn't so difficult, after all. The great thing was, I had to do it. From the beginning I could always do something in a hurry—and I've been doing it ever since—for more than fifty years.

Little did I think, as I was slashing at those curtains, that years later I'd again be slashing—in just such a frenzy—on an *Isolde* costume in the Metropolitan Opera House, for the great Lilli Lehman, while the whole audience waited, the great

Lilli swore and tore, locked in her dressing-room, and the manager knocked in vain at her door! For what? Why, for the new *Isolde* costume that I—thank God!—was able to make in one hour! But that's another story—a good one. You shall have it later.

Now we go back to my sister's dress. It was soon put together. The blue sash (mercifully not ruined) rescued from the puppies, tied on again, and there it was, as good as new. My mother was away when the catastrophe happened, which was lucky for us. "Never mind my mother," I said to myself, when I looked at the curtains—what was left of them. "After the dress is done, she won't care so much—and she can't do anything *then!*" And so it was I turned out my first costume and saved the day for my sister, myself—and even the puppies, for they grew up to be nice little dogs.

Now we must leave the puppies and come back to myself. I'll begin at the beginning, as in all good families, with a father and a mother. My mother was the Baroness von Rosenberg. My father was director of the royal stables of old Emperor Wilhelm I, grandfather of the ex-Kaiser. My father was Carl Seeger, son of his famous father, David Seeger, *der kleiner*. He was called "*der kleiner*" (which means *little*) because he was a very small man. He was the greatest rider (jockey, you call it) of his time. The smaller the man, the greater the jockey, you know. He bought and bred the famous race horses for the royal stables and the army. Why, there's still a street in Berlin, the *Seegerhof*, named after him. Such was my grandfather. In these surroundings my father grew up, and through this connection with the Court became director of the royal stables. A wonderful position it was. He went everywhere buying horses for the Emperor—to England twice a year, France, Russia, everywhere. As a child I remember our house always full of horsemen, and titled people. It was through her interest in horses that my mother first met my father, and right away fell in love with him (for the best of feminine reasons—that he was the handsomest of men) and promptly married him; and, of course, that, my dear, is where I commence.

I had a brother and two sisters, and we lived in a charming villa outside Berlin and led a very happy life. I was the eldest of four children—a real "chip from the old block," as you say, because from three years of age, with my father holding me on, I was always on a horse. Even today, old as I am, I can still mount a horse, light as a feather, for my father taught me from the beginning how to ride properly. My sister and I were known everywhere as the famous "Seeger Sisters of the Horses," because we rode, and we looked, I must tell you, simply marvelous! Even in Berlin we were a sensation, for we had the most stunning riding habits and smartest little hats you can imagine, all of which I made myself. Yes, my dear, even the hats, and that is something to do!

I loved horses, but I loved still more my appearance, and, thank God! I always shall. Clothes were a passion with me. As a child I was crazy for dolls, always making dresses and hats for them. What clothes they had—simply gorgeous! Why, they were sitting on every chair in the house, all over my bed, everywhere; and dressed like queens. Many a queen could envy them—such clothes!

From the time I was seven years old I spent all my *pfennigs* on bits of silk, tinsel, and velvet for my dolls. I was always making up new designs for them, I had such a passion for beautiful things to make with my hands. May I tell you, after all these years, what the Empress of Germany said, when I'd made some beautiful embroideries for the baby Crown Prince?—That there must be a benediction on my hands, the work was so wonderful. Now, in my old age, I look back to those little dolls and say, so it was, for they were the beginning.

When I was sixteen, my sister Gertrude and I went to Switzerland to school. She had a beautiful voice and wanted an opera career. I longed for a career, too, and clothes meant more to me than anything else. I was always making them for my sisters, myself, and even the maids, who bought their own material. Wherever we went, we were always the most beautifully dressed girls and attracted great attention. At a party in Berlin I met Bruno Koehler, a famous young painter, and it was my beautiful dress that first caught his attention. He became much interested in some designs I showed him, and he it was who first put the idea in my head of making costumes for the theatre.

Koehler was already art director for the biggest theatre in Berlin, and he awakened in me great hopes in this direction. He taught me many things: first and foremost, the great importance of having costumes historically correct—what prints and drawings and statues to see in the museums. He was a highly educated man, and all this help he offered from

Lilli Lehmann is one of the immortals. I served her with my hands and my heart. She would have no one dress her but her "*kleine Seeger*"

the beginning, as he thought I had a real talent for this work. Even after these long years my thanks still go out to him.

I worked along under the guidance of Koehler—on the quiet, of course, because my mother objected—and so laid the good foundation of what was to come. Time went on, and it was arranged for my sister to study in Paris under the famous singing teacher, Madame Viardot-Garcia. And so to Paris I went too, as my sister couldn't go alone.

It cost a great deal to keep us in Paris, because Garcia's lessons were very expensive. I remember her so well. Heavens, but she was homely! She looked just like a horse, which isn't such a sign of beauty in a woman! I often noticed it and used to laugh to myself when I saw her at the grand *soirées* she gave. Nevertheless, she was a very elegant figure, some one to arrest attention, though she dressed in a very mannish fashion, for those days, and smoked cigars. She was very fascinating.

As my sister had a fine voice, she was a favorite pupil. We always went together to those *soirées*, sat in a corner, and gazed at the celebrities. I recall perfectly the evening Gounod sang his beautiful "Spring Song." That was a gala night, for which, by the way, I made new silk dresses for my sister and myself.

Gounod's great opera, "Faust," was all the rage then, and Gounod himself the toast of the day. In memory I still see him standing by the piano—charming, frail, and so elegant. Garcia herself played his accompaniment. He was trembling with emotion when he sang—no voice left, but what a rendering! It was divine! More speaking than singing, but no matter, there was something in it—the spirit—to remember all your days.

Garcia's house was full of celebrities on whom the pupils were allowed to gaze. I looked with all my eyes and heart. They filled me with such an enchantment! It was a different world they came from—those great people. Why, the very *air* they breathed was different, I tell you.

It was magic—like a dream, if only I had never to return to my pension bedroom!

My sister studied very hard. I couldn't stand her practising. I felt my life wasn't filled out by being just with her. I was bored to death. Every morning, off she went for her lesson; every afternoon she practised her head off.

"*Ach, Gott!*" I said. "I can't stand it. I must have my own life."

As my first interest was always clothes I spent my time in the museums, looking at the statues and paintings—anything that had to do with line and color. So I fed my smoldering hopes. The theatre and the opera enthralled me—not the music or play, I must confess, but the gorgeous creations on the stage. My hands even then itched to try for myself. "Why not? Surely to make a splendid costume for the opera is just as wonderful as to sing a song!" I said to my sister—who laughed at me, of course.

Finally she said: "Why don't you do something? Stop talking! Make costumes if you want to."

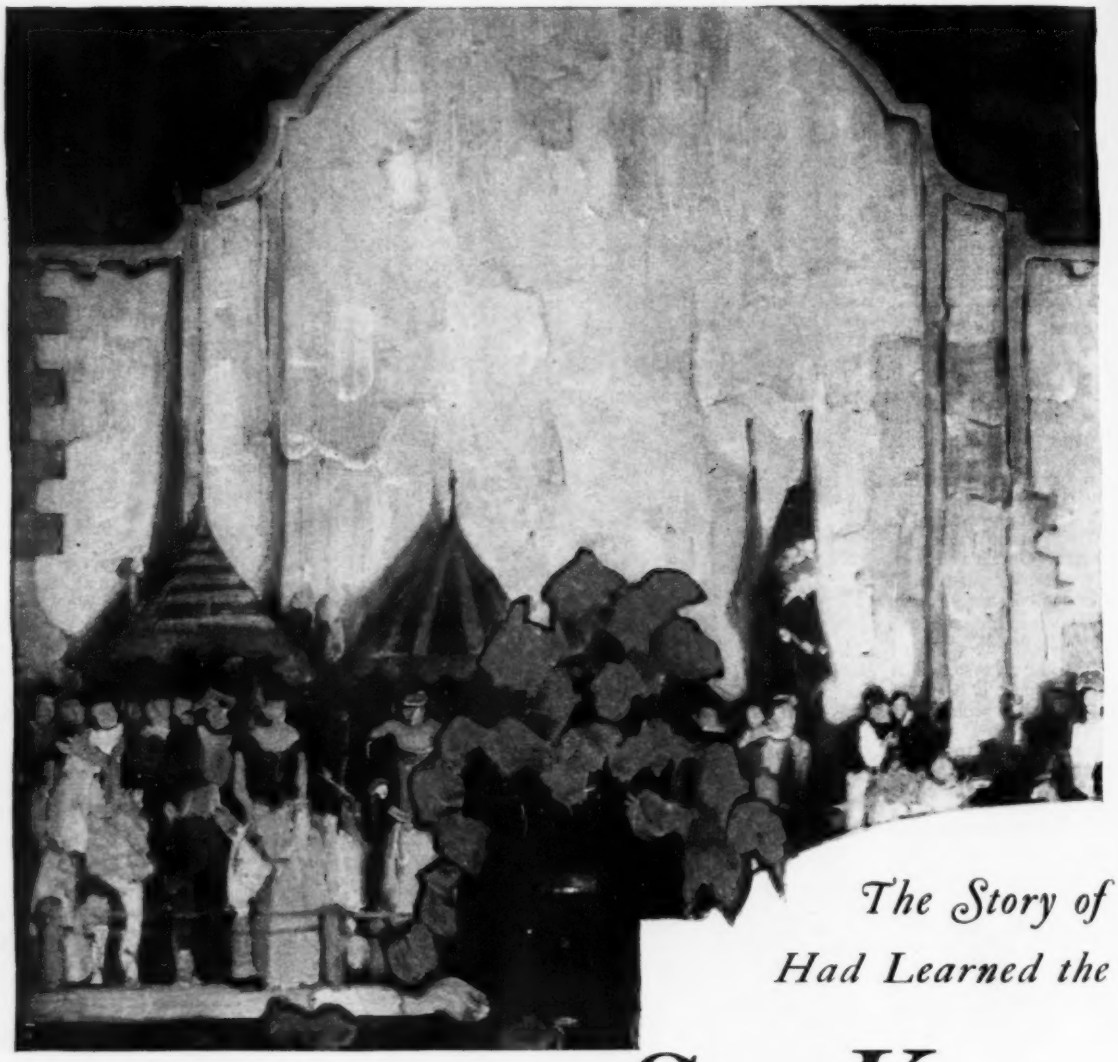
You see, her own career was all that really mattered to her. Then something happened that changed everything—an invitation to the famous horse races at Auteuil. As you know, these were the great races of the Paris season, where the nobility and all the most wonderful people go—not only for the races, but to show their gorgeous clothes.

We were invited by two very nice young men we had met at Madame Garcia's, and naturally, being horsewomen, we were very keen for it.

As was the custom in Germany in those days, my sister and I always dressed alike, and so smartly and originally (I saw to that) that we attracted attention even in Paris wherever we went. So when this fine invitation came, I determined we must make such a sensation that even in Auteuil people should turn (*Continued on page 244*)

Mr. Freisinger glued my little fan and then said, "Now, if I may be so bold, what do I get for that?" And I said—fool that I was!—"A kiss!"

The first time I ever tackled men's clothes, Keintz, the leading man, said, "Now listen—no one is ever to touch my costumes again except the Seeger"



The Story of
Had Learned the

She Knew Was

Illustrated by

By Coningsby Dawson

IT WAS on the gleamingly white, electrically driven palace which runs express to romance, carrying millionaires from Paris to Madrid, that I made the acquaintance of the man with the deer-shaped face. Being a scribbler of tales, I had no right to be traveling in such luxury; but there are occasions when I feel myself to be beyond the dreams of avarice and never more so than when I turn southward to where one can be completely bankrupt without impoverishing his contentment.

I had noticed the loose-jointed giant, his hair slightly graying at the temples, the moment he entered. The obsequious shrugs of the Pullman attendant proclaimed that here was a rich traveler who was expected to tip exorbitantly for his ignorance of every spoken language save the Anglo-Saxon. In the midst of the dumb charade he was enacting, he was joined by a girl in her twenties. She was little and dainty—a vivid beauty of the gold and rose-leaf type.

"What's all the trouble, Harry?" She addressed the tall fellow with the brusk efficiency of a policeman straightening out a traffic tangle.

"He wants the numbers of our chairs; you're offering him our railroad tickets."

Their chairs happened to be next to mine. What was their relation? Her attitude wavered between comic tolerance and bored indifference. She had a trick of powdering her nose when her companion was saying something which seemed to him to be of the utmost importance. On his side he treated her as a princess to be propitiated. They were grotesque to watch, he being so heroic in stature and she so diminutive. In the olden days, when a man's worth was estimated by his muscles, he would have been a champion waging war from one of the many castles we were soon to pass, whereas in these degenerate times his chief occupation was stuffing cushions behind the back of an ungrateful beauty.

"Don't fuss, big Bear. It's so hot," I heard her say. And a little later: "If you would only leave me alone! You're not making me more comfortable."

I lost interest and fell to dreaming of the paradise to which I was going. In the

a Woman who

Secret of Success

When She Happy

Mead Schaeffer

From anywhere, nowhere, bounded a gorgeous creature of ice and fire. Her white teeth gleamed viciously. Round her small waist was wound a scarlet sash. Behind her came a Basque sailor, swarthy and earringed as a pirate and lithe as a panther. They danced the farandole as though they trod on air

Basque country the home is a monarchy and its preservation a religion. I judged the pair on my right to be possessed of money to burn, which they employed to purchase everything except happiness. If they were out of their element now, what wouldn't they be presently? And yet people of their tradition flock to the Pyrénées every summer, seeking nothing different from the things they have left behind, only gratifying in a new environment their insatiable appetite for spending.

The train glided on without sense of motion. The hurried succession of landscapes, each so ingeniously varied in its detail, made bows before the window with a voiceless, "How do you do? . . . Goodbye." Paris and its many bridges—the lazy windings of the Seine; fat meadows; isolated farms; vineyards. As in a page snatched from history, great names would soon blaze forth—Orléans, Blois, Poitiers, Angoulême. I closed my eyes and must have dozed, for the next thing I knew the attendant was discreetly jogging my elbow and announcing that lunch was being served.

Once again my neighbors were having their linguistic troubles. They had ordered a particular brand of wine. This time the girl was at fault. While her ability to mispronounce a few words of French was astonishing to her companion, to the waiter it was so miraculous as to be incomprehensible.

"I don't believe the man speaks his own language," she expressed her indignation.

At this point I stepped in, offering my services. After luncheon, when the tables had been cleared away, the girl rewarded me with an angelic smile, which proved instantly captivating. I reversed my judgment without a qualm of conscience. Her husband was in the wrong. She was right. Behind closed doors he was a tyrant.

"It was such a surprise to hear you speak good old New York," she addressed me in languid little voice. "Both my husband and myself had decided that you were a Spaniard."

"On account of my round cap—my béret," I guessed. "I'm afraid that's an affectation. Every one wears them in the Basque country—that's where I'm going.

I go there every summer if I can afford it."

"We're going to Biarritz," she reciprocated information. "My husband and I have had quite a run-in about it. He travels to seek the larger life. Don't you, Harry? As for me, I suppose I'm dumb; I prefer theatres and dressmakers." She clasped her hands in a pretty gesture of ecstasy. "I adore Paris."

To escape the tedium of the journey they both became more than ordinarily communicative, as people are apt to do on a train, since they never expect to renew each other's acquaintance.

I learned that they were a Mr. and Mrs. Courtney and that her name was Elaine. Harry was something on the stock exchange; at any rate he had made a killing. From a boy he had longed to see the world and was seizing his first opportunity.

"It wasn't the money that prevented," he explained, "but the time. I could never get away from the pressure."

The trip to him was to have been the fulfillment of a dream. He had figured himself as an explorer of a world more ancient. He'd spent his entire winter studying guide-books, mapping routes, and getting up the history of places they were to visit.

"You can picture little me," his wife flung in humorously, confident that she had won an ally. "He was like a boy with a new toy. I can't say that my winter was riotous."

As a concession to her tastes he had modified his program. His first idea had been to go wandering on foot, putting up at village *estaminets* and reveling in the foreign atmosphere.

"You can see me, can't you?" she grimaced. "My old Bear has no social sense. Have you, Harry?"

Surrendering to her social sense, they had sailed from New York with many trunks, a powerful limousine, and a liveried chauffeur. Their quest for moss-grown antiquity had degenerated into an orgy of Paris shopping, interspersed with flights to fashionable resorts where the effectiveness of recently acquired gowns could be tested.

"My objection," Harry grinned apologetically, "was that we did that at home. My hope in coming aboard was that everything would be different."

"That we would stay at insanitary inns," she caught him up, "where no one's ever heard of bathrooms."

"And what's happened to the car?" I strove to lure her from the sore topic.

They exchanged glances. There was no doubt they were fond of each other; nevertheless they had somehow got disastrously to cross-purposes.

"You tell him your version," she commanded.

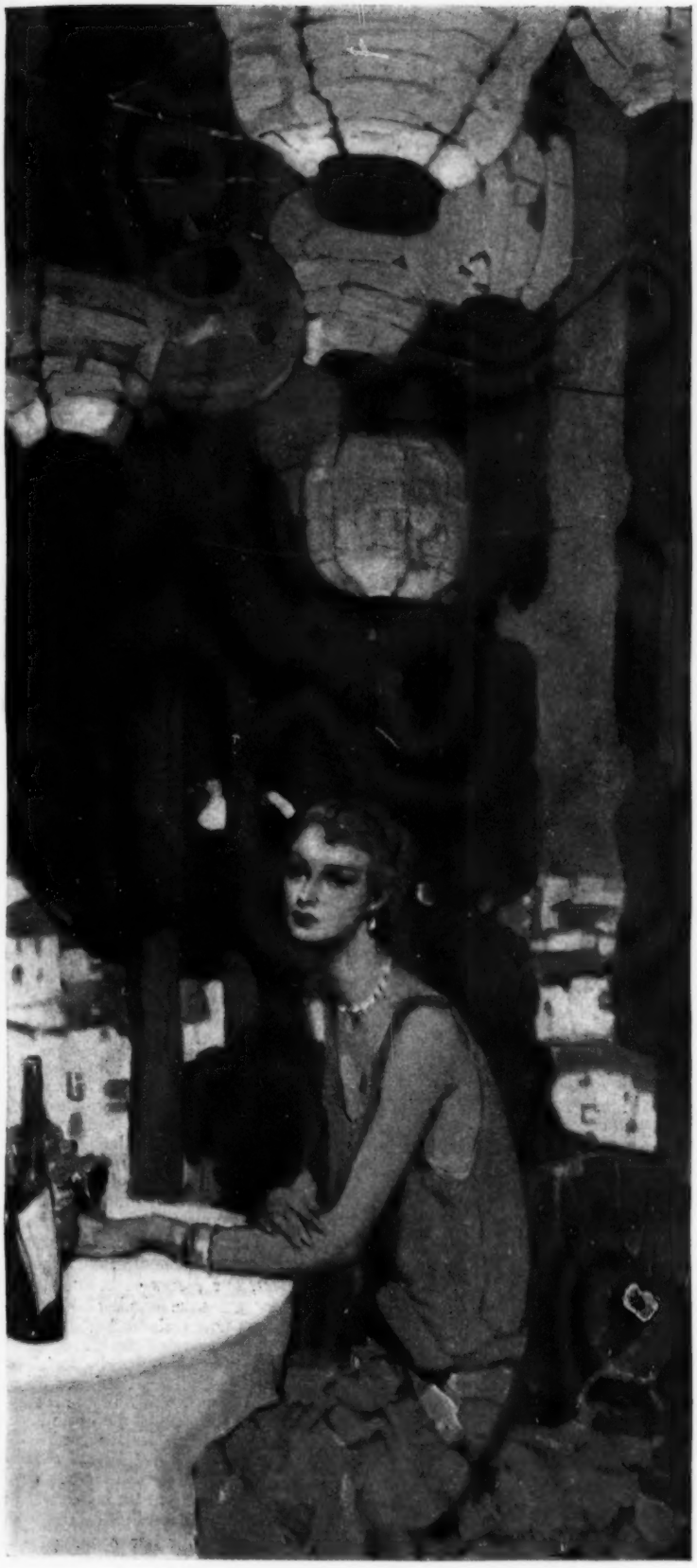
In a shy voice, compelled by her flippancy, he made the revelation. In two weeks they were sailing back. So far, all he'd seen had been the show-rooms of fashion creators and European versions of New York hotels and night-clubs. Out of all the haunts he'd longed to visit, two in particular stood out. One was Domrémy, because it was Joan of Arc's birthplace, and the other—

"And the other's the Basque country, because he read some magazine stories describing it. There isn't time to do both, so I gave him his choice. He voted for Basque land. It means that I'll have to miss my final fittings. When I'd made the sacrifice, the old Bear wanted to automobile. Through this heat! Not for mine. We've sent the car ahead."

"There, there, dear!" Her husband caressed her shoulder. "I've surrendered."

"Sorry, Harry." She really was sorry.

"And after that?" prompted Mrs. Courtney. "I realize that I am Highness left Chiquita." "And never returned?" "Not to Chiquita."



about to disappoint you," I apologized. "After that, His Royal
"You're horrid," said Mrs. Courtney in a mood approaching temper

"It was silly of me to refer to it again."

They must have felt annoyed, on reflection, at having admitted me to the secret of their squabble, for soon they drew together, giving a slightly forced exhibition of a devoted pair who were all in all to each other. At La Negresse, the junction for Biarritz, we parted casually. An American limousine was waiting for them. The express, following the blue coast-line, whisked me from their sight. I had the sure conviction that, having appeared at a disadvantage, they hoped most heartily never again to clap eyes on me.

But there aren't so many American limousines in the Basses Pyrénées that you can't keep track of them. In the mere slits of streets they block the right of way from pavement to pavement. Even in the open country, which is for the most part traversed by lanes, they tower as monstrously as a locomotive on Fifth Avenue.

The Basque's mode of travel is chiefly by ox-cart. His roads are wide enough for his requirements. He has no desire to keep abreast of the times and refuses to mar his landscape for the benefit of strangers. He regards every other nationality, including the French and Spanish, as *parvenus*—as well he may, since he speaks a language so ancient that its origin has never been traced. He claims that he discovered America centuries before Columbus and that it was from Basque fishermen Columbus learned that a new world existed.

Of all men he is the least dependent on material things for contentment; his self-esteem, being racial, bears no relation to his financial standing. He mayn't have the price of a meal in his pocket, but he strides like a king in his rope sandals, and resents drawing his ox-team into a ditch to make way for joy-riding foreigners.

From the day following our parting, I was continually coming across the limousine of the Courtneys and could form a fair idea of how they were employing their vacation. Whether I encountered it in Biarritz, St. Jean, or Bayonne, it was usually parked before an establishment which catered to feminine vanities. Sometimes the husband was seated beside the chauffeur, patiently sweltering in the hot sun; at others he would be pacing the pavement or lolling at a neighboring café from which he could watch for his wife's returning. Here his splendid body was in even more marked contrast to his submissive face than it had been on the train. I recalled his phrase:

"There, there, dear! I've surrendered."

Whether he saw me, I couldn't say. If he did, it was evident that he had no desire to acknowledge my acquaintance. But he did at last. He couldn't help himself. This was the way of it!

On the Eve of St. Jean, the patron saint of St. Jean de Luz, from time immemorial they have held a fête. The date of the fête is the longest day of the year—midsummer. The eve is ushered in with all sorts of mystic ceremonies, the significance of which has been forgotten by the populace. Three days of dancing and merry-making follow, during which sins committed are forgotten by the *Bon Dieu* and are not even recorded in the Book of Judgment. In spite of this, nothing but innocent frolic results, for it would be impolite to presume on the *Bon Dieu's* leniency. The older people prove that they are not so old as they imagined; the younger bring their love-affairs to a climax and get married.

At the hour of twilight, when the blue of the sky had faded to olive, I found myself elbowing my way through the laughing crowds which thronged the Rue *(Continued on page 159)*

The mother is baby's first experience with a fellow being; therefore she has the responsibility from the outset of being a trustworthy fellow being and companion to her child

To Influence a Child

First Comes

The Famous Viennese Authority on Child

THE early artists who drew their subjects from the church painted the mother and child in all the lovely attitudes that genius could conceive. From the walls of every gallery in Europe the mother is gazing with devotion and serene ecstasy upon the infant cradled in her arms. Almost as invariably the infant returns that look. And, symbolically, this should always be true, for to the awakening child the mother is the sun, moon, stars, and firmament of his small universe. As his world widens, it includes the father and other members of the household and later a large circle of relatives, playmates, and schoolfellows. The background of his curious, interesting world enlarges from his home to the street on which he lives, to the community or school playground and the school itself, where by means of games and contact with his mates he becomes socialized. With the awakening miracle of adolescence the youth becomes interested in the opposite sex, first being attracted to one person, then another, all the while reaching out unconsciously toward a completer fulfillment of life. As he develops into maturity, his experiences in social life, travel, love, business, religion, enlarge his universe. If his parents have been wise and helpful in his early training, he becomes well adjusted to all his relationships and is apt to be a normal, worth-while citizen of the world. And in that building-up process—a piece of architecture more profoundly important than the construction of bridge, skyscraper, or cathedral—the work of the mother is fundamental.

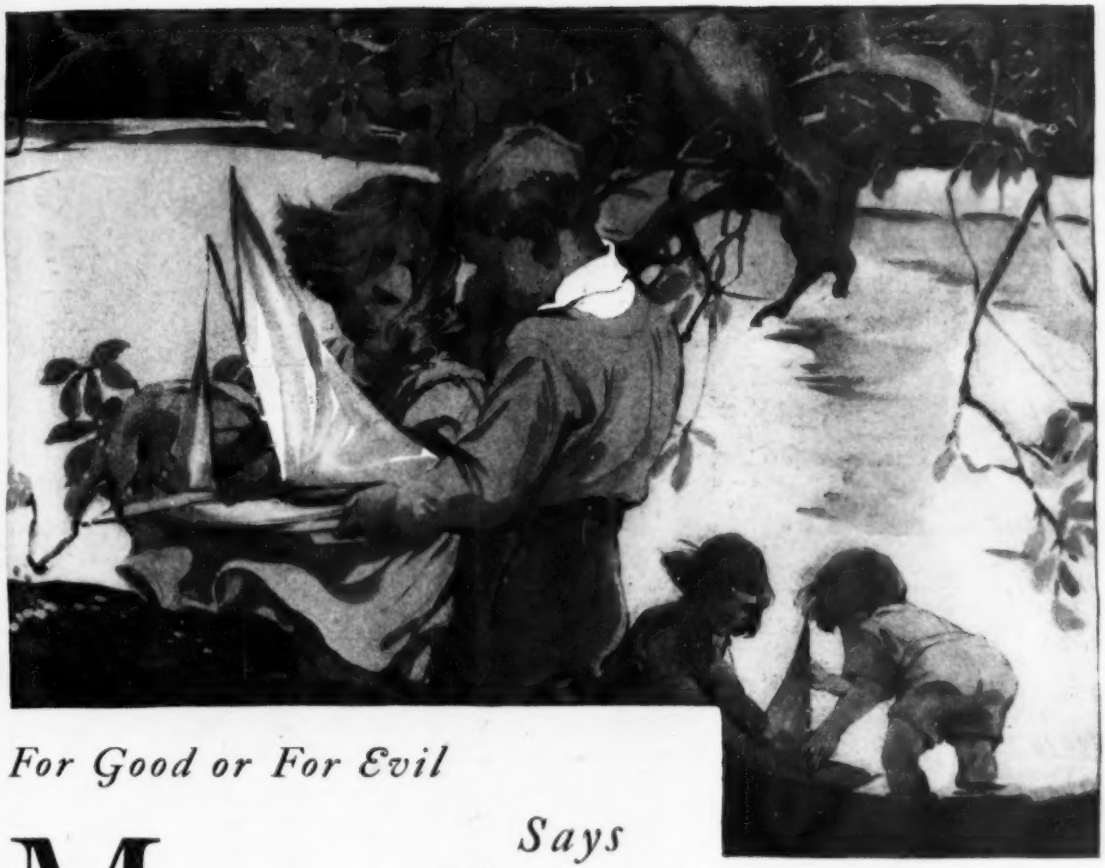
The mother's task is indeed many-sided. As she is the first person to have a close relation with her child, it is to her he looks to fulfil all his wants and needs. She is his first experience with a fellow being, and all his desires, urges, and strivings are formed with her as their focal point. Therefore she has the responsibility from the outset of being a trustworthy fellow being and companion to her child. This does not mean that she should love him alone, but that in his growth is mirrored for her the whole of mankind and its future. This natural broadening of her sympathies is one of the first steps in the education of a real mother.

The self-centered woman who once said to me, "I care for nothing in the world but my child," later proved because of her selfishness a severe handicap to his growth into a happy, useful human being.

But another woman who declared sincerely, "Through this child of mine I have become more interested in the way people live and think and feel, in problems of education, of spiritual growth, in the necessity of improving our homes, our schools, our theaters, our places of business, our churches for the sake of all children"—that woman is now training her daughter into normal, happy womanhood.

This type of woman must be social in the best sense, interested in others, willing to contribute to the welfare of the family and of society. She must be optimistic, patient in her work, and must regard marriage and the family as a task which she has taken on as a life job. Her devotion is to her environment in its larger sense. She is constantly eager to establish a happy atmosphere for her husband and children and also interested in taking part in the progress of the community and keeping pace with world changes and improvements.

When I urged this broadening of



For Good or For Evil

Mother *Says*

Dr. Alfred Adler

Illustrated By Clara Elsene Peck

Psychology. Reported by Lola Jean Simpson

interest upon one mother, she replied:

"But if I give my child the proper care physically, mentally, and spiritually, I am certainly doing all that can be expected of me. Why should I take on the burden of becoming interested in things which have nothing to do with my problems?"

"Ah," I returned, "but your child will later meet other problems than the ones he is now facing in his protected home atmosphere. You must have enough vision to help him to grow up flexible and broad-minded. If you cultivate yourself so that you can see the youth in relation to his changing environment, you will help from the beginning to establish for him a firm social basis. In order to do this you must train your child from babyhood to be interested in his own activities rather than in you. This requires unselfishness on your part, for it is pleasant to one's ego to feel oneself the center of another's universe. But you must be enlightened enough to bring up your child to have a grand sense of independence and equality."

Mothers may shake their heads and murmur, "Fine words, but easier to say than to put into effect!"

Yes, but in my practise I have seen many mothers train their children to happy, well-adjusted lives by just such methods, while those short-sighted parents who kept their children jealously to themselves, and regarded the home as not only the center but the circumference of all interest, crippled and warped the whole outlook of their young people as they grew up. The task is not so difficult if the mother feels herself equal to the situation, happy in her feminine rôle and in her function as a mother.

One of the most important functions of a mother is to help her child become a socialized human being. In order to do this, it is important for her to cultivate a broad sense of friendship. She must be a comrade and friend, not only to her husband, but also to her children. This is much easier for her if she has had pleasant and abiding friendships in her own youth. If she has not had that advantage, herself, she should be the more eager to bring friendly associations into the lives of her children. She, too, should have friends and social life outside her family circle, using such relationships to strengthen her home ties instead of weakening them. We all know how refreshing outside contacts may be. They help the tired mother to find relaxation and furthermore provide her with impressions and ideas for the education of her own children.

A wise mother always understands and appreciates the worth of occupation for her children, beginning from their babyhood to guide them into various activities. She, herself, is a worker, thus forming an example for the children. She knows the importance of a well-ordered home as a background for a harmonious family, and if she is clever, she will early enlist the sympathy and interest of her children in supporting her in this task. This she can do by assigning different work to each child and then encouraging his efforts, never nagging or bursting out in fits of irritation or impatience. Foolish Mrs. Smith did not follow this rule, but did everything for her children, even to picking up their clothes when they had left them in the middle of the floor. Later, when they were careless in school, she could not understand the reason why; and even when the cause of the difficulty was pointed out to her, it took many months of careful correction to overcome the lax and selfish habits which her children had formed. If she had known that even babies can form habits of cooperation, if she had in the beginning trained (*Continued on page 216*)

The Fool of

By Margaret Kennedy

A Sequel to "The Constant Nymph," As Daring as It is Delightful

OTTO HEINRICH smiled into his beard. He had begun to fear that Fenella McClean was a prig, but her shy questions about the tempestuous young pianist in the Lido Cinema were reassuring. The storm had put out the lights for the moment, and by the flashes they could see him playing madly, furiously, while the frenzied proprietor danced about in evident dissuasion.

When the storm died, the music had already begun to die with it, and soon the pianist was meekly playing sugary songs, on his face the depressed look of one who has been fired without notice.

Heinrich was laughing. He had recognized the boy at once—or at least he had recognized his father. This could be no other than a son of the great Albert Sanger. And it was in the warmth of his remembrances of his old friend that he yielded to Fenella's request to wait for the young man and tell him how much they had liked his playing.

After that it all moved swiftly—so swiftly that Heinrich was left far behind. For Caryl Sanger recognized Heinrich at once, and from that to promising him an audience, and to giving him a lift on the way home, and to Fenella's prim little invitation to call were only little moments which the young people used by falling more in love during each one of them.

Heinrich resolved at his earliest opportunity to pay his respects in person to Fenella's mother and apologize for having allowed Fenella to meet a young man whose background was far more famous than conventional. But love moves more quickly than elderly gentlemen bent on apology.

When Heinrich arrived, breathless from struggling through a mob of boarding-school misses viewing the famous castle Fenella's parents had taken for the season—he found that Fenella was even now doing the galleries with Caryl Sanger. And that this was not their first excursion unchaperoned. Lady McClean was far too dazzled by the fame of Sanger *père* to object to anything his son might propose.

The noise of voices—a scuffle—interrupted the quiet course of afternoon tea. A young girl was brought in—a thief—who must have come in with the boarding schools—and had been found poking about the upstairs bedrooms.

She had evidently not taken anything yet, and they hesitated to turn her over to the police. But they must be informed of her name and circumstances. Faced with arrest, she gave her name—Gemma—and

the FAMILY

Illustrated By W. G. Ratterman

"My brother!" Sebastian introduced Caryl. "He's not!" exclaimed Gemma, looking derisively at Caryl's best trousers. "Yes.. He's Caryl. I've told you about him." "I know. The fool of the family!" exclaimed Gemma

told a terrible story of poverty and misfortune which had ended in her being turned out of hospital, ill, unable to work, with a baby, deserted by the man who was its father. She fainted in the fruit-market, and a stranger came to her and took her under his protection—the kindest person she had ever met.

"He's a musician—the son of Albert Sanger," she finished.

She could not have told them anything more to her advantage. They all knew that she must be got out of the house without delay.

Sir Ivor rose and opened the door. "You can go," he said.

Quick as a swallow she darted away.

And the three remained to think of Fenella—returning with Caryl—Fenella who at this moment, in the cool shadow of the court below, was exchanging with Caryl their first shy kiss of love.

CHAPTER VI

THERE was little sleep in the Palazzo Neroni that night. The servants were busy packing, for the family had decided to leave Venice by the first train in the morning. They were going up to the Adlersee, in the Dolomites, a fortnight earlier than they had intended. Sir Ivor saw to all the details, while his wife reasoned with Fenella. Nothing would make her believe it. She was so positive of Caryl's honesty that she almost convinced her parents.

"You've only this girl's word for it," she sobbed. "And you admit that you couldn't believe half she said. She was obviously a bad lot: she'd stolen things, and she had a baby. Why shouldn't she have made it up about Caryl?"

"But, darling, why should she have made it up?"

"You had no right to believe it without asking him."

They had never meant to tell her so much about Gemma. But of course it had all come out in the scene which followed her return. She had strolled in, vague and rapturous, her head full of Caryl, to be told curtly that Caryl was never to enter the house again. Sir Ivor had been, perhaps, unduly stern. He was anxious to make an end of the business at once, little knowing what an end it was going to be. For though they had expected a certain amount of rebellion from Fenella, though they were all prepared with suitable explanations, her reply took them completely unawares.

"I'm afraid that's impossible. I've promised to marry him."

Even then they talked about his father and his poverty and his social position before they mentioned Gemma. Though Gemma was now a side issue. Even had there been no Gemma, their consternation could scarcely have been less.

"But why have you turned against him so suddenly?" she insisted. "You knew all that. You knew he had a queer father. You knew he played in a cinema. Why did you ask him to the house, if he's supposed to be so impossible? Mother even said she'd give a party for him."

"Oh, my darling," wailed Lady McClean, "can't you see the difference? It's one thing to ask that sort of person to the house, it's quite another thing to marry him. Artists and people like that—they're very amusing to know—one asks them because one likes to collect all sorts of people—"

"But you think they're just funnies. Well, I don't think you ought to ask them if you think that. And anyhow, before you knew I was engaged to him, you said he was never to come here again. What has he done?"

Gemma had to come out, but Fenella was unconvinced. She simply said that Gemma was a liar.

"She may be," conceded Sir Ivor. "She may well be. But really she has very little to do with it. Gemma or no Gemma, you can't marry him. You're too young. We'd have no business to allow you to think of it. And I forbid you to see him again."

"I must see him again."

"There's no 'must' about it."

"You can't stop me. I know where he lives. If you won't let him come here, I shall go there."

Sir Ivor looked at his wife.

"Have her things packed," he said. "And yours, too. You'll both go up to the Adlersee tomorrow."

"I won't go," said Fenella.

"You're under age. You'll go where you're taken."

"I shall marry him the minute I'm twenty-one."

"As to that, you can do as you like. But you'll go with your mother up to the Adlersee tomorrow."

He hobbled off to make arrangements for the journey and soon came to the conclusion that he had better go, too. For he doubted his wife's firmness with Fenella.

But he had underrated a mother's resources. Lady McClean did not fight. She did not argue. She merely wept.

"If only—if only Fergus had been alive," she sobbed.

This name had power to subdue Fenella, for she could not bandy it about in a dispute. Fergus, her beloved only brother, had been killed in the war. She knew what was coming.

"Only one child left—and you know what he said before he died—that you would be a comfort to us . . . Your poor father . . . if only Fergus was here, he would make you see what madness this is."

Fergus, before he died, had sent his love to his mother and said that Fenella would look after her. And often, when life at home had seemed like a prison, Fenella had braced herself to bear it because of this. She thought of Fergus, who was already unreal and dim, a heroic legend of her childhood. And she wondered what he would have said to her now.

". . . I can't think what is going to happen—I really can't. We've idolized you—the only child left to us— There's nothing we wouldn't have given you . . . you might have such a perfect time . . . Sometime—some one—there'll be some one just right . . . I've longed for it so . . . to see you married . . . you're so young, you don't know the world yet. You'll break your father's heart—and mine, too."

These tears, these lamentations, chilled Fenella. They took the spirit out of her as no anger could have done.

No less affecting to Fenella was the strained, compassionate face of her father, as he wandered in and out.

"Don't cry so much, Helen," he begged. "And don't talk about—the boy." He could never speak of Fergus by name, even now. "It isn't fair to Fenella. You mustn't distress her in this way."

And at two o'clock in the morning Fenella gave in. She loved her parents, and the love of a lifetime held firm against the love of a week. She was worn down, exhausted, bewildered, and at the back of her mind, in spite of all her bravery, there lurked a little uncertainty about Gemma.

"Very well," she said dully. "I'll go. And I promise I won't try to see him. But I can't promise that I won't marry him some day. And when we get to Adlersee, you must let me send him a letter, through Herr Heinrich, explaining why I have gone. Now I'm going to rest. And, please, no one is to disturb me till it's time to start tomorrow."

Next day, as the hour for the train's departure drew near, she lowered the window of her compartment and leaned out, scanning the crowd on the platform in desperate eagerness. She could not help it. For at ten o'clock Caryl would have come to the Palazzo Neroni, and found her gone.

No resolution would quite kill the hope which lingered in her heart. The crowd was thinning. Her watch stood at the half-hour. She leaned far out and strained her eyes toward the distant barriers to see if somebody was running.

Somebody was. A long shudder went down the train. It was going to move. He was shouldering the people aside and staring up at the train as he ran. And in his hand he carried (oh, how could she bear this!) a bunch of yellow roses, pathetically expensive, which he had bought for her that morning. He was rushing past her when she cried out:

"Caryl! Oh, Caryl!"

He swerved and came up to the window.

"Oh, Fenella!"

The train was moving, and he thrust the roses up at her, as if it was the only thing to do. She clutched them.

"I can't marry you till I'm twenty-one," she panted. "But I will then."

He was running beside the train. He was losing ground. "Fenella! Why—Why—?"

"Gemma!" she called back at him.

"Who's Gemma?"

"Ask Heinrich."

She had to lean dangerously far out to call this to him. Hugging the roses, she waved. Caryl waved. They continued to wave until the train had carried her out of his sight.

CHAPTER VII

"BUT I don't know any one called Gemma. I never heard of any one called Gemma. It's impossible," declared Caryl.

He was so much dumbfounded by the idea that Otto Heinrich began to believe him. And he looked a little more kindly upon this wild intrusion at an hour which he liked to keep sacred for writing letters. For some wildness was excusable in one upon whom a Gemma had been so undeservedly thrust.

"It is very strange," he said, "and also very unfortunate. I heard it with my own ears. This young woman spoke of you, and she plainly told us that she was living with you."

"She isn't," declared Caryl. "As far as I know, I've never even heard of her."

Heinrich pondered. "She must," he said, "have heard of you, or she would not have given your name. I wish that I had questioned her more closely. But you will understand that it was embarrassing. At the moment we were all expecting Fraulein Fenella to return, and for her to find this girl—"

Caryl, with a groan, sank into a chair. He found that he could hardly stand. The vicissitudes of the morning had been too much for him. He had begun it in such bliss, and since then he had been through such tempests of agony, terror, and despair.

"You must believe me!" he entreated.

Heinrich looked at his white face, and said: "I do believe you. I think you are more likely to tell the truth than Madam Gemma. It is most unfortunate. But—" Caryl was growing paler and paler—"let me give you a little Marsala. You have run too fast."

But Caryl waved the glass away.

"My dear young friend, you are distressing yourself too much."

"I've lost her."

"Fenella?"

Caryl said yes and buried his face in his hands to hide the tears in his eyes. Heinrich grew more sorry for him than ever.

TO ONE LEAVING

By Elizabeth Badley Read

IF I should feel that when you've gone away
The miles between our hearts were any more,
If when I spoke your name or knelt to pray
A fear crept in my heart not there before,
And if the nearness of your soul were gone,
And if our love were lessened by the space,
How could I bravely let tomorrow dawn
And go to meet it with a smiling face?
How could I say good-by unless I knew
That parting brings me closer still to you?

"I was hoping," said the Marchese with a most engaging assumption of diffidence, "that I might persuade you to join a little party I am giving to-night." Fenella said regretfully that she was too busy

"You think it is because of Gemma that you have lost her?"

"I suppose so," said Caryl, in a muffled voice.

"My friend, you deceive yourself. If there had been no Gemma, you must have lost her. It was inevitable, as soon as her parents knew. Can you not see that?"

"She would never have gone—"

"She is very young. So young a girl must surely obey her parents. Besides, it is folly. You must know that it is folly. She could not live as you live, Caryl. For success you must wait, perhaps for many years. And even then you may still be very poor. Your father was always poor. Your life will be hard. But what does she know of a hard life, of poverty? Money is nothing to her."

Caryl, remembering how much of his had gone on gondolas and ices the day before, had to agree with this. "But if she loves me, she mightn't mind."

"And you would be so hard as to ask her? Is that kindness? You love her. Her parents also love her. That is why they have taken her away. They are kinder than you."

"I can see their point of view," admitted Caryl. (*Continued on page 276*)

Kings of Winter

A Nature-Lover's Story Of Our Most Majestic Birds

By

Herbert Ravenel Sass

ONE morning I went to the edge of a great marsh with a vague, half-formed hope in my mind. I had grown weary of summer, of long, hot noons and languid evenings and still, heavy-scented nights; and when at last there was a different quality in the air, a faint but perceptible freshness unknown for months, it brought with it an eager restlessness, a sense of expectancy. The open spaces called me—the level plains of tall salt grass where the eye could rove for miles in every direction across vast sweeps of marsh and sky; and gradually a fantastic idea, yet not so fantastic as it seemed at first, took shape in my brain.

It was the idea, the hope, that on this morning I might *see* winter coming. Again and again, with an ever-fresh delight in the beauty of the spectacle and in the happiness that it promised, I had seen spring come. She comes (I have witnessed it many times, so there is no disputing it) riding up from the tropical lands on the waving wings of milk-white herons—small, airy, sunlit squadrons of perhaps ten or fifteen birds, drifting along, like white wisps of cloud, under the bright blue sky. Year after year I have looked for her return, and year after year I have seen her come in this fashion, sometimes so vividly that she has seemed an actual presence—a radiant, happy, celestial being, riding her buoyant, spotless palfreys of the air with bird-like lightness and grace, smiling down on the forests and fields as she passes, upborne on the shining, rhythmic wings of the white heron-flocks.

It is a pleasing fancy, and it was somewhere in the back of my mind that morning when I went down to the marsh, wondering, perhaps with an inner smile, whether I might not that very day see winter come, just as I had so often witnessed the coming of spring. When I had reached a spot, however, whence I could gaze for miles out over the broad expanse, the thought died quickly.

There was nothing suggestive of winter or the approach of winter in the scene before me. The sky was a clear blue in which masses of white cloud floated or rested motionless. The marsh itself still wore the green of summer, only faintly tinged with gold; and on it and over it there was no sign of life except a few black boat-tailed grackles flying in the middle distance and an osprey swinging in wide circles some two hundred feet in the air.

I watched the osprey because he is always worth watching; and suddenly I saw him halt in mid-circle, hang poised on swiftly beating wings, then shoot downward. Down, down he came, at a steep slant and with splendid speed, a feathered spearhead falling from the sky. From where I was standing the big bird seemed to plunge into the marsh itself, but I knew, of course, that he had dropped upon his prey in some creek or small, shallow sound hidden from me by the tall marsh-grass. Within a second or two he rose, shaking the water from his plumage, and holding in his talons a gleaming, flat-bodied fish. With his prize clutched in his claws, he began to circle upward.

Then, as I stood watching, a strange thing happened: the broad, empty plain became alive. In the air, some distance to the right of the circling osprey, appeared a cloud of birds: egrets and herons of four kinds, white, blue, and parti-colored big sickle-billed curlews, gray and white willets, swarms of small plovers and sandpipers, squadrons of boat-tailed grackles. So unexpectedly had they burst into view where, a moment before, no living thing was to be seen, that for an instant I was amazed. But the explanation was simple.

They had been feeding or resting on some rich mud-flat invisible in the high, rank grass, and all at once they had taken wing and surged upward. As I gazed, I saw other birds rising from the marsh, sometimes singly or in twos and threes, sometimes in flocks of ten or a dozen; and suddenly, apparently in the very midst of them, where the feathered concourse was thickest, I saw the great bird that was the cause of the commotion—a magnificent, white-headed eagle driving straight onward at utmost speed with powerful, rapid strokes of his broad, dark pinions.

It was a beautiful as well as a thrilling sight: the whole air above the marsh filled with birds, from wide-winged, stately great egrets to tiny sandpipers whirling here and there in small, compact flocks, their little wings flashing in the light. In the slanting rays of the sun, the white egrets and herons shone sometimes like snow, sometimes like silver; the blue herons were a deep, almost purple blue; the wheeling squadrons of the curlews were rich brown and pale buff and even a bright, warm gold against the vivid green of the marsh and the limpid blue of the sky. Best of all, the central dominating figure of the scene, was the eagle himself. His great beating wings and massive body appeared black—black as night by contrast with his gleaming white head and tail; amid all those smaller birds of many kinds he seemed tremendous, a sable giant, the embodiment of invincible power and kingly arrogance. Probably, as the white-crowned monarch came on, the cloud of birds before him divided, leaving him a clear passage; but from where I watched he seemed to be driving straight through the feathered multitude, rushing onward amid a turmoil of wings toward the screaming, circling osprey whose prey he desired.

I watched the drama until its swift end. Whether purposely or by accident, the osprey dropped his fish into the marsh when the eagle was yet a hundred feet distant, and the great bird immediately swung down to the spot with a flash of his widespread white tail. Quickly the mob of birds in the air disappeared, most of them settling down again to the hidden feeding grounds whence the oncoming eagle had startled them. Soon, as far as the eye could see, the marsh was as empty as ever—a wide, monotonous expanse of tall, green grass and blue, over-arching sky.

Above it now, as the sun rose higher,

Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt

the heat-waves shimmered and danced. That early-morning freshness which had sent me out to see winter come, just as I had so often seen the coming of spring, had vanished. Yet my wish had been fulfilled: I *had* seen winter coming. Just as, in March and early April, the little flocks of milk-white herons drifting up from the lower South and the tropics brought with them the spirit and the very person of spring, so that mighty, onrushing eagle, snow-crowned and swift and impetuous as the storm-wind, brought with him into my mind and consciousness the feeling and the fact of winter—almost the very image of King Winter himself.

The reader may smile at this as too extravagant a fantasy, but it is not so. For me the strong, proud-visaged birds of prey, the warriors of their race, have always been symbolical of winter, the season that comes clad in icy mail and strikes with his keen wind as with a two-edged sword. To the Norseman winter is a gigantic bird of prey, Hraesvelg the North Wind, a hawk or eagle of colossal strength; and the roar of the tempest over the whitened plain is the roar of his huge wings as he speeds southward, smiting the fields and the forests with his resistless blasts, spreading over the land a mantle of deadening snow. It is in winter that, here in my own region, I see the hawks and eagles at their best and in the greatest abundance; and even in the upper North, whence many of the hawks depart upon the advent of cold weather, the finest and most powerful species of all —the veritable Kings of Winter—are not to be seen in numbers until snow has come.

Thus it is the snow that brings the gray goshawk down from the windswept Canadian wilds, the fiercest and, in proportion to its size, the most deadly of American birds of prey. It is only in winter that the superb Arctic gyrfalcons come, the finest and most perfectly built of all feathered beings,

(*Continued on page 202*)

The central, dominating figure was the eagle himself, driving straight toward the screaming, circling osprey, whose prey he desired. Whether purposely or by accident, the osprey dropped his fish, and the great bird immediately swung down, with a flash of his widespread white tail

MERRY-Go-Round

A Story of Love At its Same Old Job—Making The World Roll On

WHEN the sardine catch comes in at Fishermen's Wharf in San Francisco, the artists who roam Russian Hill and the waterfront flock down to paint the tons of slivered silver that are poured from the hulls of bright green, blue, and orange boats. When the halibut catch comes in, shrewd-eyed men in derby hats come down in business cars and bargain.

But when the crayfish come down from the northern coast, stern bankers have been known to leave their Circassian walnut lairs and ride down, hot on the scent of the biggest, mottled-green crustacean in the crawling, clacking hordes that are dumped out on the salty boards about the boiling pots. Poker faces have shattered there and Oxford accents flown to myriad bits, but men have gone back to limousines with the light of successful battle in their eyes and under tailored arms newspaper bundles from which frantic mandibles nibbled helplessly at the careless air.

At a round, black caldron outside one of the cocktail-and-fried-abalone kiosks that line the pier, a tall young man with his hat on the back of his dark head and a young woman whose bright hair escaped in blowing wisps from under her blue hat bent over a pile of wriggling monsters. They reached for the same fretful giant at the same moment. Their heads met in one of those bumps that make the world a spinning chaos of rage and pain.

"Oh!" cried the girl dizzily.

She pawed blindly at her blue hat which had been shoved down over her eyes.

The man gasped: "Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't see you! I . . . you . . ." His voice died away.

The girl freed her eyes and glared up. She gulped, and one hand flew to her throat. "Oh!" she said.

The man stammered, "I hope I didn't hurt you—I . . ."

The color had receded from his lean, brown face. For a moment her gray gaze raked him like grapeshot; her lips shook. Then she said formally,

"I'm quite all right, thank you."

The dark young man was a matter of a few million light-miles away. The color flew back into his face. He bent over and picked up the big crustacean by his shelly back.

"Your lobster, I believe?" he offered politely.

She reached out one small, brown hand gingerly, then drew it back. "I—I don't know—did you have your mind set on th-this one?"

The young man swallowed. "Oh, not at all," he assured her earnestly. "Not at all!"

A Sicilian fish vendor, who had been watching from the door of the kiosk, stood at their elbows. The brown young man ordered:

"The lady will take this one. Wrap it up, please."

The girl looked at her shoes. They were small and brown and low-heeled. The young man cleared his throat.

"You . . . you wouldn't *cream* a beauty like that, would you? Lord, he ought to be broiled under a perfect flame, with chopped shallots and a touch of garlic and a sauce made of drawn butter and Perigord truffles!"

She raised her head and looked at him steadily for a moment, a touch of color in her pointed face. Then she drawled:

"Why shouldn't I cream him? After all, people's tastes differ."

He put on his hat sadly. "Of course." He bowed. "If you're quite sure you're not hurt, I'll be—"

The fish man raised his round, black head in alarm. The girl nodded her head dismissingly. The young man started to move away down the pier. The vendor stood up rapidly. His sad, brown-currant eyes and downtrodden mustache were alive with dismay.

"Hey, meesta!"

"Your lobster, I believe," he offered politely. She reached out one small brown hand gingerly, then drew it back. "I—don't know. Did you have your mind set on this one?"

By Hazel Havermale

Illustrated By Henry Rateigh

But the young man stopped only when the girl's voice reached him faintly.

"Didn't you want a lobster yourself?"

He turned back swiftly. "I did," he admitted gratefully. "Thanks for reminding me."

He bent over the pile of crayfish. "I'll take four of those little ones," he ordered happily.

He straightened, and while the fish man, who had relapsed into his former *Weltschmertz*, was still concerned with string and newspaper, he confided brightly to the trim back of the girl,

"I'm having a party tonight—dinner for three of my best friends—all men, you know."

"Indeed!"

Her polite disinterest checked him for a moment, but he continued in hope.

"I'm celebrating something that's pretty important to me."

"Indeed," commented the girl again over her tweed shoulder.

He noted that where her hair grew along her neck there were delicate whorls of golden down. It must be pleasant, he thought, to touch them.

He went on determinedly. "I've just completed an invention—an aviation invention that's going to make flights of two to three weeks perfectly feasible." He stopped and waited.

She stood silent a moment, then murmured courteously, "How interesting!"

He gave up. The fish man handed her her lumpy package. The young man thought it was all over when she said in a small voice,

"I'm celebrating something, too, tonight."

He spun toward her so quickly that she caught her breath. Her cheeks seemed to have been whipped to a bright color by the brisk breeze from the salty Pacific. She was fumbling in the pockets of her dark coat.

"I'm—I'm announcing my engagement tonight, to a group of friends."

He was silent for so long she looked up at him sharply. His thin, brown face had gone a queer color. Over his aquiline nose his green eyes looked at her strangely.

"Indeed!" he breathed. Then, bruskly, "I don't believe it!"

"You don't!" she cried. "Well, it's true!"

She flashed her hand out of her pocket and waved it under his nose. On one finger a great emerald glittered in green fire. He drew back.

"I meant," he said quietly, "I didn't believe I'd have such rotten luck."

"Oh!"

After a startled moment she smiled, looking modern and amused. "And that isn't all," she continued. "I write books—beautiful books. At last I have sold one!"

The young man blinked. He managed his stiff lips. "I'm sure that's very nice," he said.

"Isn't it?" agreed the girl joyously. "My fiancé thinks it's perfectly remarkable!"

The young man above the pile of lobsters drew back his lip. "Does he, indeed!" he bristled. "Well, I don't see why he should!"

He thought she was actually going to break into a smile; something trembled along the redness of her lips. Her nose, he saw, was a sporting one: it started straight and turned up capriciously at the end. He had had experience with such noses before; their owners frequently

He said evenly, "You've been treating Fensty pretty rottenly, haven't you?" The girl collapsed back into her chair. The red smock intensified the pallor of her small face. "You know him, then," she whispered

seemed to follow their indication that the sky was the limit.

But instead she edged toward the fish man, her small, tooled-leather purse in her hand. The clink of silver drew the vendor from his empty contemplation of a world of froth and illusion. She counted out some money into his palm.

Something in her adamantine breast must have been touched by the young man's dejection, for she turned to him and asked kindly,

"You really wouldn't cream him, then?"

"Oh, no, no!" the young fellow assured her earnestly.

Then she was gone in a patter of small, square heels down the bleached boards of the pier. She vanished across a net of railroad tracks.

He turned back to the fish man. "Wrap 'em up," he gestured vaguely.

Something small and brown lay between the fumbling mandibles of the lively crayfish. The young man darted forward and swooped it up into his palm. "Eh!" he ejaculated. "Eh!"

He pocketed her small purse under the very eyes of the curdled fish man and strode off with it and his lobsters, his coattails flying in the brisk bright wind like a conquering pennon.

THERE was, of course, the usual powder compact, shopping list, library card, and thirty-four cents in the purse. James Pascoe sat in his bachelor apartment high on Powell Street, the next morning, and cogitated.

"Call her up or take it to her—flip a coin!"

He flipped and reached for his hat and coat.

It was San Francisco July, and the trade winds were piling in smoky feather-beds of fog over the chilly city. He glanced at the library card and saw that she lived away out on Hyde, near the top of the highest hill in San Francisco. Full of arty people, that hill was. Might as well walk it.

He found her house, one of the last of the old shingle apartments that still cling to the eastern brow of Russian Hill. There are wooden balconies on them hung with flower baskets and oiled silk lanterns, and under them lie the spires of Peter and Paul's and the whole waterfront and half the city.

James Pascoe rang the bell—her name, he saw, was Corinthia Maillard. It struck a note in his mind, a disapproving note. He had read it attached to some drawling sophistications full of suppressed gunpowder. The speaking tube whistled near his ear. He jumped, applied his lips, and bawled:

"Pascoe! I found your purse on the pier yesterday. Hey? Purse!

After a time the buzzer sounded. He fumbled his way up some dark stairs, near the top of which he saw her face hanging over the balustrade like a detached flower. She straightened as he came near her.

Pascoe became conscious of innumerable small things suddenly: the careless outline of her body against the pillows; a bowl of fragrant Chinese narcissus. The room seemed locked in a single golden moment, static, immortal

She had on a green smock over a bright, lemon-yellow dress: her crisp, bright hair clung like a bronze cap to her small head. Behind her a worn, old door opened into a big studio room.

He pulled off his hat and held out his browned hand with her purse in it.

"You dropped it yesterday."

"Oh! Thanks." She plucked it off his palm with her small, tanned paw. "It was kind of you to bring it," tonelessly.

Pascoe half-turned to go down the dark well of stair. Behind her the apartment gleamed with warm tones of russet and orange. A little table stood in a window, spread with a yellow cloth.

The young man leaned against the newel post. "How was the fish?" he questioned politely.

A shade of darkness fled across her pointed face. "Good," she told him with finality.

He persisted, "You didn't cream it?"

"No. Broiled it, with chopped shallots and a touch of garlic and a sauce made of drawn butter and Perigord truffles."

The young man swallowed wistfully. "Gad! I bet it was good!"

"It was," admitted the girl darkly.

"Did—did your fiancé like it?" Pascoe couldn't seem to help it. He felt a faint tinge of heat creep up on his cheekbones.

The girl's great eyes flickered over his face; there was something about the scarlet curves of her mouth that moved him.

"He didn't come," she murmured in a small voice.

The tall young fellow in the tweed coat jerked erect. "Hey? Didn't come! What happened? Sick?"

She shook her shining head. "No. He's never sick. He sent me five dozen roses, all in one big cabbage head—but he didn't come."

"The—the rest of the guests came?" queried Pascoe, horrified.

She nodded, her gray eyes fathomless wells of light. "Um-hm. They came and laughed and kidded me—and ate the fish—but he never even telephoned. They stayed late—you know, making believe they were having a good time, so I wouldn't feel too dreadful."

"What did you do then?"

"Washed the dishes and went to bed."

She looked back longingly at her luncheon table. Pascoe observed.

"You seem to be bearing up."

She said defensively, "I have to eat, don't I, to keep up my strength!"

They were grinning at each other. Pascoe's teeth were amazingly white in his thin, brown face when he grinned. There was a small, star-faced dimple above the girl's mouth that twinkled when she did.

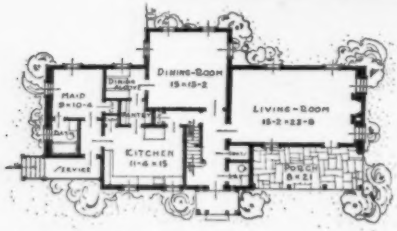
Pascoe murmured plaintively, "I haven't had a thing to eat since breakfast!"

The girl looked at him steadily for a moment, then she nodded solemnly.

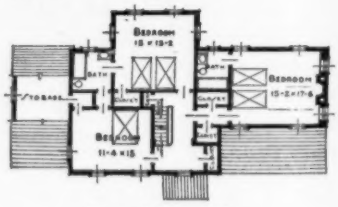
"Look: you're—you're practically a perfect stranger to me! Anyway, maybe you could tell me (*Continued on page 106*)

Photograph by George H. Van Anda

James J. Bevan, Architect, guarded this house from wood rot by ample excavation and ventilation. The foundation is six inches above the ground



First Floor Plan



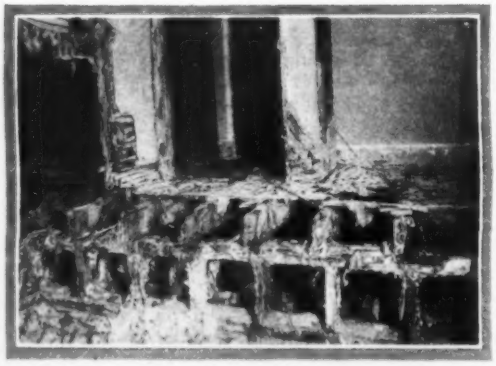
Second Floor Plan

DON'T *Let Your House* ROT DOWN

By
Emanuel Fritz
Associate Professor, Lumbering and Wood Technology
University of California

DECAY in buildings has been taken more or less for granted for generations, but there is no reason why that should be the case. There is no excuse for rot or decay in a correctly designed and built wooden house under normal conditions, and the presence of rotten wood is evidence of ignorance or negligence on the part of the architect, builder, or owner. Decay is caused by low forms of plant life known as fungi, which consume—that is, destroy—wood for their food. They must have moisture to thrive. They can not exist on dry wood or wood that has a moisture content of less than about 20 percent, based on the dry weight. Dry wood will last indefinitely.

The presence of early decay is the best kind of evidence that the wood has been allowed to become wet and to remain moist long enough to give the fungus an entry and a chance to develop and spread. Such alternate wetting and drying of wood products as is experienced during rains is not serious, because if properly designed, parts so wetted drain and dry quickly. In many fence posts, ties, poles, and other products set directly in the ground, decay might ultimately be expected, because in such uses the wood is continually exposed to moisture conditions favorable to decay. In a house, however, the condition is in most cases entirely different, for there the wood is—or should be—insulated from the ground by a masonry foundation. The value of this insulation, however, is destroyed if the wood above is allowed to become wet and remain so. Often the low space between floor and earth is left without ventilation; in such a case, particularly if the outside wall is stucco, sweating might take place in the enclosed space, and the moisture content of the wood be raised so appreciably that the fungus can gain a foothold and thrive. In some cities ventilators are required by city ordinance, but even ventilators are insufficient if the soil under a house is poorly drained and therefore remains wet. A prolific source of trouble is rubbish and sticks of wood left under the house by builders, or a heap of earth banked higher than the foundation, left perhaps by a plumber. Being in direct contact with the ground, the rubbish material soon begins to decay, and before long the decay extends to the wooden members of the building with which the heap may be in contact. The fungus usually found in houses is known as "dry rot," because the rotten wood when (*Continued on page 269*)



Heaps of refuse under the floor and lack of ventilation rotted the wood frame of this two-year-old house, rusted the nails, and softened the plaster

A California Architect's Own House

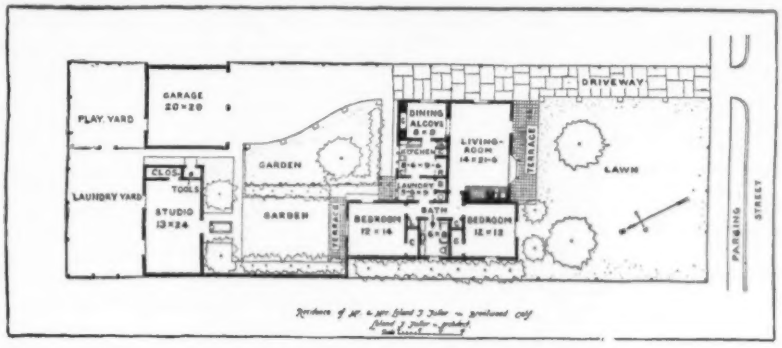
Designed by Leland F. Fuller

THE house an architect designs for himself always has a special sort of interest, for in it he can express his own ideals, unmodified by the tastes and prejudices of others, and hampered only by the limits of his purse. When Leland F. Fuller, of Los Angeles, California, selected a site in Brentwood that looks out over the Pacific Ocean and offers a glimpse of the Santa Catalina islands, he decided not to follow a particular style in the design of his house. Instead he sketched a low, one-story dwelling of a character subtly blending the French and English provincial style with our own American Colonial. The result is a house with genuine individuality—a house that looks American, and surprisingly enough looks Californian. Just why it looks so well adapted to the locality is not hard to say. Really it is a house that would look at home anywhere in America, and needs only the brilliancy of sunshine and leaf shadow on the walls, and the potted plants set carelessly along the walk and terrace, to adapt it perfectly to its site in Southern California. The simple and honest exterior is executed in heavy whitewashed shingles. The wood sash is painted a soft apricot, the shutters are a weathered jade green, and the roof is of common shingles stained Prussian blue.

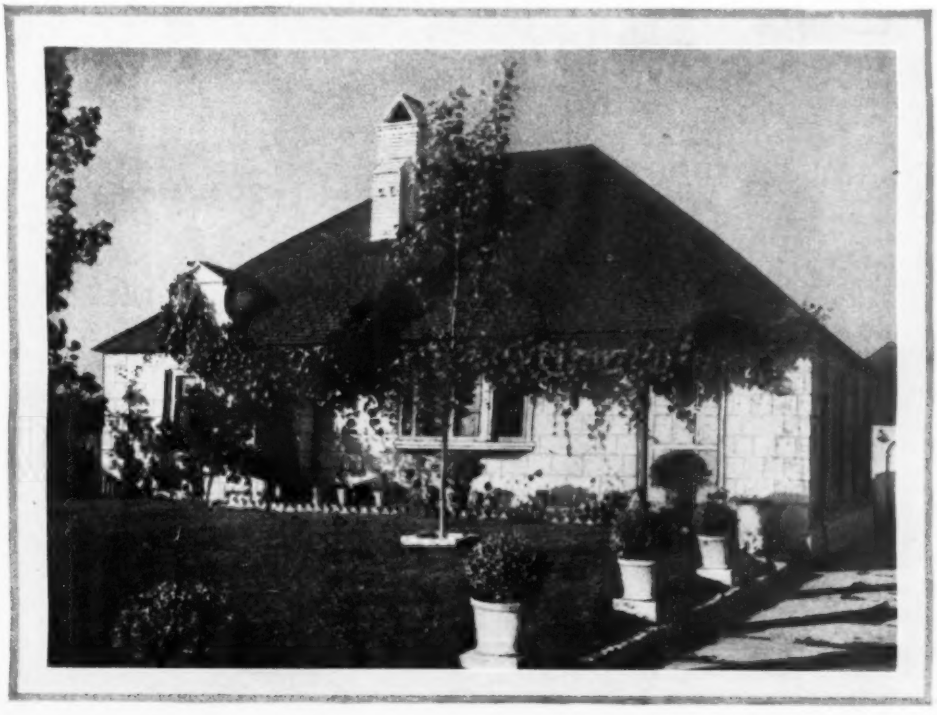
The placing of the house on the lot was governed by several factors. The living-room and the terrace in front were planned to command the beautiful view of the ocean, and a small garden which can be used for dining out of doors or for sun baths is located in the rear, so that the occupants may have privacy and quiet. The studio and garage form a screen which shuts off the drying and play yards.

Wishing to obtain the maximum of beauty with a minimum of cost, the various rooms were of necessity kept compact, and the plan is exceptionally economical.

A door from the terrace opens directly into the living-room, which has a beamed and boarded ceiling in antique finish. The fireplace of common brick is set into the wall of wide-jointed vertical boards finished to match the ceiling. The dining alcove is in rough-textured plaster. The kitchen and laundry are compactly arranged. Two medium-sized bedrooms are separated by a green-tiled bath with black tile trim around the door and window. The total cost, including the garage and small studio, was $6,700.



This five-room house of whitewashed shingle, with garage and studio, was built in Brentwood, California, for $6700. Both the floor plan and the lot plan are economical and well thought out



RADIATORS

That are Attractive and Space-Saving

By A. S. Armagnac

Editor, Heating and Ventilating

HEATING comfort has acquired a new meaning today. We think of it now as something to be felt, but not seen. Heretofore we have associated the term with such features as automatic temperature control and emancipation from the drudgery of tending the furnace, thanks to the arrival on the heating stage of oil and gas. Domestic stokers have performed a similar service for the man who burns coal. In the process we raised the cellar from its lowly estate. First we banished the forbidding-looking heater and installed one with a gaily-colored jacket. Then we proceeded to transform the cellar space into a billiard-room for the grown-ups or a playroom for the youngsters.

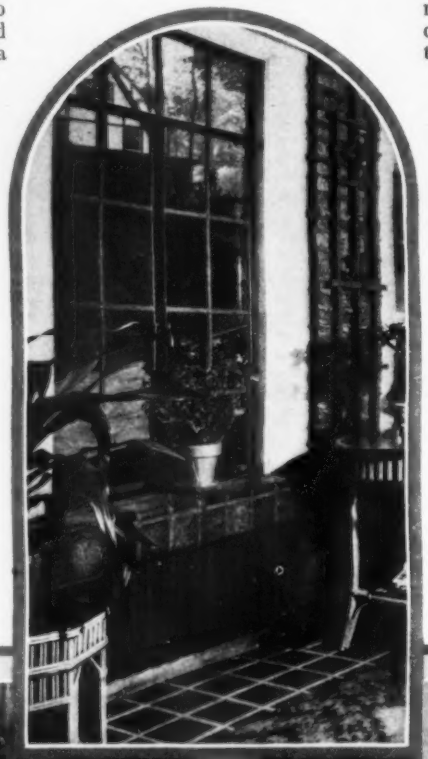
During all this evolution the most we accomplished with the radiator was to hide its contour behind some form of enclosure. It still made its presence felt most effectively by blocking the window space or some other part of the room, and was as much in the way as ever.

In new homes the situation became acute because, in place of the parlor and sitting-room, which were familiar features of older homes, a single living-room became the vogue. Dining-rooms no longer were as spacious as in the old days, nor were we so generous in designing our hallways. While the number of bathrooms increased, their size dwindled proportionately.

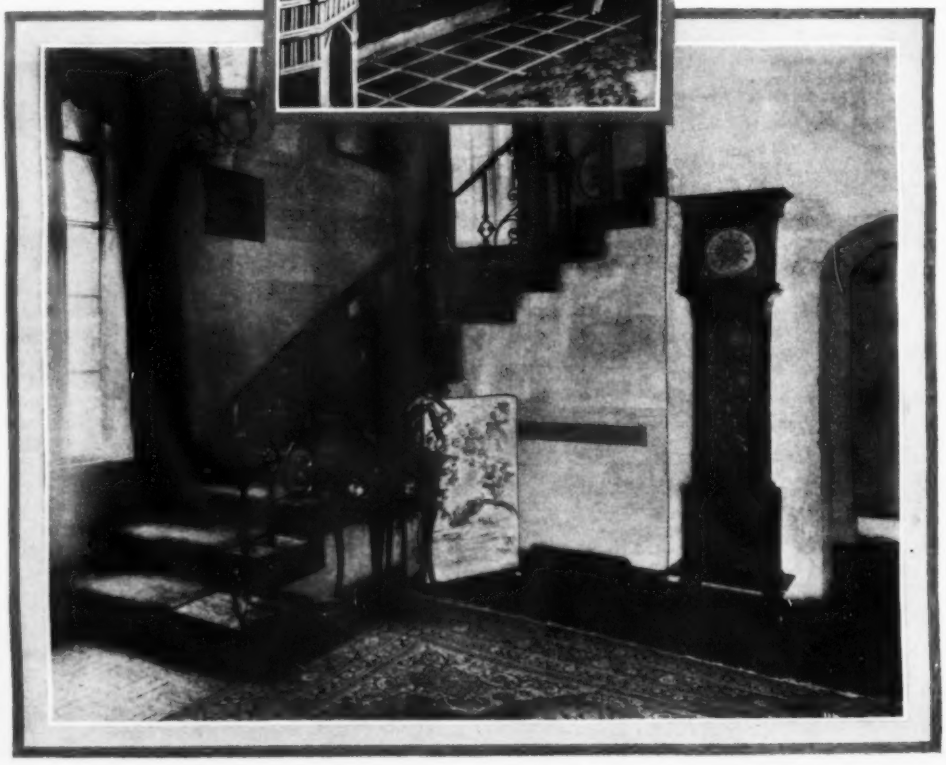
Heating men were well aware of the demand for a smaller, lighter-weight radiator of equal effectiveness, but how to fabricate it was the question. Pressed-steel radiators, which were much lighter than cast-iron, had come and gone—because they leaked. Pockets of water at the bottom of the radiator sections caused the trouble. Early designers had made the mistake of patterning the first light-weight radiators after the direct cast-iron types.

Then came the announcement of new forms of light-weight radiators, made of copper and brass and their alloys. As you know, copper and brass transmit heat with great rapidity, so that a copper radiator of, say, 10 square feet of surface has the same heating effect as an 80-square-foot cast-iron radiator. Improved manufacturing process, such as welding instead of "pressing" the joints, rendered the new units impervious to corrosion or to other faults of the earlier types. Thus was achieved, at one stroke, a heating unit eight times as effective as cast-iron and one-tenth its weight.

Once the (*Continued on page 242*)



A larger proportion of the heat from radiators of the type at the right is at the lower levels of the room where it is most needed



The old type of radiator was always in the way in a small hall. This new type (below) is out of sight and out of the way

A good architect can keep the charm of a low-built house, and still provide a livable cellar

Making More of The CELLAR

By

H. Vandervoort Walsh

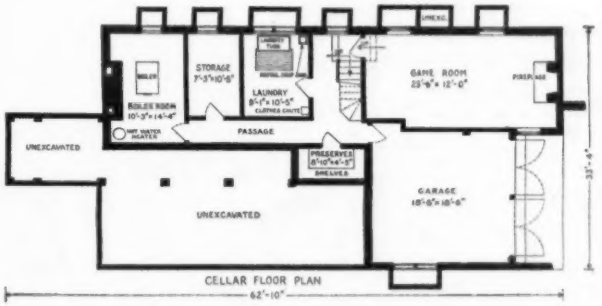
Assistant Professor of Architecture, Columbia University, N. Y.

SINCE Colonial times American homes have had cellars built under them. It is true that they are seldom found in Dallas, Fort Worth, or Jacksonville, but in Oklahoma City, where basements have been an exception, many new homes have a cellar under half of the house. Even though bungalows in Los Angeles seldom have them, the newer two-story homes have basements about six by eight feet for the heating plant.

This widespread use of cellars throughout the country indicates that the American people need not be persuaded of the value of this part of the house. Indeed, I do not believe that any one ever challenged the usefulness of the cellar, until Ernest Flagg, well-known architect, published his book on "Small Houses—Their Economic Design and Construction." He wrote:

"The construction of the cellar under the whole area of the house has several disadvantages. The house, if properly constructed, would be more sanitary without it; it increases the cost of building as well as heating, tends to raise the height of the structure, and adds fire risk, for most fires originate in cellars . . .

"Were it not for the heating apparatus which convenience usually requires to be placed at a lower level than the part to be heated, there would be no cellars under these houses. The cellar costs more to build than any other part, because in addition to the cost of the walls there is the expense of excavation. Storage space of equal size and better quality can be built above ground for much less than the cost of a cellar, so the omission of the cellar would improve both the quality and healthfulness of the house, while reducing its cost . . .



The basement plan of this unusually attractive house designed by Frank J. Forster allows for a large game room with a fireplace

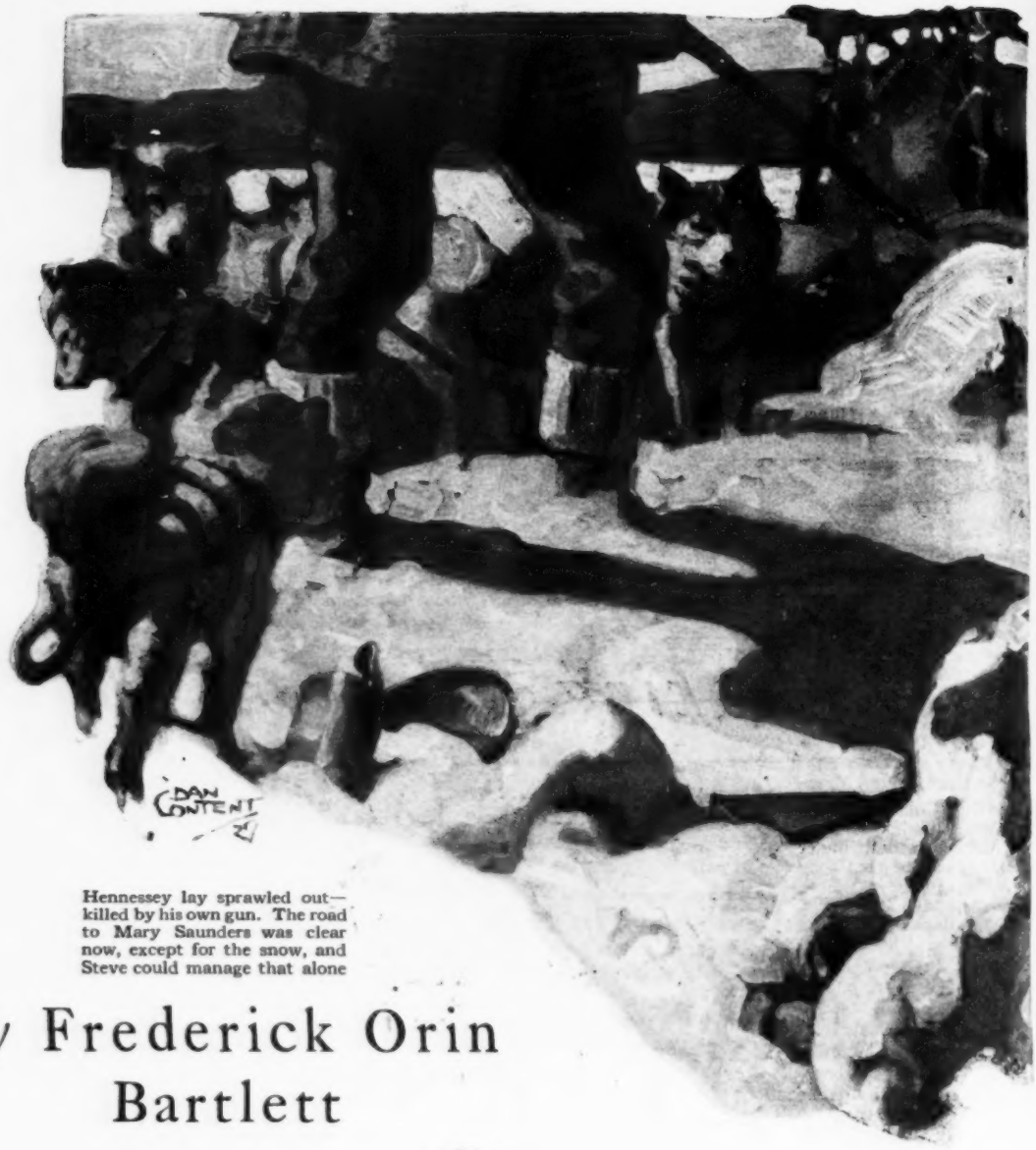
"Unless thoroughly damp-proofed, cellars are damp. The walls come in contact with the earth which is always moist, and this moisture is taken through the walls by molecular attraction. No one thinks of the cellar as a particularly healthy place, nor would care to live in one; yet with a cellar there is sure to be more or less a mixture of cellar air with that of the rooms. Does not smoke or gas in the cellar find its way all through the house?"

This plausible attack on the cellar has made many converts. If it is true that a cellar costs more to build than a space of equal size above ground, it would seem foolish for us to go on building them under our houses.

However, I do not find that the cost of a cellar, dug in dirt or sand, is as expensive as the upper structure, in spite of the expense of excavation. On an average the cost of each cubic foot of house built above the ground runs from 50 to 60 cents in the suburbs of New York, but for the cellar the cost is only 23 cents. This, of course, means that the cellar space costs only about half of that built above ground. Only when the cellar must be blasted out of rock, or dug in hard pan, does it equal or exceed in cost a similar space constructed above ground.

Moreover, analysis shows that the space which is left under the unexcavated portion of a house, the part below the first floor beams, which should be left about three feet high, so that one may crawl under them, costs about 10 cents a cubic foot. Thus, for a little more than double that amount, this useless space might be converted into useful cellar.

Pictured in another way, here is a house built without any cellar. To hold it up, foundation walls (*Continued on page 230*)



Hennessey lay sprawled out—killed by his own gun. The road to Mary Saunders was clear now, except for the snow, and Steve could manage that alone

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

The SIEVE

Illustrated by

THE door into the stuffy, smoke-filled barroom at St. Joseph's swung open suddenly, as though finally forced by the gale which all day had been raging outside. A tall, slight figure, so encrusted with snow and ice as to be scarcely recognizable, staggered in—or was blown in—and, closing the door behind him with an effort, leaned back against the panels, exhausted.

The half-dozen trappers who had been loafing here since morning looked up indifferently from their cards and drinks, acknowledging his presence with various types of grunts or with thick oaths of protest at the cold air he had admitted. Earlier in the afternoon they had discussed, casually, young Stevenson's chances of getting back—he was several days overdue from the Lac Seul region—and had decided that, barring accident, he would make it. And the reason most of them gave, for a conclusion not at all justified by the conditions, was that the boy was a fool—a crazy fool. No one else, with the season getting late and the gray clouds filled with snow which half a wind would burst, would have turned forty miles off the home trail to visit a Hudson Bay factor merely on the report of a half-breed Indian that the old man was sick. No, not even though he had his pretty daughter, Mary, camping with him; for so long as Joe Saunders had enough life to pull a trigger, the girl might as well be left out of the picture as a possible prize.

Well, Stevenson had fulfilled their prophecy; he had made the distance, as fools will. The question which had not been very important one way or the other had been decided by his arrival, and the card games went on. That for ten hours he had wrestled with the storm, as a man might try a catch-as-catch-can with a Polar bear, the stake being life or death, was all in the day's work of those who challenge the forest.

Recovering his wind, young Stevenson lowered the upturned collar of his red

The Story Of a Man's Fight Against The Frozen North

of the GODS

Dan Content

mackinaw, pulled off his frozen gloves, ran a trembling hand over the melting ice that matted his brows and his month's growth of sandy beard, and walked uncertainly across the room to Red Mike, the bartender, the only fat man in the town. Red Mike set out a bottle and glass. Steve poured a stiff drink and swallowed it neat, shivering as the hot liquor clawed his throat.

"You took a chance, boy," observed Red Mike.

Stevenson wiped his blue eyes with the back of his hand. The whites were bloodshot, stung red by the driven snow. "Saunders was sick—almost dead," he answered.

"Fever?" inquired Mike with no great interest.

"And cough."

"What about the girl?"

Two men at the card tables overheard this question and glanced up. One was the half-breed, Jean Raoul—short, square-shouldered, with bleary eyes and lips too full; the other was Big Hennessey, older, heavier, stoop-shouldered, with restless fox eyes.

"She's with him," answered Stevenson. "She sent me back for Doctor Brière."

Red Mike shook his head "He couldn't make it. No one could."

"And he wouldn't try," choked the young man.

"Can't blame him."

"And yet—" Stevenson faltered.

"Old man's probably dead by now anyhow," cut in Mike. "Take another drink."

Steve was reaching for the bottle when Jean Raoul, the worse for having been shut up in here all day, lurched forward. At the same time Big Hennessey shoved back his chair and lifted his head to listen. Stevenson withdrew his hand and faced Raoul, not liking what he saw in the latter's eyes.

"The girl—she'll do what if Saunders dies?" questioned Raoul, crossing himself.

The question was innocent enough in itself, but not so in the mouth of Jean

Raoul. Nothing, not even a prayer, muttered by him, would be innocent. The younger man shook his coonskin cap and squinted straight into the bleary eyes as though sighting over a gun barrel.

"She has food enough to last till spring," he answered.

"Good," barked Jean.

"And she's got a rifle," went on Stevenson. "She shoots straight."

"She is one fine girl," said Jean, moistening his thick lips. "If I was that *Doctor Brière I would go.*"

The remark raised a laugh from all, including Hennessey. But the latter was not thinking of the girl so much as he was of the stack of furs piled up in the rear of that cabin—of these, and the gold old Saunders kept on hand to trade with. That is what he would go for—if he were Doctor Brière.

Stevenson turned from the bar, unloosed his heavy mackinaw—he wore a belt and hunting knife in a leather case below it—and sank into a chair. He was tired—dog-tired—from head to foot; so tired that he did not trust himself to go the short distance to his boarding-house without resting.

It was a hundred miles to the Saunders' cabin—a hundred miles when the lakes were open to a canoe and the ground clear for hiking. With snow on the ground, as it had been when Steve started back, it was two hundred. Now with the snow a foot deep on the level and ten in the drifts—and still coming—it was five hundred.

For twenty-four hours he had not slept, had not ceased walking! His bruised, tired eyes closed with the cigarette half-smoked in his hand. Yet what he saw in this half-daze was clearer than anything in this room; the clean, rosy face of Mary Saunders and her sky-blue eyes and her trembling lips. She had gripped his hand when he left.

"Dad is darned sick, Steve," she said. "If Brière understood how sick—"

"I'll make him understand," Steve had promised.

That promise had helped him win a gamble with the odds a hundred to one against him. But, as it turned out, making Brière understand was what had made Brière shake his care-marked gray head sadly and refuse to start. After questioning Stevenson closely, the old man, who had risked his life a thousand times for his "children," as he called them, and who was still willing where he saw a fighting chance, gave his decision.

"It sounds like pneumonia," he said. "Either Joe has pulled through by now—or not. The good God has already decided. I could do nothing for him either way."

"But the girl—"

"Nor for her," Brière said crisply.

He was too old to risk his life for nothing. That was for the young. It was, he thought with a gentle smile, for a man like Stevenson.

"Mary is sound and brave," said Doctor Brière. "And you say she has provisions."

"Yes."

"Then she is safe. You will see her in the spring. Go to bed and sleep, my boy, and I—I will ask Father Dubec to pray for them both. Not even a

"SO YOU came alone!" Mary exclaimed. Steve hesitated a moment. remained in her troubled eyes. "They are dead, but I did not kill

"Raoul and Hennessey are back there in the snow." A question still them," Steve explained. "There was no need. Father Dubec prayed"

snow like this can balk the prayers of a good man."

Stevenson opened his eyes with a start and found Raoul standing beside him, looking out the window at the storm. He heard Hennessey's hoarse voice asking,

"Lettin' up?"

"No," growled Raoul.

Both had donned their mackinaws as though about to leave. Stevenson struggled to his feet. He needed sleep and then more sleep, but he was fighting it off for some reason which he was too tired to think out except that it was connected with these men; with each one separately. As Raoul, with his evil eyes and loose lips, passed, Steve started forward—only to stumble and fall to the floor.

RED MIKE called two of the boys to help Steve across the street to Rosie's and tumble him into bed. He was asleep before they had his boots off, and remained asleep all that night and all the next day. He came to long enough to eat something at supper time in drowsy fashion, but went back to bed again.

The second time he woke up, he was once more himself. The sting had gone from his eyes, the ache from his bones, the numbness from his brain. Springing from bed at the noisy clamor of the breakfast bell, he looked out the window. The storm had passed, and a deep white calm had settled upon the town. From a sapphire sky the golden sun shone upon roof tops that looked as though they had been whitewashed. The streets, the fields, all had been cleaned and smoothed by a foot or more of snow—as though washed, starched, and ironed. The lake, of which he caught a glimpse, was like the bosom of a boiled shirt. The air even in his room was as sweet and as biting cold as mountain spring water.

He dressed and hurried downstairs to where on a board table covered with white and blue oilcloth, Rosie had a heaping dish of boiled potatoes, a bowl of pork scraps, a plate of hot biscuit, and a tin pot of black coffee. The box stove, filled with crackling wood, threw out a dry heat. The four other boarders were making serious inroads into the food—a fact which prompted Steve without any preliminary conversation to seize his share. He was hungry to his boot heels—so hungry he could scarcely chew. He swallowed in great gulps. The others were not known for their dainty appetites, but they watched the young man in astonishment as he finished his sixth biscuit and fifth potato.

"*Sacré!*" exclaimed Laval, good-naturedly. "To fill you is like trying to fill a pickerel hole with stones."

"First square meal I've had in ten days," Steve reminded them. "It's a long way from Lac Seul here—in the snow."

"By Gar, yes," nodded Laval, a lean old trapper, who had made the distance in his youth. "Hennessey will find that out before he gets back."

With a fork loaded with potato halfway to his mouth, Steve paused. "Hennessey?"

"Left three hours ago with six dogs and a sled."

"He left—what for?" (*Continued on page 186*)

Men ought to see the obvious advantages of making a will. But they don't. A wife ought to take her husband by the scruff of his neck and make him sign on the dotted line

In DAD We TRUST

But Perhaps We Won't After Reading This Keen Article

By
Frederick L. Collins

Illustrated By Stuart Hay

MY AUNT would never let my uncle make a will. She would never let him take out life insurance. She would never let him discuss the possibility of his own death. At least, she would never do any of these things until my cousin grew old enough to lend the weight of his arguments to his father's.

Result: When Uncle did go to get his insurance, he was so old he had to pay a prohibitive price for it, and he had developed a blood pressure which limited the amount he could get at any price.

When he finally made his will, he was a sick man—on his deathbed, as a matter of fact—and away from his home and his advisers. He was obliged to call in a lawyer he had never seen, who knew nothing of his desires. The will was a hurried, ill-considered affair which failed to protect those he most wished to care for.

All women are not so sentimental about death as my aunt was. But most women are perilously uninformed about what should be done—while things are going well—to protect them and their children when things go wrong.

Seventy percent of the men who die leave their money to women. Ninety percent of all the insurance that is written is made out to women. Theirs is the stake. And in the final analysis theirs is the responsibility.

They ought to know not only that a will ought to be made, but what kind of will it should be, what is needful to make it legal, where it should be kept, how it should be administered, and what should be done with the money.

They ought to know about insurance, the advantage of taking it out early, the difference between having it made out to individuals and to the estate, how to put in a claim, how to collect.

Men are supposed to attend to most of these matters, but women have the greatest interest in seeing that they are attended to and are attended to *right*.

Moreover, statistics show that men do not take their family's future as seriously as they should. Ninety-seven percent of them do not make any will at all. And the other three percent seem less concerned with the serious matter of their approaching demise than they are with the highly humorous problem of how to prevent their wives from marrying again after they have gone.

One well-to-do Bostonian left his fortune to his wife on condition that she *should* marry, because, said he,

"I want to have some one else find out how hard she is to live with!"

Offhand, such an instance of conjugal rancor may not seem a good argument as to why wives should get their husbands to make wills. But it is. It suggests that not enough of the right kind of husbands do make them—and that the right kind should be urged to do so forthwith.

As to the practical advantages of will-making, there can be no doubt. The wife has nothing to lose and everything to gain. Her husband can not cut her off with less than her one-third dower right. The law sees to that. And the chances are that he will give her a great deal more.

The husband, too, has much to gain. He naturally wishes to decide what persons are to inherit his property, and the share each is to get. He wishes to choose his own executor; his wife or his lawyer or his friend or his bank; some one who knows his affairs and in whom he has absolute trust. And he wishes to make special provision for his widow's protection during her lifetime. Without a will he can do none of these things.

And he may have other wishes, too.

He may wish to hold the estate together until his youngest child becomes of age and thus provide for the education and support of the children.

He may have some deserving relative or retainer to whom he wishes to leave a small annuity.

He may wish to make a small donation to some favorite charity.

He may wish to provide for the care of the family burial lot.

He may wish to give his personal belongings to those who would most appreciate them.

He may wish—but there are so many

things which a wise, careful man may wish to do to safeguard his wife and children that it is impossible to mention half of them.

The main point is that all these things *can* be done in a will—and *most* of them *only* in a will.

Of course, men ought to see these obvious advantages without any prodding from their wives. But they don't. They seem to feel that they are going to live forever—and they ought to be told that they won't.

Robert Louis Stevenson once said: "I can not believe in death, at least in my own death. I can easily understand the death of others; but how do you expect me to conceive of myself as no longer existent."

Too many husbands are like that. They need to be told that they are mortal. Insurance agents tell it to them sometimes; and then they rush right out to the doctor, get their knees tapped and their lungs listened to, and purchase large gobs of life insurance. The reason ninety-seven percent of them don't do the same thing about wills is that their wives don't take them by the scruff of the neck and make them do their obvious duty.

Another thing men ought to be told is that it isn't a difficult matter to make a will that will hold. Bishop Potter's wife disposed of a large fortune in fifty words. And two even briefer wills, "Everything to my wife" and "Mrs.——, I leave her all," have been accepted as legal by the courts of Rhode Island and Illinois. In other words, anybody *can* make a will. And everybody *should*.

The next thing men need to be told is that no wish is too peculiar or too intricate to be expressed with full legal force in a will.

An Englishman left twenty shillings a year, payable five shillings quarterly, to a poor man of his acquaintance "to go about the parish church during the sermon to keep people awake and to keep dogs out of the church." The will was found to be a legally binding one.

A wealthy Canadian woman died not long ago and left to her "little dog Frolic the interest on four shares of Montreal Bank stock for use during his lifetime, the same on his death to be given to the Church of St. John the Evangelist." She also left the interest on twelve such shares (on the same conditions) to her husband! The court upheld both of these unusual bequests.

Some of the wills which our American courts have probated are even more remarkable. For instance, one Sanborn who lived in Medford, Massachusetts, several years ago, bequeathed his body to Harvard University "especially to the manipulation of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Agassiz," but on condition that his skin should be preserved and made into two drum-heads, on one of which was to be inscribed Pope's "Universal Prayer" and on the other, "Yankee Doodle." Then, to make a thorough job of it, he decreed that any part of his body which might be left after the aforesaid "manipulation" should be "used to fertilize an American elm!"

It is unlikely that you and your husband will have any such extraordinary ideas about the distribution of the family fortune or the family anatomy. But it must be clear that any ideas which you do have—like providing especially for one of your children who may require unusual attention—may be adequately and effectively expressed in a will.

Then, as to the form of the document and the circumstances under which it is prepared: it is wise, of course, even if the estate is a fairly small one, to get a lawyer to help with the final draft. Wills without lawyers stand up well enough in court, but they do not always stand the way the maker expects them to. They are subject to interpretation—and misinterpretation. For instance, a misanthropic Finn made an amateur will leaving all his money to the Devil—but the state promptly took possession without waiting for the Satanic claimant to appear! For most reasonable bequests, however, even a home-made will is far better than no will at all. (*Continued on page 135*)

When Uncle did get his insurance, he was so old he had to pay a prohibitive price for it, and had developed a blood pressure

Husbands need to be told they are mortal. Insurance agents tell it to them sometimes, and then they rush out to the doctor and get their knees tapped and their lungs listened to

By Mary Singer

Illustrated By Walter Biggs

The Story Of An

STEP

THEY might all say differently. But Mitzi knew better.

Her stepmother was mean. She was wicked. She might have those kind blue eyes, and that silvery-goldy hair that waved against her head like the hair of a China doll, and that voice like tinkling bells, and those lips that were always smiling, always inviting. She might look so *good*. But she was bad. Underneath, down below the bells of her voice, down under the smile, she was cruel. All stepmothers were. There was Cinderella's. And Snow White's. And Florina's, in "The Bluebird."

Mitzi knew all about stepmothers. Long ago, sitting in her own mother's lap, she had learned.

"But the wicked stepmother, though she smiled so sweetly to her husband, was always thinking how she could do harm to her husband's daughter.

"One day, in the winter time, when the husband was away from home and the river was frozen hard as stone, she made a cloak of paper and called the maiden to her.

" 'Put on this cloak,' she said, 'and go into the woods and fetch me a basketful of strawberries.'

" 'But there aren't any strawberries growing on the ground in the winter time!' protested the poor maiden.

" 'Do you dare to contradict me?' stormed the stepmother. 'Go at once! And let me not see you again until you have found me a basketful of strawberries!'

"Then she gave her a small crust of bread and said: 'On this you must subsist the whole day!'

"But she thought—in her mind—'Out of doors in this dreadful weather she will be frozen to death, and my eyes will never see her again.' "

That was from "The Three Little Men In The Woods."

Of course *her* stepmother would never do anything like that to her! Never. Not because she wouldn't want to, though. But because stepmothers didn't, these days.

Her own mother had told her so, when she had burst into tears over the fate of the poor maiden.

"But, darling, why are you crying? I thought you liked that story. You chose it yourself!"

"I do like it, Mother! But the poor maiden! The poor maiden in her thin paper coat! Oh, Mother, why are stepmothers so terribly wicked?"

Her stepmother said she couldn't spank her. "I can't, Don," she said to Daddy, and Mitzi heard her. "Another woman's child. Somehow I—I couldn't allow myself." But that wasn't true. Oh, no!

Understanding Heart

MOTHER

"They're not, goosey. Most of them are good. It's only in the story. Stepmothers don't make paper coats these days. You never saw any one in a paper coat, did you? And they don't send children to the woods for strawberries. Because there aren't any woods! Not here in the city, anyway!"

"But, Mother—if you should *die*? Like the poor maiden's mother in the story?"

"Darling, but I'm *not!* I have no intention of dying! Not for the longest time yet!"

"But, Mother, if you *should*? And Daddy married another—"

"Why, she would be good to you, goosey! Daddy wouldn't marry any one who wouldn't be good to you!"

"But she wouldn't be as good to me as you are, Mother?"

"She might, at that. If you were a good little girl and gave her no trouble."

"But *you'd* love me even if I weren't a good little girl! Wouldn't you, Mother? You always tell me so! You say you love me even when you have to *spank* me!"

"So I do, darling."

"She—*she* wouldn't!"

"I—I suppose not."

No—o. *Her* stepmother wouldn't give her a thin paper coat and send her out to pick strawberries in the winter time. But then neither would she spank her and love her at the same time! The way Mother did. If you could *spank* a person and love them still—

Her stepmother didn't spank her at all!

She just said in a certain voice, "Mitzi, I shall have to tell your Daddy!"

And then Daddy spanked her. And to be spanked by Daddy, even though it was the merest spanking that he gave, just a sort of pit-pat, no more, on the *you-know—!*

Mother had never told Daddy when she was naughty. Mother would never want Daddy to know that she *could* be naughty.

She said: "If Daddy ever *knew!* If Daddy ever *thought*—!"

And administered the spanking herself. Which was better. Oh, much!

Her stepmother said she couldn't spank her. "I can't, Don," she said to Daddy, and Mitzi heard her. "Another woman's child. Somehow I—I couldn't allow myself."

But that wasn't true. Oh, no, it wasn't. Because she had spanked Coralie! And *she* was another woman's child. Her very own sister's!

It had happened the time when Coralie's mother went to the hospital for a new baby,

and Coralie came to stay with them for two weeks. They had been playing school up in Mitzi's room.

Mitzi knew a deal about school. She had been going for some time now. So she said: "I will be the teacher, Coralie. You will be the pupil."

And she had taken a nice, long piece of chalk to write with upon the blackboard. To Coralie she had given a smaller piece.

"Now, Coralie," she instructed, "you copy what I write."

But Coralie said she couldn't, not at all, with that teeny-weeny dot of chalk.

"It isn't a dot, Coralie. It's a big piece."

"It's not! It's a teeny-weeny dot! I can't w'ite with it!"

"You can, too, Coralie!"

"I can't!"

"You can!"

Impetuously she had seized Coralie's hand and forced it across the blackboard. Her firm little fingers had left red marks upon Coralie's soft ones. Coralie had screamed. Mitzi had shaken her.

"Stop, you baby!"

"I'm not! I won't!"

Her own anger up, Coralie had shoved Mitzi.

Mitzi had fallen. Hard. And Mitzi's stepmother had come running. And *spanked* Coralie—another woman's child! Mitzi had seen her. So she wasn't telling the truth to Daddy. She was lying—just the way the stepmothers in the stories lied.

However, she loved Coralie, her stepmother did. Because afterward, when both of them had been put to bed and Coralie lay sniffling on her pillow, she had come softly into the room, and crept up to Coralie, and got down on her knees on the floor beside her, and laid her head close to hers and petted her.

"Don't cry, Coralie. Aunt Roberta is sorry she had to spank you."

Coralie had broken into a gush of fresh sobs and allowed herself to be snuggled in the hollow of her shoulder. And Mitzi, lying in her own bed at the other side of the room, had turned her face to the wall and stifled a cry that rose without warning in a throat suddenly hot and tight and achey.

THEY thought she couldn't remember. She had been such a *little* girl when it happened. Just six.

"She'll forget," they said. And most of them thought it was better so. Except Grandma, Mother's mother. Mitzi had stayed with her a year, while Daddy went away "to get over it."

She said fiercely: "Don't you forget your mother, Mitzi! Don't you forget her ever!"

She couldn't forget while she was with Grandma. Grandma made Mother almost alive. Sometimes you could think Mother had just stepped out for a little while and would be back again any moment. Grandma had a big, fat album with a clasp on it, full of pictures of Mother. Mother when she was a little baby, lying on a rug in just a shirt and tiny panties. Mother when she was a little girl like Mitzi. Mother when she graduated from grade school, her hair curled and a diploma in her hand. Mother in gym bloomers and a white sailor blouse. Mother in her confirmation dress with white shoes and a great sash about her waist. Mother when she was attending college. Mother's beaus that she used to go out with. Mother and Daddy just before they were married.

Grandma told stories about the pictures.

"And that's Mother when she was four. Wasn't she lovely, Mitzi? See the flowers on her dress? I embroidered those myself. Black-eyed Susans they were, all yellow with big black centers. And look at the bang on her hair and the little knot at the top. That's the way children wore their hair then. It was a beautiful style. I remember the very day we went to have that picture taken. It was hot, in July, and she wanted some ice-cream. But I said, 'You'll spoil your beautiful new dress, Milly! Wait until after the picture is taken.' And she waited. She was good, your mother was, Mitzi. Never gave me a moment's trouble in my life."

Mitzi would have liked to stay always with Grandma. Grandma knew how to treat a little girl. She let you have cookies and candy and nuts. And at night, when it was bedtime, she rocked you in her arms just as if you were a baby, until you fell asleep.

But Daddy came home with the new stepmother.

"You'll have to go to him, Mitzi," said Grandma. "He wants you. He's your Daddy."

But before she let her out she gathered her fiercely to her.

"Don't forget your mother, Mitzi!" she said for the last time, and tears rolled down her cheeks. "Don't forget your mother ever!"

And gave her a little picture in a paper frame, like a small, brown book.

"Keep this, Mitzi. It's Mother. Put it away where no one else will see it but you. And take it out and look at it every night before you go to sleep. Then it will be just as if Mother were watching over you."

"I will, Grandma," promised Mitzi. "And I won't forget. I won't forget ever."

And she hadn't. Lying there in her bed that night, her face turned to the wall, listening to her stepmother murmur to Coralie, she remembered in a sharp flash Mother with her small, pointy, smooth face snuggling *her*. Coming into her room, before she went to her own bed, and whispering into the dark, "All right, darling?" And tucking the covers in more firmly, and bringing her face down close against hers, and pressing it there, and dropping a soft little kiss in the moist, warm spot under her chin.

She hardly ever woke when Mother did that. But she knew it was Mother there. And she would smile in her sleep. And make a little contented sound. Sometimes, stirring, but not coming quite awake, she would kiss back. And then she would feel Mother's arms tightening about her with a gentle intensity and Mother murmuring with a little break in her voice,

"Darling!"

Daddy didn't like Mother to do that. Once, when she *had* come awake, Mitzi had heard him scold about it.

"That's an awful thing to do, Milly! Breaking her sleep like that!"

"I don't, Don! She never even stirs. And I have to fix her covers. She's got them half kicked off already."

"You don't have to make such a racket while you're at it!"

"I don't!"

"You do, too! Hugging her, and kissing her—"

"Don, you're *mean!* If you'd just look at her sleeping there, with her hair all tousled and her cheeks so pink! You'd have to be made of stone not to—"

Her stepmother didn't come in to fuss over her after she had fallen asleep. Though once Mitzi had dreamed that she had. That she had come into the room, and kneeled down by her bed, and taken one of her hands, and put it up against her lips, and kissed each finger one after the other. Somehow, in that dream, she had been sure that her stepmother was crying, not loudly, but the way grown-up people cry, without sound, with the tears squeezing out of their eyes, and their mouths all screwed up, and their throats working.

"Mitzi," she had said, her voice a whisper, "why are you afraid of me? Don't you know I love you? Don't you know I wouldn't ever—not ever—do one little thing to harm you?"

But it had been just a dream. Because when she opened her eyes no one was there. No one, though her fingers were somehow wet.

When her stepmother put her to bed, she tucked the covers in tightly right off, so she wouldn't have to come in again. She opened the windows, and rolled the shade 'way up so it couldn't possibly flap when the breeze came in, and drew the curtains back, and brought a glass of fresh water, and put it on the butterfly table where Mitzi could reach for it if she woke and felt thirsty.

"Comfy?" she would ask.

"Comfy," Mitzi would answer.

"Then, good-night."

"Good-night."

She would not kiss Mitzi. Not these days, though she had in the beginning. But she would stand a moment looking down at her, her hands tight, one in the other. Sometimes she would make the merest little movement downward, and then suddenly she would straighten and sort of

POCKETS

By Susan Adger Williams

A CHILD *should have a pocket—*
Supposing on the road
He runs across a beetle,
Or a lizard, or a toad?
However will he carry them?
Whatever will he do
If he hasn't got a pocket
To put them into?

A CHILD *should have a pocket*
On which he fairly dotes!
Not one, or two, but many
In his little waistcoats—
And one will be for money
He finds on the roads,
And one for cake and cookies—
And one for hoptoads!

Grandma had a big fat album with a clasp on it, full of pictures of Mother. Grandma told stories about the pictures. "And that's Mother when she was four. Wasn't she lovely, Mitzi?"

tighten. She would say again, "Good-night, Mitzi." And hurry out.

What was she thinking when she stood there like that? Mitzi wondered. What was she planning in her stepmother mind? Her breath held, a frightened little flutter 'way down in her tummy, Mitzi would watch her. Warily. Apprehensively. Huddling far over to the side of her bed.

Once her stepmother remarked it and cried out: "Why do you look at me like that Mitzi? Why are you so—so—"

And then something must have happened to her throat, for she clapped her hand suddenly to it and ran out of the room.

SHE was not a demonstrative child. She did not carry her heartstrings in her hands. She never ran to people with her arms wide and her smile ready. But that did not mean that she was not a loving child; that she did not crave affection, hunger for it. Indeed, more than most people could ever dream, she panted for a soft embrace, a honeyed word, a gentle pat. Her little arms, when they went round a neck at all, hugged tight and fiercely.

Her mother had known that and had offered her love bounteously. A dozen times a day, no matter what she was doing, she would stop and sing out:

"Who wants a kiss? One all ready! Come one, come—"

Before the words were fairly out of her mouth Mitzi (*Continued on page 299*)

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STUDIO

The Art of Creating an Atmosphere

18th-Century Bedroom, Dressing-Room & Bath

By Helen Koues, Director

A BEDROOM, dressing-room, and bathroom with the atmosphere of the eighteenth century are illustrated by the Studio this month. These rooms are now on exhibition at our Publication Building in New York City as well as in the large stores mentioned in the announcement to the right.

The drawing of the exterior of a house in the early English feeling, in which this room could be placed, was shown in the December magazine, as well as the interior of the hall and living-room, built and decorated in the atmosphere of the seventeenth century. In January we followed these rooms with a dining-room of the same type.

On the upper floor of a house of this character, though the same atmosphere might have been followed, we have furnished the rooms in mahogany instead of oak and with greater luxury.

By referring to the floor plan of the house on one of the following pages, it will be seen that this main bedroom is part of a group of three rooms—a bedroom with four windows, two at the back of the house and two on the side; a dressing-room with large closets; and an adjoining bathroom.

Good Housekeeping Studio
Cordially Invites You
To Visit These Rooms Created by
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This plan gives one large room 17′ x 23′ to be used by a man and his wife, with a smaller room 9′4″ x 13′7″ as a dressing-room for the man or a bedroom for a child. Opening out of this is the bath 6′10″ x 9′4″. The floor plan of the house shows another bath which opens both into the hall and into a bedroom, so that this one is for the exclusive use of these rooms.

The general character of this bedroom is quite different from the rooms we have shown as a part of this group. In building and furnishing them, I have again applied the five basic principles—*choice of type, background, color, scale, and individuality.* To begin with; *the choice of type* of this room is different from those of the preceding issues: it is a century later. Instead of the sturdy exposed beams characteristic of the earlier seventeenth-century dining-room shown last month, wallpaper, plaster, a wooden mantel, and the general color scheme give delicacy as well as luxury to the background of the room.

With the coming of the eighteenth century a new spirit pervaded the building

of houses, their interior decoration and the design as well as the workmanship of furniture. It was a time of fine designs, beautiful cabinet work and greater luxury. The structural features of the building were completely concealed, and paneling, plaster, and wallpaper came into vogue. The sturdy oak of the Stuarts, the walnut of Queen Anne, gave way by the middle of the century to the mahogany employed by Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and the brothers Adam, the great English designers and cabinetmakers.

The character of the room itself is suggestive of this period, and the furniture, though of modern manufacture, is well-made after authentic designs of the period.

Background. Wallpaper first came into general use during the latter half of the eighteenth century. In this room an attractive silver and gray striped paper gives a neutral background. These papers, though especially characteristic of some French rooms, also form the background for the gay, flowered chintzes and comfortable rooms of the English houses. Since the windows are in keeping with the others of the house, which are of the casement variety, they are treated very simply. They open out, and glass curtains of marquisette are placed on a rod attached to the wooden framework; short draw curtains of chintz with a French heading are placed just above them at the top of the window frame, hanging just below the apron of the window. In a house without casement windows, a more formal treatment could have been used. It is interesting, however, to do here what is so frequently done in England in the old houses—treat casement windows in an informal way and yet have formal eighteenth-century furniture in the room itself. The English, who give to their rooms such an air of luxury and comfort, do not hesitate to take some liberties with so-called "period decoration," but they seldom lose sight of scale and good taste.

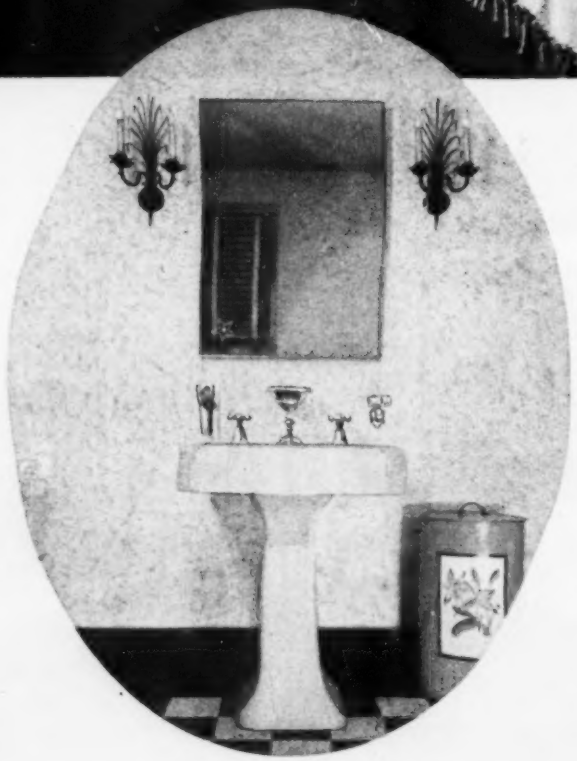
A happy combination of upstairs sitting-room and bedroom is achieved by placing the bed in an alcove and an easy chair and chaise longue in front of the fireplace. The dressing mirror and table (below), the desk, the fascinating drum and Pembroke tables are all examples of fine modern reproductions of such pieces

The wood-burning fireplace is a feature of the room. The wooden mantel showing the delicate workmanship of the eighteenth century forms a center of interest between the two windows, and is painted the gray-blue of the stripe of the paper. Simple side-lights are placed above on either side, and again on the side wall opposite the windows. The other illumination in the room is given by lamps placed where needed.

In building this background, arrangements were made for many base plugs where they would seem convenient. It is wise to do this when building a house or when rewiring.

Scale. The size of this room permits of at least two pieces of rather heavy furniture. The alcove is an ideal place for the heavy, four-poster, mahogany bed with its carved posts and molded canopy top. This bed is full size, 6′10″ high, 6′10″ long and 4½ ft. wide. It is, of course, a dominant feature of the room, and due to

Clear, strong colors, red and green, give a gay and cheerful effect and yet are dark enough to be masculine. The color and pattern of the wallpaper, as well as furniture and accessories, were selected particularly to suit a masculine taste



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In this Bedroom

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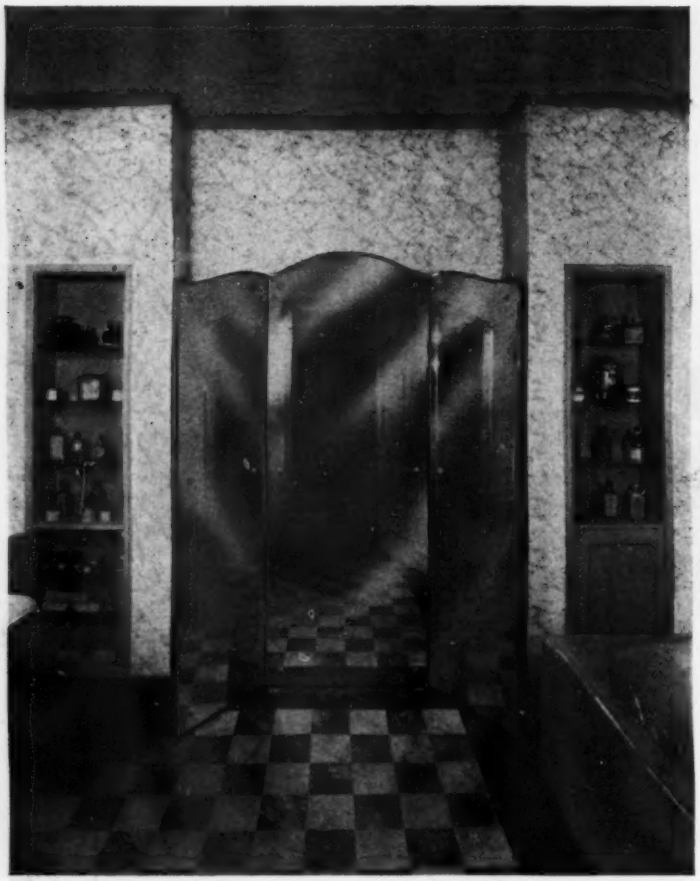
Fine Reproductions of Good 18th-Century Furniture



The large triple mirror hung in a recess on one wall is the most striking feature of the bathroom; and built-in cupboards on either side of it will take care of all your toilet accessories and also be a decorative addition to the room

its fine design as well as the curtain treatment, is most decorative.

The chest of drawers is a piece of good size, and not only a faithful reproduction, but a beautiful bit of cabinet work—indeed, it is one of the good examples of the splendid work being done by American manufacturers in making the finer sort of furniture: for style, correct hardware, and workmanship it is to be recommended.

Above it hangs a mirror which would overpower a small room, but is delightful here. This is where a sense of *scale* comes in. Pieces of this sort find a right place in a room of this size as do the chaise longue, which is a full 6′0″ long, the overstuffed easy chair by the fireplace, and the old crinoline chair between the window and the bed.

To give comfort to the room and the air of a sitting-room as well as a bedroom, a number of other pieces are used which as they fit into smaller places, are of a lighter scale. As the furniture in this room is particularly interesting, let us consider it in detail: the dressing-table is a fascinating piece, a narrow table of brown mahogany with a wax finish with five shallow drawers, the top measuring 3′6″ with the leaves extended. This length makes it possible to use candlesticks on either side of the charming dressing mirror which is set on it. This in turn has three small drawers with ivory knobs, and is a good reproduction of a charming little piece. This is set before the window, which is a placement often found in English

The small, block-front mahogany chest illustrated below is an example of the excellent work that is being done today in reproducing period pieces. The simple, sturdy lines of the original have been preserved, and the wood is rich in tone and well finished

rooms and which we would do well to follow more often.

The desk is another good reproduction of a delightful piece. It is also of brown mahogany, with a pleasant arrangement of pigeonholes, drawers, and tiny cupboard spaces. More spacious drawers are below the leaf.

The drum table with its pedestal base is a typically English piece. This has been reproduced in a small size and is therefore useful by the bedside, as it has a pair of convenient drawers, and is large enough to hold a good-sized lamp, a bottle of ice-water, and a glass jar for crackers.

A really beautiful table is that of the Pembroke type with two drop leaves, on the other side of the bed. This is of mahogany with a satinwood inlay on the beautifully tapered legs and rounded edges of the top. A lamp, flowers, and one's favorite photographs find a natural place on it.

A small table by the chair, another by the chaise longue, and still a third with three shelves in front of the window—all give a place to put things near a place to sit, an arrangement that creates that illusive quality, livableness.

Color in these rooms, though different, is sympathetic. In the main bedroom the walls are gray and silver; the chintz also shows a stripe of cream and blue-gray with bunches of flowers. Since chintz was used on the four windows and for the draperies of the bed, plain blue was used for covering the chaise longue, for the bedspread, and

Simple enough for a man's bureau are the two small tôle lamps with tiny red shades. The lamps and the cigarette box and glass ashtray on the bedside table repeat the touches of cherry red in the wallpaper, the bedspread and curtain binding

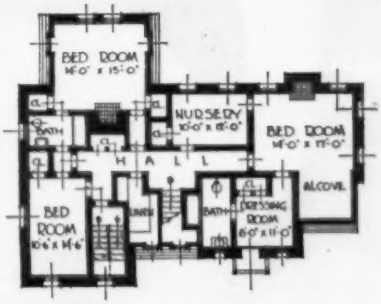
for lining the bed-curtains, the plain fabric being a pleasant contrast to the gaily colored chintz. A neutral background was given to the floor by using a taupe rug.

Individuality may easily be expressed in a room of this sort: pictures, ornaments, the clock, a vase, lampshades—all play their part in expressing individuality as well as giving color. The delicate china figures of the period belong in it, and where glass is used, it should be of fine old English cut.

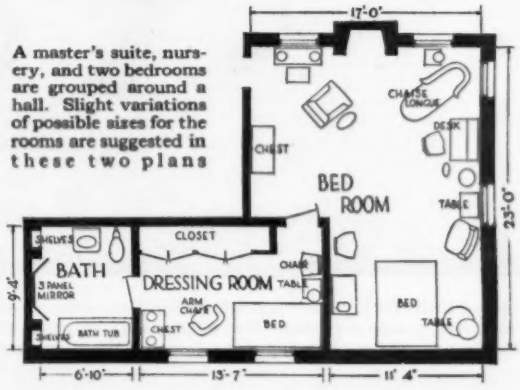
A touch of modern workmanship is shown in the dressing-table lamps of silver and mirror, while the metal standard lamp by the desk and the dull brass table lamp hark back to the seventeenth century.

The small dressing-room which opens out of the main bedroom is very different in character, although the same five principles are applied. *The choice of type* was influenced by the main bedroom, for in the adjoining rooms a certain continuity must be preserved, and furniture of the eighteenth century again is used. The whole atmosphere of the room, however, is less formal and more masculine in feeling. Everything in the dressing-room was selected with a view to creating a room suitable for either a man or a child, and the air of luxury and leisure characteristic of the large bedroom would not have been right here. Wallpaper is again used as *background*, but in this case the colors are strong rather than delicate, and the pattern is a decorative hunting scene which a man of sporting proclivities, and certainly any child, would enjoy. The vivid red and green of the design give a cheerful effect, and the use of this patterned paper makes the room appear larger. The room is full of color, clear strong colors which are dark enough to be masculine. The curtains are of blue-green glazed chintz, the same blue-green as the wallpaper, and are bound with cherry-red, again from the paper. The comfortable chair has a slip-cover which matches the curtains, and though the bedspread is white, it has small tufts of red. Two small tôle lamps on the chest of drawers, the monograms of the brushes, and several attractive accessories on the bedside table again take up this accent of bright red.

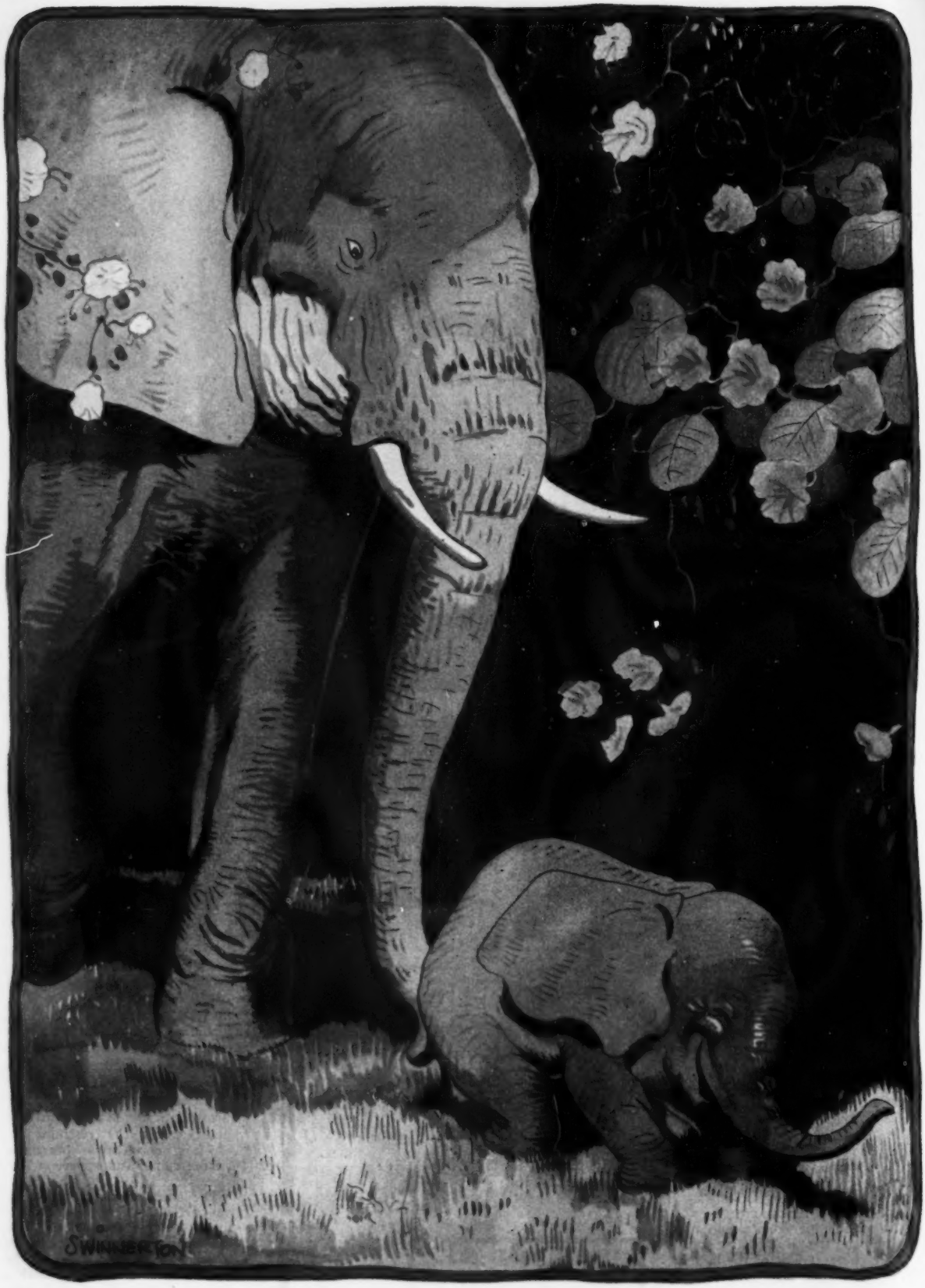
The small room which opens out of the main bedroom may be used for a man's dressing-room or for a child. Though it is small, 9′4″ by 13′7″, two windows insure air, and the furniture is so arranged that it is not overcrowded



A master's suite, nursery, and two bedrooms are grouped around a hall. Slight variations of possible sizes for the rooms are suggested in these two plans



The lamps, which are an essential part of the lighting, are a distinctive bit of decoration. The two small ones on the bureau are of red tôle, and the lamp on the bedside table is of pewter with a simple parchment shade. One side of the room has a long closet for hanging clothes, and a space for shelves. This closet is built into the (*Continued on page 304*)



OLD Mom loved little Toto. Each day, when they went down to the water hole, she watched over him so carefully. She would push him along with her trunk, because his little legs would not carry him along as fast as the other elephants traveled

Toto-Tembo

The Baby Elephant Of The African Jungle: His Story

By Mrs. Martin Johnson

Illustrated By James Swinnerton

WHAT would you think if you saw one hundred and fifty railroad engines walking down the street on legs that looked like tree trunks? If you can imagine such a sight, it will give you some idea of the power and size of the friends and relatives of Toto-Tembo, our little baby elephant.

Before I tell you about Toto, I want to say something about elephants. I think I admire and love them more than any other animal that lives in the forests of Africa. They are so much like humans, so intelligent, so big and graceful. Elephants made roads before man did. It seems they are always building them. Whenever they come across a water hole they like, they wear a pathway through the forest tangle to it. They do this by tramping down the grass and bushes with their big, powerful feet. Day after day, year after year, maybe for a century, these giants of the jungle will travel the same pathway. They will butt over a tree with their great, big heads and toss it aside with their trunks as though it were a match stick. And they will reach high into the air and tear away the overhanging branches.

I found out how strict these elephants are about their roads one time when I planned to take some pictures of them. It was while we were living at Lake Paradise, which I think is the most beautiful place in all Africa. Martin was developing some of the wonderful moving pictures he had taken of wild animals. Perhaps you have seen some of them in the moving picture called "Simba."

I got so lonesome and thought that I would just show Martin that he wasn't the only one who could take pictures of elephants. Not far from our home there was a wonderful elephant road. It had been worn through a forest of trees some of which grew to a height of one hundred and fifty feet. They were decorated with twisting vines on which bright yellow flowers grew. The road was so big you could drive an automobile along it.

One day I had my black boy, Bukari, who carries my gun for me when I go out into the forest, take a box out to the elephant road and nail it to the limb of a tree right above the middle of the trail. I went out there in the morning and sat in the box nearly all day. At first it was just like being in fairyland. There I was, high above the ground, keeping as quiet as a mouse. A gentle breeze blew through the forest, making the leaves dance in a lazy, playful way and singing a song that told of the mystery and weirdness of this far-off land. Yellow and red flowers on the twisted old vines seemed to be playing cross-tag with each other. Now and then one of them seemed to smile as a splash of sunshine dripped through the leafy roof overhead and touched its face.

I could hear a troop of monkeys gossipping and fighting with each other in the big tree-tops not far away. A mother bushbuck and her baby came into the trail, but I think she smelled me, for she ran away before I could get my camera focussed upon her.

After several hours passed it was not so pleasant sitting up there in that old box waiting for some elephants to come along. Some pesky little flies began to bite me. The breeze changed and blew off a swamp. It carried an odor of things that were old and dying. And the worst of it was that not a single elephant came by. I was angry about that and finally went home.

It was not until two days later that I learned how lucky I was. The next morning Martin and I walked up Elephant Street as we had come to call it. I showed him my box. He laughed and told me that it was not high enough to be out of reach of an elephant.

The following day we walked down the trail again. My box was gone from the tree. Bits of it were scattered on the ground. Some old elephant had walked along there during the night and torn it down. It's a good thing he didn't come along when I was *in* the box.

If you have seen elephants in circuses and zoos, maybe you think they all look alike. But that is not true. I met two of them I knew—one was the Baby Tembo, and the other was his mother, Old Mom. One night, when the moon was riding high over the African woodland and shining for all it was worth in a field of silver stars—I don't know why the moon seems to be brighter in Africa than it does in our homeland—Old Mom heard an angel whisper the message of motherhood. She walked through the herd with which she lived and told the cow elephants of it. Then she led a dozen of those huge friends of hers far off into the dense forest. They walked along so quietly and silently. Not even a twig cracked under the enormous feet that carried them. They came to a cleared space in the jungle land. It was damp and dark and lonely. There they found little Toto-Tembo.

Toto was so tiny that he looked like a little mouse beside those big, old cows. He was covered with black hair, he had long, black eyelashes, and his little legs were so weak that he could scarcely stand. The first thing Old Mom did was to give him a spanking with her trunk. Then she picked him up and rocked him back and forth. The other elephants stood about her in a circle and watched her solemnly. Old Mom didn't spank Tembo because he had been a bad boy. She did that so he could get his breath and to make the blood circulate through his veins. When she got tired of rocking him with her trunk, she passed him to one of her friends, who also rocked him. When Toto began to cry in a squeaky voice after he had been passed around the circle, he was given back to Old Mom. She gave him some milk to drink. In a few days Toto became a strong and sturdy little fellow. Mom and her friends took him back to show the other elephants in the herd what a fine little son they had found.

Elephants love and protect their babies more than any other animal in the world. The herd appointed a ten-year-old cousin of Toto's to be his special nursemaid. This cousin watched over him constantly when old Mom was busy eating the tender young buds from (*Continued on page 296*)

THROUGH *Argentina to Asuncion*

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Continues On Her South American Tour For Good Housekeeping

DEAR EDITH:

It is months since I have heard from you, a silence for which I am not responsible, for I sent you greetings from the Azores and pressed roses from Cintra, hoping to bring a little closer to you at least two of the places which you had planned in vain to visit this year. But since these efforts on my part met with no response, I am going to try again to capture your attention—this time with a description of distant points which you had no idea of visiting, many of which, for that matter, comparatively few travelers include in their itineraries.

The boys and I left Montevideo for Buenos Ayres one damp, chilly evening in early spring (early autumn at home!) on one of the immaculate and attractive river steamers which ply nightly between the two cities. The *mucamo* who conducted us to our cabins placed my heavy hand-baggage in mine without a murmur; but it was with some difficulty that we induced him to give the boys a suitcase apiece, a description of the desirability of pajamas and toothbrushes leaving him quite unmoved. Having finally overpersuaded him on this point, it was next necessary to convince him that extra blankets would be acceptable; for, vigorously protesting, he led me a hundred feet or so down the corridor and triumphantly showed me a small stove, assuring me that this *estufa* would emanate unlimited heat! At last, however, all necessities for the night—as we understood them—were duly secured; and we went up on deck to watch the disappearing lights of the city and the revolving beacon on the Cerro Tower, and to follow with our eyes the marked channel which extends all the way up the river from one capital to another for a little while before we piled our coats on top of the begrudged blankets and crept in underneath them.

At half-past six the next morning we were on deck again, gazing with bewilderment at the crowded stream and congested wharfs. Never since I went up the Yangstze to Shanghai have I seen a river so teeming with every imaginable kind of craft, from every quarter of the globe. The flags of a score of nations floated from the sterns of hundreds of ships, as they churned their way through the Rio de la Plata, or lay at anchor by her wharfs.

Buenos Ayres, that splendid and sophisticated capital of Argentina, which is the largest city in South America and perhaps the proudest as well, was to us, for the time being, only a point of arrival from Montevideo and a point of departure for Asuncion. It had been our idea, in leaving there, to go first by boat to Concordia, the thriving town on the Rio Uruguay which is considered one of the best places for fishing in Argentina, and thence by rail to Posadas, the capital of the Misiones District, where we were to take the river steamer that plies along the upper Parana. But the apparently inevitable overcrowding which often complicates our plans forced us to change them at the last moment, and to take the quicker and shorter route by train all the way from Buenos Ayres to Posadas. As is not infrequently the case, our slight disappointment met with immediate compensation! We discovered that at Zarate, about sixty miles north of Buenos Ayres, our train would be placed on a ferry boat for Ibicuy, and that we would thus spend five hours on the delta of the Parana.

This ferry passage proved to be one of

No other natural wonder of the world can surpass in majesty the great Falls of the Iguazu. They are higher than Niagara, and half again as wide, and their setting, in the midst of tropical verdure, is absolutely untouched by the world

Photograph by J. P. Keyes

complete and quiet pleasure. It began about seven and ended at midnight. The country through which we passed was almost uninhabited. Only twice did a gliding beacon beside us reveal that another ship was passing us; and not more than three or four times did we see a twinkling light on land. The deepening dusk covered the placid water with soft blackness; then the succeeding starlight flooded it with silver; currents of fresh fragrance rose from the stirring trees beside the sloping shore.

Photograph by Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway

River steamers transport immigrants to the far distances of the Parana, where land is cheap—and hidden under vast waves of jungle

Señorita Felicidad Gonzales directs a normal school, which trains children, from kindergarten days, for the teaching profession

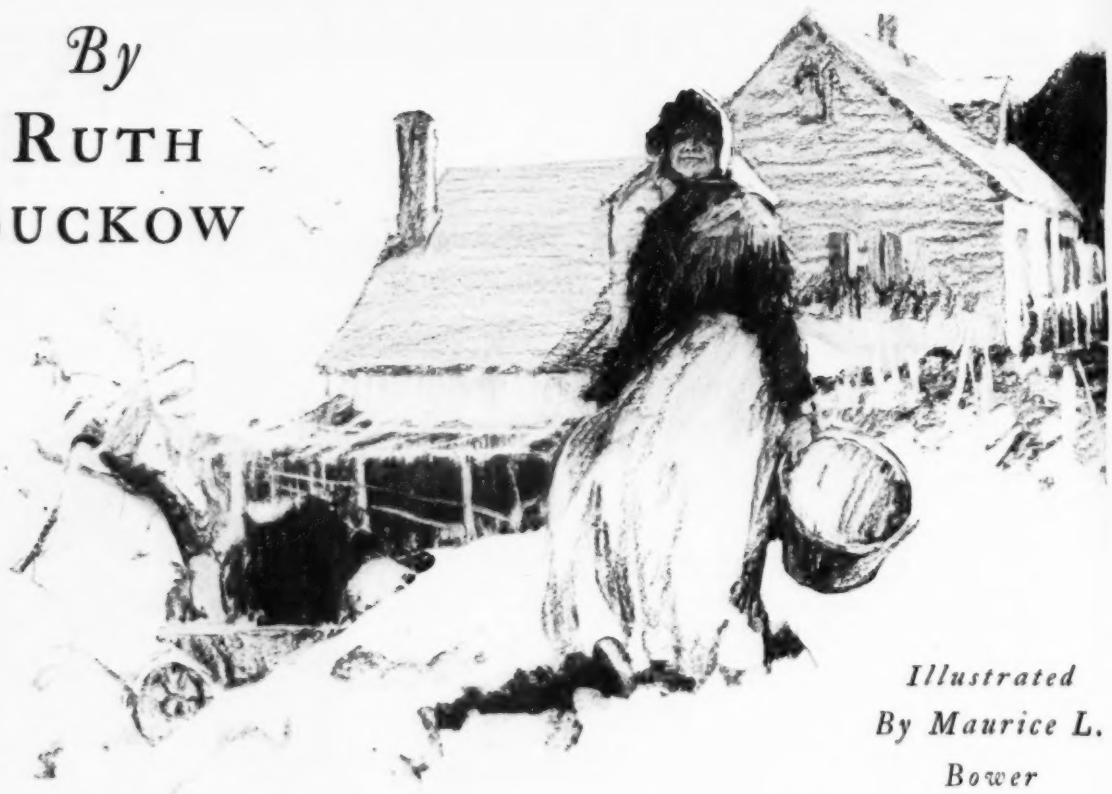
At half past five in the morning, thirty hours later, somewhat travel-stained and weary after two rather short nights and a rather long day on the train, we found ourselves on the station platform at Posadas; and the thin coffee and thick bread of which we partook on our way to the wharf did not raise our spirits to the extent that we had rather vainly hoped; while the wharf itself, where unshaven men with pajama jackets pulled on over their trousers, were pursuing and killing rats, and unkempt women with their hair arranged in long funnels at the back of their heads were smoking black cigars, proved even more depressing. In fact, truth compels me to confess that as we boarded the river steamer, along with a cow, a turkey, a number of hens, some bags of flour, a few crates of bottled beverages, a large quantity of corrugated iron, and what seemed like a superfluity of other passengers—considering the size of the boat—I would gladly have turned back toward Buenos Ayres again if either of my companions had encouraged my depression.

With admirable good sense they did nothing of the sort; and before the day was over I was thankful enough that they had not. For as the little steamer chugged peacefully along, between river banks fringed with feathery bamboo and clustering vines, the sense of glorious adventure of which extreme fatigue, ptomaine poisoning, and a bad cold had temporarily deprived me, wakened again. The absence of hot water for bathing, ice-water for drinking, adequate plumbing, lemons for tea, deck chairs, a salon, stewardesses, and so on seemed to become an item of comparative unimportance. So did heat, dirt, overcrowding, and the presence of innumerable stinging, biting, and crawling creatures of every description. Our fellow passengers, who came from every quarter of the globe and spoke every imaginable language, proved interesting and congenial; and though I was slightly startled the first time one of these, standing quietly beside me, suddenly pulled out a revolver and shot an alligator on the river bank near by, I soon began to regard episodes of this sort as hardly worth a passing thought; but considerable excitement was occasioned when a struggling figure in the water, discovered after dark, caused the captain to send out three men as a relief party, only to find that they had gone to the rescue of a mountain lion!

Aside from such occurrences as these, the voyage proceeded calmly. Each night, a deep, enveloping fog forced us to "lie to" until morning; each day, the dilapidated rowboat fastened to the side of the river-steamer pushed off toward land at frequent intervals to meet a similar craft sent out from shore toward it; and thus embarkations and debarkations were effected without undue ceremony or delay at the various ports of call which we passed, and at which we viewed the assembled crowd with inquisitive interest, doubtful whether it represented the population of the town, or the families of the travelers proceeding up the river! We did not pull up alongside until we reached the thriving German settlement of El Dorado, where Dr. Hector Barreiro, the Governor of Misiones, and his staff, who had been our most illustrious fellow-passengers, left us. They were welcomed on the sandy slope by the local officials and Prince Louis Ferdinand, son of the former Crown Prince of Germany, who was visiting the loyal colony in the *(Continued on page 225)*

When last heard from Mrs. Keyes was more than half-way round South America. Touching that continent first at Venezuela, she had proceeded as far as Santiago, Chile

By Ruth Suckow



Illustrated By Maurice L. Bower

A Story of Three Sisters, Who Lived Side by Side, Each in a World of Her Own

Part III

"HELLO, Rose. I heard you were back. Don't you remember me? Archie Carpenter?"

"Oh, of course I do!" Rose said.

She couldn't imagine why she hadn't recognized him at once, because he looked just the same. But then they hadn't really known each other. Archie Carpenter was several years older and had gone in an entirely different crowd. But that was one of the pleasant things about growing up—to be accepted by older people whom she had always thought of as ahead of her. The warmth of Archie Carpenter's greeting flattered her.

"Well, I've been hearing all kinds of fine things about you!"

"What things?" Rose said derisively.

"Oh, that you've got a grand job over there in Chi, and that you're a regular business woman these days. Well, I'm not surprised," he said admiringly. "You were always the smartest girl in school."

"You don't remember a thing about me in school!" Rose challenged him.

"Sure I do!"

"We were never in the same grade in our lives."

"I remember more about you than you think, young lady."

Rose was more pleased than she would admit. She felt that she liked Archie Carpenter—he was nicer than she had remembered. She liked his rangy height, as he stood easily looking down at her, and his pleasant, smiling face with the fair, sunburnt hair and the blue-gray eyes laughingly crinkled at the corners. Again it flattered her to see that he enjoyed talking to her, because she remembered Archie Carpenter as a big, grown-up fellow taking the older girls to dances when she was just a little kid in a middy blouse.

"Well, are you home to stay now?" he asked.

"I'm home right now, anyway."

"That's the stuff. Well, let us see something of you once in a while."

As she went on, she heard him calling to her,

"Rose!"

He caught up with her.

"Bound for home? Wait a minute, and I'll walk along with you."

She waited while he went into the drug store and came out with a package of cigarettes—evidently his errands in town were not strenuous.

"Might as well have some company," he said. "Well, being in Chicago must agree with you. I don't like it. Somebody bumping into you wherever you go." He grinned.

"I didn't know you were here," Rose said.

"Didn't you? Well, I've been here all summer."

"I thought you were somewhere else." She tried to remember what she *had* heard about him.

"You've forgotten me. That's the trouble. Own up now, Rose."

"I haven't," she answered, nettled.

"Oh, I've been in all kinds of places since I saw you last. Over in The Rapids most of the time—lately. Been home this summer. Now I'm trying to see they get a bridge built over Plum Creek. Haven't you heard of that new bridge? Well, I'm the guy responsible."

"No. Where?"

"Over near the Hutt place. Better come out and see it some day."

"Where that old wooden bridge used to be?"

"That's the place. Wooden bridge went to pieces. Too many guys carved their girls' names on the railing. Found your name there, Rose."

"You didn't!"

"I sure did."

But she laughed, remembering how she used to walk out to that bridge with Bert in the spring of their Senior year. She hated to have the old bridge gone. Archie lounged along easily beside her, smoking his cigarettes. The mottled shade was pleasant on the cement walk. Rose liked the personal way in which Archie asked after her mother.

"I suppose you're kept pretty busy," he said.

It made Rose ashamed. She told him that Georgie and Annie did everything—with a little flare of anger against them, as she spoke.

The KRAMER GIRLS

The two women worked in the yard, apart yet feeling close together — each deep in her own thoughts, her own trouble or contentment . . . while the children played, came close for affectionate notice, and ran off again on their small concerns

"Say, those two girls have certainly stuck to it, haven't they?"

But if she wasn't so busy, he suggested, why shouldn't she walk out and take a look at the new bridge?

"Aren't *you* busy?"

No, he said easily, the work was held up right now. Some of the materials were delayed on the road. Rose hesitated. She felt that she ought to be busy every moment, even if she wasn't really so—people expected it, and that she would think of nothing but her mother. They would think it dreadful of her to do anything for enjoyment. But the air was so lovely. She hadn't seen the little wooded place near the Hutt farm for years. She would ask the girls if they needed her.

"That's right. But tell 'em I said you needed the walk."

Of course, Georgie was willing to have her go and get the fresh air. For some reason, Rose didn't mention Archie Carpenter—"to walk out and see the new bridge," was all she said.

"That's good! Say, Rose, shall I go 'round for the car? Rather walk? So would I. I get too darn lazy, hopping in that old car wherever I go. All right. Come along. Say, this is great!"

When they turned down the street that led out into the country road, both of them felt as if they had been suddenly let out of school and had a whole free afternoon before them. Rose had never known any one to whom it was so easy to talk as to Archie Carpenter. There was something confiding about his friendliness. Both of them had been away from Valley

Junction enough to give them a pleasant sense of superiority to the concerns of the town—and yet both of them belonged to it.

"I always liked this road," Archie said. "Say, you know, it's kind of fun to work out here this summer. I've got old Tom Buswell working for me. Remember old Tom? He's a character. Course, it isn't much of a job. But then," he told her, "mother likes to have me home with her. She's alone so much. I don't know why it should hurt a fellow to look after his mother once in a while. The way I figure it, Rose, she won't be here forever. Isn't that so?"

Rose remembered the narrow, curving road, with the thickets of tall sweet-clover dusty and fragrant in the afternoon sun.

"Want me to pick you some of that, Rose, when we go back? I often take some of that back to my mother. She likes to dry it and stick it around in her clothes, I guess, in the bureaus. You can take some back to Chicago."

Rose cried, "Oh, the bridge is still there!"

She felt more than ever like a child let out of school. She ran ahead of Archie, glancing back at him, her cheeks pink and her brown eyes glowing; and smiling, he followed her. She remembered all this place. She remembered the Hutt farm on the right, the old brick farmhouse set away back from the road, and the low, lush, green pasture with the brown cattle moving slowly across it and the smooth hills rising beyond it . . . and on the other side of the road, the barbed wire fence all tangled up with weeds and undergrowth that were supposed to keep people from gathering nuts in Mr. Hutt's woods—and kept out no one. But it seemed years and years since she had been out here.

"Be careful of that bridge!" Archie warned her.

"Teams go over it."

"Sure, but it's pretty rickety. Come over here, Rose, and I'll show you what we're building. A swell concrete bridge. I tell you, we're making Valley Junction classy!"

But the old wooden bridge was what attracted Rose; and after she had looked at all that Archie had to show her, she came back to it. He followed her. He forgot his warning against the railing, and both of them leaned their arms on the scarred wood and stood looking down at the brown water. It flowed smoothly, quietly, the current away over at the farther side . . . and they could look on into the woods, tangled and thick on one side, but across the stream a smooth hill rising into the sunshine scattered with trees in full foliage.

"Air's pretty nice out here, isn't it?"

"I love it."

"Thought you were all for Chicago these days?"

Rose did not answer. The low sound of the water made her almost too dreamy to answer. Here it was—the sunny silence . . . and over the hill, a bird flying until the black wings were lost in the blue air. . . .

Archie was looking idly for initials on the railing. Rose smiled and made a pretense of being interested— "Doc Peterson and Minnie Little! Say, do you call that ancient history? Oh, look here, Rose—'A. K.'! Bet that's your sister Annie" — but her fancy was following the creek on into the woods, to where the water spread dark and silent near the big swimming rock. . . .

"Rose is going to sleep," Archie gibed softly.

"I could go to sleep. It's so quiet."

"I'd have to fish you out of the creek, then. Look here, Rose. I can't seem to find 'R.K.' anywhere. I'll have to put it here. *You* ought to have some record on the Plum Creek bridge. Bet you've been out here before, haven't you? What's your middle name, Rose?"

"Augusta!" Rose said with a smirk.

"Say! They were about as mean to you as they were to me."

He worked diligently until, among the shiny, ancient, darkened scars there was a fresh "R. A. K." enclosed in a frame with a neat, little floweret beneath it.

"The last initials on the Plum Creek bridge! There now, Rose. I've sent you down to history."

They had looked long enough at the water, and so they turned away, down the rutted little detour that had been made for the farmers over the old bridge, and out into the road again. Now there was a low, green light across the pasture, and the shadows of trees fell long and clear.

"Why don't you stop in and see my mother?" Archie was urging her. "She'd be terribly pleased to see you again."

"Shall I?"

Rose liked Archie's asking her—most men would never have thought of that. She had almost forgotten where old Mrs. Carpenter lived—in this narrow house at the edge of town, with shuttered windows rounded at the top, and the lawn in front scattered with long, curved, shiny-dark, crackly catalpa pods. She had almost forgotten old Mrs. Carpenter, too, but she remembered her now—her round, pleasant, English face, her smooth, sandy hair, her clean percale dress with faded sprigs of black on white.

"Who's this? Well, Rosie Kramer!"

"I thought I'd bring Rose over to see you, mother."

"Well, and that's just right!"

It made Rose almost ashamed that old Mrs. Carpenter was so pleased. But she was alone here, she explained—"so fur out"—and folks didn't like to come where there weren't sidewalks. Rose couldn't have imagined that Mrs. Carpenter would have remembered her so well. She hadn't known what a nice old lady Mrs. Carpenter was. And although she said that she must hurry, Mrs. Carpenter wouldn't let her go until she'd had a cup of tea and been out to see her chickens in their neat little yard, and her garden, and her flowers. She showed everything with pride—and Archie, lounging along after them, smiled and seemed fondly to encourage her, but to enjoy the joke with Rose. And there *was* something pleasing about the old-fashioned place—a settled English quality of neatness and cleanliness, of pleasant living—the ground so carefully tended under the apple tree, even the floors of the sheds swept and the unpainted boards a shining, silvery gray.

"Only them catalpas. Them pesky things! I'd have had them out if Archie's papa hadn't planted them."

While Mrs. Carpenter moved about in the orderly kitchen, Rose sat in the dining-room—the folding doors into the parlor were closed. The door had panes of red glass, and these lent a strange glow to the neat rag carpet and the drop-leaf table upon which Mrs. Carpenter was putting one of her cherished cloths of silky-threaded, coarse, hand-woven linen.

"I hate to make so much work for your mother."

"Oh, this is what mother enjoys."

Mrs. Carpenter, pleased and flustered to be visited by a college graduate, and to have her so friendly with Archie, was saying,

"Now, Archie, you want to make Rosie right at home."

FOR some time Georgie had seen that there was something wrong with Rose; but Rose told her nothing, and so Georgie put it down to her being worn out. Dr. Peterson said that, job or no job, she must not go back to Chicago before fall.

Rose had read Jane's letter the instant she received it; but after that, she had hidden it away and said nothing about it, until she went up to her room at night and took it out and painfully read it over again.

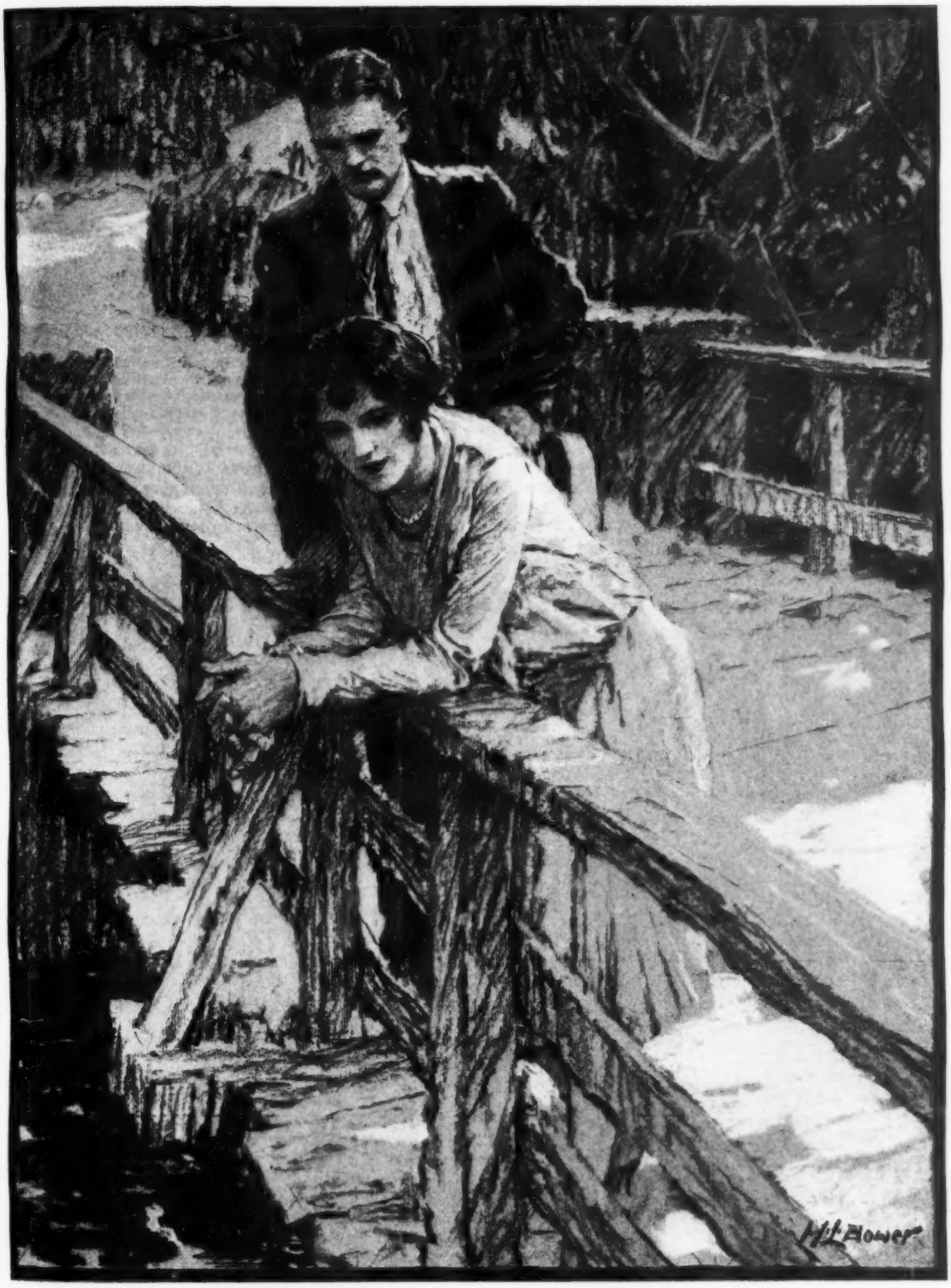
ON HARPERS HILL

By Mrs. Eddie Dunshie

SING, *little bird! My heart sings, too—*
Sings as you sing upon the soaring hill;
With sorrows old and deep my throat is numb,
With care, with pain, alas, my voice is dumb—
But my heart sings, as wild and glad as you;
My heart sings on, my heart is singing still.

LEAP, *little lamb! My heart leaps, too—*
Leaps as you leap upon the velvet hill;
The weight of years has tired my limbs, and slow
From toil to toil, alas, my steps must go—
But my heart leaps, as light and swift as you;
My heart leaps up, my heart is leaping still.

BLOOM, *little flower! My heart blooms, too—*
Blooms as you bloom upon the fragrant hill;
Life's storm has faded rose of lip and face,
And time, alas, has withered youthful grace—
But my heart blooms, as fair and bright as you;
My heart blooms on, my heart is blooming still.



The old wooden bridge was what attracted Rose; and she came back to it. Archie followed her, and both of them leaned on the scarred railing and stood looking down at the brown water

It seemed to her that Jane had deserted her, and just at a time when it mattered most. It was over. Their paths were separated.

Rose lay across the bed, the letter still in her hot fingers, too miserable to undress. She whispered, "Jane. Jane. Jane."

They had been together so long—sharing their money, their stockings, their daily experiences, their desires and ambitions—and now, all at once, with what seemed a single move, the likeness had melted away, and they were two different, single beings.

Rose felt as if she had always seen this coming. When they had parted earlier in the summer, it had been for just a little while. Rose could see their room, as she had left it—the two narrow beds, the two dressers, the two chairs, but their clothes all mixed up in the closet and their books together on the table. And yet Rose had known that this was coming. Jane had gone with her to the station, but she had sat silent while (*Continued on page 108*)

FASH

Paris Establishes the Silhouette

Helen Kouer,

ROUFF

EVERYWHERE, all over America, women are asking the question, "Will the new clothes remain? Will the skirts stay long, and the waistline high? Is this new and lengthened silhouette going to last?" The answer is, "Yes." The silhouette *has* completely changed. There is no doubt about it. Paris confirms it, American women have accepted it; this we are sure of. We have just had a letter from our Paris editor, who upon returning to Paris, after a visit to America this winter, finds a new and fresh impression of the clothes worn there by smart women. At the Ritz for luncheon, at the night clubs in the evening, she sees nothing but the long, slim, flowing lines of the evolution of 1830 into 1930. Luxuriousness for the afternoon; very tight, very slinky, very long gowns for the evening. And even on the street

Long, slim, flowing lines of the evolution of 1830 into 1930 are the general rule for the newest afternoon frocks from Paris, and one of the slimmest is the Maggy Rouff frock, first in the group at the left. It is made of black marocain, handled diagonally, yet giving exceedingly straight lines

Sleeves contribute to the pronounced femininity and variety of trimming that characterize the newest frocks for formal afternoon occasions. In the center frock, of georgette, the long sleeves are tucked far above the elbow and lend themselves to the decidedly higher waist and long, slim skirt

An advance ensemble, and one that heralds a spring fashion, is the Patou frock and coat (left). It is made of navy-blue chiffon, plain for the coat, and flowered with tiny blue forget-me-nots for the frock and lining. Deep and narrow tucks trim both, and the coat is a new smart length

PATOU

I O N S

of Higher Waist and Longer Skirt

Director

there is undoubtedly a difference. The only type of clothes that has not changed in Paris at all, except to add perhaps an inch to the length, is the sports type. These remain practically the same in appearance.

Therefore, with these questions definitely settled, and the selection of your spring wardrobe just around the corner, let us say a word about appropriateness. The long, very long, evening clothes where the gowns trail the floor are definitely for the evening; the formal, long afternoon frocks are definitely for parties, not for the street and shopping excursions; and street clothes and sports clothes have their regular places. Be sure to select and wear the type suitable for the place and the occasion, but also be sure to follow the new lines in your choice. These French clothes tell the story—all waists higher, all skirts longer.

WORTH

PARAY

The slightly mounting line on the jacket of the Worth suit (third at the right) distinctly dates this ensemble 1930. It is slim in line, the skirt is exceedingly long, and it is fitted to the figure, Worth favors the combination of black and white, and here he uses astrakhan on black and white tweed

New tweeds are softer, more porous, and more feminine and suitable for the clothes of 1930 than the old-fashioned stiffer tweeds—an example of which is illustrated in the Paray ensemble of tweed coat and tweed frock in the center. Brown tones make the tweed; the trimming is plain brown

Spring is not far behind, and as evidence of this prediction, here is one of Premet's warm-weather ensembles, of black marocain coat with figured marocain frock, shown at the right. The lines are soft and draped, and the cuffs repeat the circular effect at the hem of the dipping, long coat

PREMET

RODIER PATOU MEYER CHANTAL DUCHARNE PARAY

AFTER seeing the spring showings of fabrics in Paris, there are two main points in the collections: the tendency to vertical and horizontal weaves rather than the diagonal ones we now have; and the use of two or three matching materials to be made up in the same costume. For instance, three woolen materials of varying patterns, but in the same colors, may be used for one costume—jersey for the blouse, a plaid woolen for the skirt, a heavier woolen for the coat or jacket. This idea was sponsored by Rodier, and since, as a designer, he leads in the realm of woolens, it is important.

Rodier's Collection. Fancy jerseys continue to be sponsored by Rodier, but most of these have a kasha-like material or fancy *lainage* to go with them. Often the patterns are different, as well as the material, but the coloring is the same. This carries out the idea of two or three materials in the same costume. Wool crêpes, voiles, and etamines also continue and bid fair to have great popularity in the summer, and all the flaked and cindery surfaces that Rodier does so well on his smooth woolens were much in evidence at his showing. At this house there is less pattern among the wools and more interest given to surface finishes, although tiny checks and plaids are extremely good. The chief colors, at Rodier's, are green, blue, tomato-red, yellow, and the pastel shades.

SUZY

Suzy designed this black felt cloche with pointed edges. Rodier, Meyer, and Ducharne, the fabrics in the background above; Patou, Chantal, and Paray, the daytime frocks

Meyer's Collection. This house shows fewer jerseys and replaces them with the spongy, porous, fancy *lainages.* But one thing is notable. Among these soft materials, made up of mixed threads that give a tweed-like appearance, the pulliness of the fabric has been eliminated, so it will not get out of shape so easily. There is more and more basket-like working of threads, which makes for stability. Three-color threads are used for many mixtures, especially brown, yellow, and green together, or cream, red, and blue together.

Ducharne's Collection. This silk house has designs for all times of the day, sports, afternoon, and various degrees of formality

Spring Fabrics Chosen from Important French Designers

DUCHARNE LELONG ROUFF LANVIN

COUDURIER-FRUCTUS, DESCHER

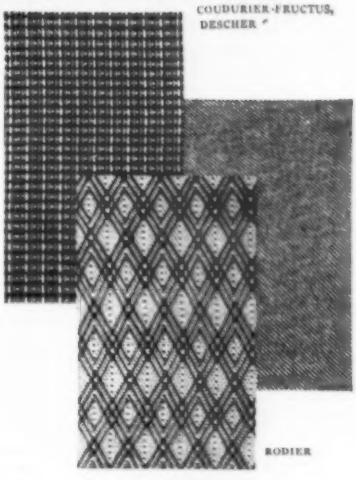
Coudurier-Fructus, Descher sponsor printed crêpe de Chine in two sizes of flowers for the same ensemble, also the large, modern, all-over, printed rose pattern, called "fond amusé"

in the evening. Crêpe de Chines are printed with lace patterns, leaves, dots, and flowers; there are printed satins and brocaded taffetas, and moiré and chiffon made to match as to pattern; and many chiffons with large dots, printed or brocaded.

Coudurier-Fructus, Descher. Matching materials at this house are important, with small and large patterns of the same design. This idea is illustrated in the two top photographs at the left. Some chiffons and taffetas are printed to match each other, the chiffons particularly thin; the designs most used—leaves, daisies, small checks, and other small patterns.

Bianchini's Collection. The patterns at this house are flowers, especially. For chiffons, on some of the heavier materials, such as Chine, crêpe satin, and foulard, a large modernistic star. There is a fine velvet called "wedding-ring velvet," that comes with a lacquered chiffon to match, and a beautiful lamé with a tiled design of simple squares of gold and silver. Bianchini forecasts (*Continued on page 269*)

COUDURIER-FRUCTUS, DESCHER



RODIER

Rodier features three woolen materials of varying patterns in the same colors, two shown above the plain and the diamond; Coudurier-Fructus, Descher, the silk tweed

Basket-Weaves for Woolens — Exceeding Softness for Silks

Silks for afternoon

Let Our Shopping Service Buy for You in New York Shops

Only $5.95

Important to Every Woman!

IS IT adjustable at the waistline? This is the question asked by every woman who considers buying one of the new frocks, and it is *the* question that strikes the keynote of the fashion problem of today. If the waistline is adjustable, so that it may be placed to suit your own figure and insure its becomingness to you, your fashion problem is solved. Each and every frock on these two pages was selected with this in mind—new, pretty, of excellent value, each adjustable to your waistline.

Helen Koues

Semi-Made Frocks

Semi-made are the first three afternoon frocks, above, with all material and directions included: First, one-piece printed silk with handkerchief linen collar and cuffs, may be had with red-white-and-yellow flowers on a black, navy, or brown background; 14 to 40; $10.95; the second, one-piece flat crêpe with georgette jabot, tucks, belt and cuffs completely made; black, navy, green, or red; 14 to 40; $9.95; and third, one-piece Canton crêpe, with skirt, cuffs and tie finished, a half-bolero on one side, a scarf on the other; in brown, green, or navy with beige or black with white; 16 to 42; $9.95

For afternoon or evening parties, two new, adjustable frocks (above, right): first, flat crêpe with bolero front, elbow circles, ties at side; royal-blue; butterscotch-gold; or black; 14 to 40; $19.75; second, semi-made, flat crêpe frock, neck, skirt flounces, all bows, and side tucks finished; black, green or dahlia-purple; 14 to 40; $8.95

This frock with white piqué V and bow (left) comes in jersey or tweed; is only $5.95 in black, brown, green, red or dahlia jersey, or $6.95 in a light-green, blue, tan, or red tweed; 14 to 42. New and smart is the woolen frock (right) knitted in diagonal stripes with circular godets; tones of blue, green, or tan; sizes 14 to 42; $19.50

New Tweed

Washable Prints

For the Street

1930 Spring Frocks

Only $6.25 for a new spring frock of printed rayon fabric to wear in the house, or under your coat on shopping excursions, is the first, above. The V neck is bound and has a soft bow of the material, the long sleeves have turn-back cuffs, the belt a pearl buckle, and the skirt is set on in scalloped outline; yellow-and-orange print on brown, or light blue on navy; in sizes, 36 to 42; only $6.25

Send only $4.25 for the practical and pretty frock (above, 2nd fig.), of printed cotton, in an attractive design. It has long sleeves, flared skirt, contrasting bow at neck, and a bone buckle. The back of the skirt is plain, the front piped with set-in godet effect; it comes in one color combination only, navy-red-yellow-and-green print on a white background; sizes 36 to 46; only $4.25

Just the frock to wear at home for spring, is the one of cotton aspray (above, 3rd fig.) with short cap sleeves. The neck is trimmed with an attached band of plain material, and piped in harmonizing shade and with a little bow; the belt has a pearl buckle, the skirt is set on below four points (2 in front, 2 in back) also piped; in blue, green, orchid, rose, or maize on white; 14 to 44; $2.95

Cut to your own size, this basket-weave wool suit and long-sleeved, crêpe de Chine blouse are semi-made, with the skirt all finished except side seams, the band which forms the pockets on the coat finished, collar made up, front of blouse and collar also made up, everything included. Suit ($7.75) in beige, green, or navy; blouse ($4.75), in beige or white; 14 to 40; or complete ensemble $12.25

HOW TO ORDER

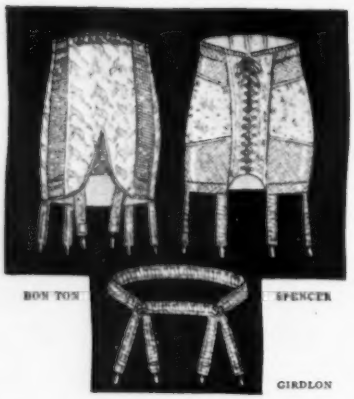
Just send your check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, together with size and color wanted, and we will promptly mail to you any of these new and specially selected spring frocks. The address is Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

New and smart, but easily adjustable at the waistline and very becoming, is the one-piece wool crêpe frock (above, 4th fig.), trimmed with detachable white piqué tabs pulled through buttonholes in the rounded front and at the cuffs. The skirt is stitched around the hips, flared at the hem, and graceful. It comes in black, red, green or independence-blue; sizes, 14 to 42; $19.50

One of spring's most charming and newest fashions is the jacket frock (above, last fig.) of cotton in the new waffle pattern, with sleeveless blouse of white handkerchief linen. The jacket has set-on pockets, the skirt on a yoke has godets in front, the blouse a frilled collar and double buttoned frill; in light-green with white weave or bisque with white; novelty buttons; in sizes 14 to 20; $13.75

All you have to do is sew up the seams and hem, easily done in a few hours' time, if you choose this one-piece novelty tweed frock (left), with V neck and opening front bound in silk and finished with bows of the tweed. The skirt comes plaited and joined, cording is done, bows are silk-faced, cuffs are made up, buckle included; in brown, green, or blue with self-silk; 14 to 40; $7.50

Hooking at side, the Bon Ton step-in, right, is of satin brocade and silk knit elastic. The Girdlon garter belt of shirred elastic is worn over the hips



BON TON

SPENCER

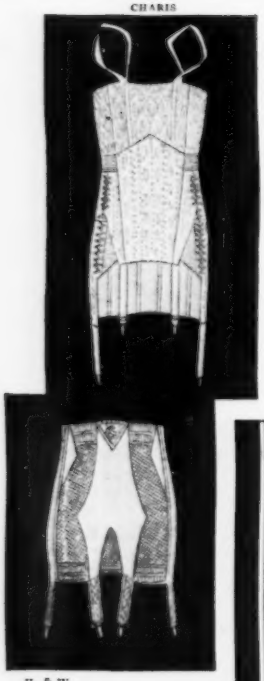
GIRDLON

Made to order after description of figure, posture, and body measurements are taken, Spencer's Spencerette, left, is of elastic and brocade

Corsets Are Essential to the New Silhouette

A DEFINITE change in silhouette brought about the renaissance of the corset, for now the slimmest figure must have support. This does not mean that the heavily-boned, "ironside" corset of the nineties has returned—on the contrary, the new corsets are supple, lightly boned if at all, and longer. Our new silhouette is one of soft, graceful curves, the normal, feminine figure at its best, and the right foundation is essential. You can not wear the new clothes without the right type of corset. If you do, strange bulges appear at the waistline. To overcome this

CHARIS

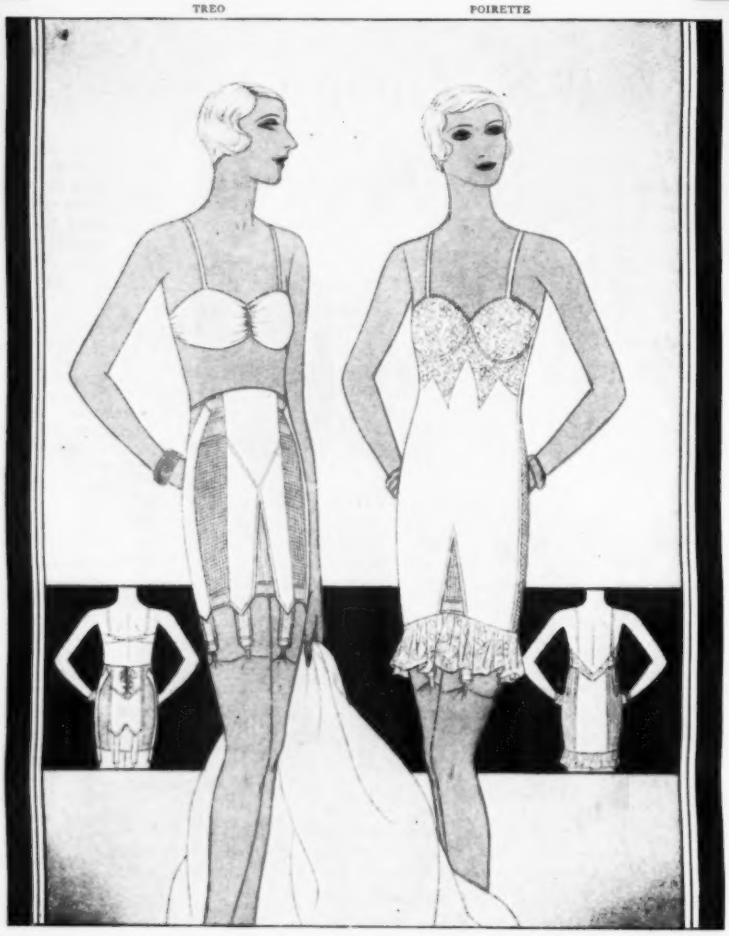


H. & W.

Charis corsets are sold through local representatives, and the model above, of brocaded batiste with a lace net top, has patented adjustable features and abdominal supporter. Of pink elastic and French batiste, the H. & W. step-in girdle cut on princess lines has a lacing at side and two bones across the diaphragm

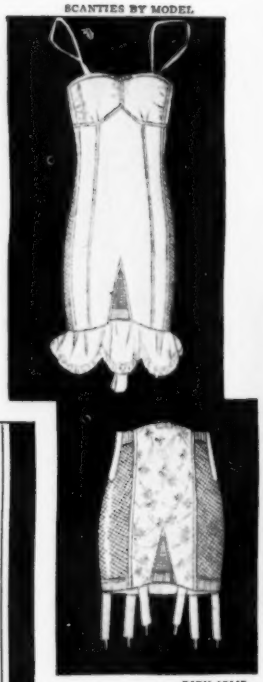
TREO

POIRETTE



Interesting is the Treo step-in of pink satin and elastic at right, which is particularly suited to the youthful, slender figure. It molds the waistline by means of a patented feature and insures perfect fit by lacing in the center back, thus giving the desired princess effect. A deep center gore in front allows comfort of motion

SCANTIES BY MODEL



BIEN JOLIE

Scanties by Model, above, is a four-in-one garment combining a brassière, vest, girdle, and panties in one; girdle is satin and knitted elastic, uplift brassière silk jersey, and panties crêpe de Chine. The Bien Jolie girdle of pink brocade and elastic accentuates the higher molded waist and hooks at side front

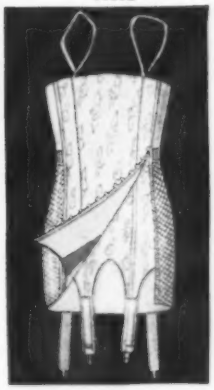
Especially designed for evening wear, the Poirette all-in-one garment, at left, is made of wide, imported, double-faced satin ribbon with a lace top which emphasizes a youthful bustline and waist. The lace frill at bottom forms panties and reduces underwear to a minimum; no boning, but elastic inserts at sides

NEGLIGÉE FROM SAKS-FIFTH AVE.

P. N. PRACTICAL FRONT

Pink brocade fashions the P. N. Practical Front Comfolette, above, for either the full or slender figure. An inner abdominal belt insures comfort and the desired slender lines. There is no elastic across the hips, thus preventing spreading and the bust support opens separately to permit greater adjustment of waistline

VOGUE



That the woman with a mature figure may also attain slender lines, the Vogue pink brocade foundation garment, above, was designed. It is heavily boned in back and has an inner belt of the same material which closes in front, while a silk knitted elastic gore lends comfort; detachable shoulder-straps

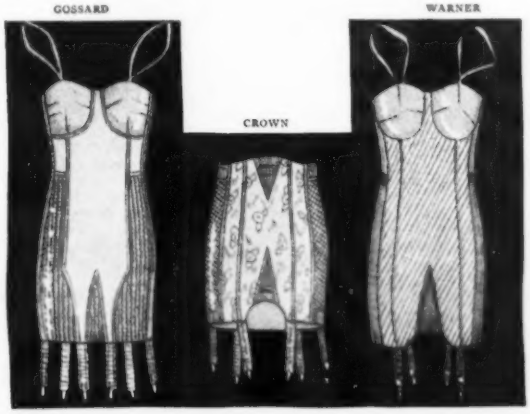
defect simply wear one of the new higher-waisted girdles that control the diaphragm, and be sure this girdle is long in the thighs, for equally unattractive are bulges at this point. The tendency in the last few years to step into girdles and pull them up over the thighs is greatly responsible for the roll of fat apparent at the waist. Many corsetières urge women to put their corsets on over their heads, pulling them down over the body to give a better distribution of fulness.

The corsets on these pages have been selected to suit different types of figures, some for the slender girl and others for the more mature woman. Some of the corsets have extra abdominal support in inside elastic belts, some have brassières attached, others double lacings, all designed to give proper support to the body. The fabrics are lovely, satin, brocade, and moiré often combined with exquisite coffee-colored laces, especially in models adapted to evening wear.

GOSSARD

CROWN

WARNER



Practical for general wear is the Gossard boneless solitaire of Charmosette elastic and French batiste, at right, which features a fitted waist, molded bust, elastic shoulder-straps, and side closing. The Crown model, center, nipped in at the waist to follow the new silhouette, is of pink brocade and Kenlastic

All-in-one combinations gain marked favor. The Warner corselette at left, of rayon striped novelty cloth, lined with broadcloth from the waist down, is boneless, has a slightly nipped-in waist, and the bust sections of crêpe de Chine subtly mold the bust. Elastic panels over each hip and a gore in the center front allow freedom

For further information concerning these corsets turn to page 243

Smart Patterns and Becoming Maternity Gowns

By Caroline Gray

THE new silhouette is definitely here! Waists are higher, and skirts are longer, and whether we like it or not, if we wish to look smart, we must try to adapt it to ourselves and make it becoming. And this can be done by just a little study. Find the exact place where a higher belt is most becoming to you and put it there, regardless of whether it is quite as high as the dresses you see. A belt placed just above the hip bone will look new and will often be much more becoming than one placed two inches higher. Try to plan your clothes with the idea that they are to be not only smart but becoming, for nothing will look truly smart on you unless it suits your figure. When you are determining the length of your skirt, experiment until you find the exact spot to a fraction of an inch where it will add the most to your height and slenderness, for that is what we all want to achieve this season. Above that perfect length—for you—your skirt will look like last year's, and below it, it will look dowdy and actually make you appear less tall. For every type of skirt there is a perfect length for you. Find it. Rather informal daytime dresses, like the ones shown here, should not be exaggeratedly long. They should be longer than last year's, certainly, but they should not trail to your ankles. A very long skirt is suitable only for formal afternoon frocks and for evening gowns, where great length is not only permissible but very new and flattering to most figures.

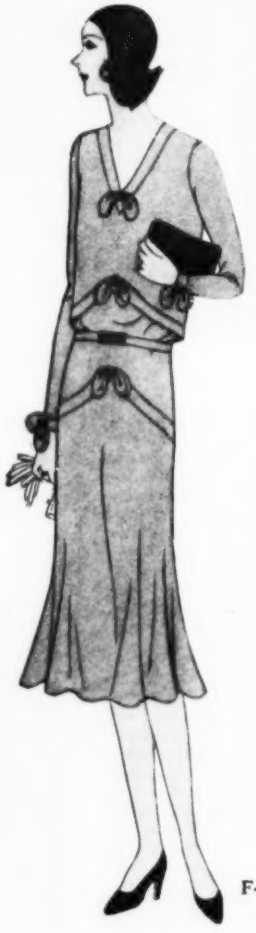
A charming frock which is becoming to the mature figure is shown at the left below. The higher waist-line is suggested by the softly bloused waist, while molded hips and length of line are contributed by the close-fitting tunic below the waist, and the gently flaring flounce which is attached in points. An organdy collar and cuffs in a pastel shade are becoming. The dress itself would be nice made of black canton crêpe—the smartest member of the crêpe family this year.

A small bolero is always becoming and makes the higher waist-line more wearable. The frock at the right below has an applied band at the hips which follows the line of the bolero and, like it, ties in a little tab bow in front. The neck and cuffs (*Continued on page 200*)

The charming little suit above at the left may be made in any color of flat crêpe to wear under a coat now, or in a light-weight tweed with a blouse of lighter flat crêpe for later in the spring. Its jabot collar, soft bow, draped blouse and inverted plaits are graceful and concealing for most figures.

An exceedingly useful dress for teas, bridge, and informal evening wear is shown above at the right. It may be made of georgette over a plain or printed slip, of flat crêpe with self or contrasting plaiting, or of printed crêpe. The surplice line and the flared skirt are excellent for this type of dress

F-6


F-7

A dress like the one at the left, design F-6, for sizes 36 to 42, is indispensable. Its degree of formality is just right for so many occasions. The frock at the right, design F-7, for sizes 34 to 42, may be made of canton crêpe or of one of the new light-weight woolens which are soft and easily handled

For full information about patterns and maternity dresses turn to page 243

New Wool Embroidery

By Anne Orr

A charming card for your Valentine is No. A-1804, illustrated above. It is effective printed in black on a hand-made, linen-finish card with matching envelope. A similar card of greeting for birthdays, anniversaries, or other occasions is No. A-1805, at the right, with matching envelope

An attractive room for a man is shown at the bottom of the page. Over the fireplace are the two dog pictures shown below. The Tree of Life design, No. A-18-8004, is embroidered in crewelwork on the fire-screen, measuring 21" x 28". On the table is a parchment lampshade lined with silk. The design, No. 9006, is hand-cut, which permits the light to shine through. A bunch of colorful flowers is cross-stitched on the back and seat of the armchair. A similar bunch is cross-stitched on the footstool; both are illustrated in design No. A-1806. The hooked rug is made in sections which are then joined together, and is illustrated in design No. A-1803. Its size may be changed by varying the number of blocks used

The needlework pictures at the left and right below are attractive for a man's room. The dogs are cross-stitched over canvas in natural colors on écru linen, and are effective when framed in black wood with an inside gold line; both of these dogs are illustrated in design No. A-1802

An unusually lovely pillow is illustrated at the right. It is made of satin, quilted and corded in diamonds, and different crewelwork sprays are embroidered in wool in each diamond. The edge is boxed and corded. This pillow is lovely for a formal bedroom or a living-room, depending on its color; illustrated in design No. A-1801

A novel pillow for a Colonial room is illustrated at the left. It, too, is made of satin in a pastel shade. The amusing little figures are cut out of black taffeta and appliqued to the satin. The man's frill is indicated in outline stitch; illustrated in design No. A-1801. No. 9300 is an interesting article on making rugs

For information concerning material requirements and pattern prices see page 243

MRS. WOLCOTT said many things. "Girls of your type don't have careers." Dorothy made a small snorting sound. "It isn't right for a girl to be in Paris alone. You'll be lonely. And suppose you were ill!" "I don't intend to be ill," said Dorothy

Eggs & Chips

A Tale of Love—And the World Well Lost

By Freeman Lincoln

Illustrated by Leslie L. Benson

AS A LAST resort, Mrs. Wolcott accused her daughter of heartlessness. Mrs. Wolcott was combing her hair at the time, and that made her accusation all the more forceful. Her hair was really beautiful, forming a soft halo for the wistfulness of her face.

"You are hard," she said gently. "Not only hard, but cruel." She put down her comb with a sigh. "It—it seems incredible."

It did seem incredible. In appearance Dorothy Wolcott was anything but flintlike. Her young beauty was of that slim, fragile stuff which caused men to gulp and make unconsidered statements. Just now she was standing very straight, with her hands at her sides and her small chin well up—a position that made her seem even more defenseless. There was a suspicion of a tremor about her lips as she spoke.

"It is always necessary, mother."

Mrs. Wolcott made a small, sad gesture with her silver hairbrush. "To think," she continued softly, "that my child—the only child I have in the world—should care so little."

It will be perceived that Mrs. Wolcott was a warrior, fighting the good fight.

Tears appeared in Dorothy's eyes. "Please, mother, don't be sentimental!"

Mrs. Wolcott showed a flash of spirit. "Is it sentimental to remind you that you are the only child your father and I have in the world?"

"Am I to blame for that?"

"Is it sentimental to remind you that your father and I have planned and counted upon your future?"

"My future! And what future have you planned for me?"

"A future that should satisfy any girl."

"I know." Dorothy was frankly contemptuous. "Your idea of my future was that I should come out; go to a lot of parties; marry some well-bred, stupid bond-salesman; and live the rest of my life here in Westcote, surrounded by my well-bred, stupid children. Is that a future?"

Mrs. Wolcott sighed. "There is such a thing as duty."

"Duty!"

"Paris is unhealthy," remarked Mrs. Wolcott irrelevantly.

"Oh, mother!"

"No really nice young girl would really care to live alone in Paris. It isn't quite—respectable."

"Really, mother!"

"Your father and I," Mrs. Wolcott pursued relentlessly, "will be very unhappy."

Dorothy made a hopeless little gesture and deserted the field of battle. "I have my own life to live, and I simply must live it my own way. I'm sorry if you and father are to be unhappy, but I don't see what I can do about it." She turned away. "It is always necessary, you know, to break eggs—"

Mrs. Wolcott's silver brush descended to the glass top of her dressing-table with a sharp click. "If you say that foolishness about eggs again," she declared almost fiercely, "I—I shall scream!"

"It's true," said Dorothy stoutly as she closed the door. "You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs!"

That little skirmish had been entirely futile, for the battle proper had been waged some time before, and Dorothy had won. She had wanted what she wanted very badly; so badly that she had been able to snatch a notable victory in the face of heavy odds.

Dorothy had begun her study of commercial art for the same vague reason that her friends began studies of shorthand and conditions in the slums. It was felt that all young girls just out of school should do something serious in a trivial way. No harm was intended, and no achievement of any consequence anticipated.

After a year or two under a capable instructor, Dorothy had achieved a poster. It was not a bad poster at all, as evidenced by the fact that it was purchased by a large commercial house in the city. They paid actual cash money for it. Westcote never quite recovered from that. Neither did Mrs. Wolcott.

She showed copies of the poster to all her friends and made smiling remarks about her daughter's little venture into the field of art.

"They say the child has talent," she said deprecatingly, "and it's nice, of course, to know that. Not that she'll ever do anything with it."

Mrs. Wolcott was really as proud as Punch.

So was Dorothy's instructor. He was a frustrated young man with nervous hands and hair that bristled.

"You could go somewhere in this business," he told her abruptly just after the poster incident, "if you cared to work, and if you took three or four years under Bergman in Paris." He sighed. "But of course you won't."

"I won't?" Dorothy considered herself challenged. She was tasting, moreover, the intoxication of success. "Why won't I?"

The instructor shook his head and studied her. He found himself wondering why he had never found time to be married.

"Don't ask me," he said slowly. "You just won't, that's all. I can always tell."

That settled it.

Mrs. Wolcott fought with the fierceness of desperation, as was to be expected. Dorothy was her only child, and there were very definite plans for that child's future. Dorothy was to "come out" into Westcote society, where, as a matter of course, she would hold the center of the stage for a brilliant season. Then, in orderly sequence, she would become engaged to one of Westcote's fine young men; her departure for Europe on her honeymoon would be duly recorded in the Sunday sections of the papers; and she would return at last to take her rightful place in Westcote's social scale. Mrs. Wolcott was already considering a house for Dorothy and her husband. It would be small but comfortable, in the English manner, and not too far from the parental hearth.

Dorothy merely said: "I'm not going to come out, and I'm not going to be married. I'm going to Paris for four years to study under Bergman."

Mrs. Wolcott refused to take the matter seriously at first, but she soon learned. She learned that in spite of an apparent defenselessness her daughter could be remarkably stubborn.

Among other things, Dorothy said: "Each individual has a right to work out his own destiny. Mine lies with Bergman in Paris."

Mrs. Wolcott said many things. "Girls of your type don't have careers. I should think you'd realize that."

Dorothy made a small snorting sound.

"You haven't the slightest need for money."

"Ah!"

"It isn't safe for a young girl to be alone in Paris. Not only that, but you'll be lonely. Suppose you were ill?"

"I don't intend to be ill."

It went on that way until every one concerned was thoroughly unhappy. Then

Mr. Wolcott came to Dorothy. He had offered no comment up to this time, for it was not his habit to offer comment. He was merely a producer.

"Tell me, Dorothy," he inquired calmly, "do you really want to go to Paris to study under this fellow Bergman?"

"I do—if he'll take me. He doesn't take every one, you know."

"Never mind about that." Mr. Wolcott brushed aside the unessentials. "Do you really want to go?"

"You know I do."

Her father regarded her closely.

"You won't get tired of it and want to come home?"

"No."

"You're sure you're not merely playing with the idea of a career."

"Yes."

"All right, then." Mr. Wolcott jingled his keys. "I'll arrange it."

Dorothy came over to sit on her father's knee. "Dad—"

Mr. Wolcott gave her a little squeeze and pushed her gently to her feet.

"There, there, Dorothy, don't say anything. I think I understand."

"But—" She was still confused. "But mother—"

"Yes, it'll be hard on your mother." He nodded. "But I imagine she'll get used to the idea in time."

"Yes." Dorothy pulled herself together with an effort. "After all, if you want to make an omelette—"

"Quiet!" said Mr. Wolcott hastily. "Quiet! Now, you stop bothering your little head and leave everything to your old father."

Dorothy should have been very happy, and generally speaking, she was. Everything had been arranged with swiftness and finality. Bergman had been persuaded to accept her as a pupil; rent had been paid in advance for her room in a Paris *pension;* steamer passage had been engaged. Nothing remained but a few weeks of waiting, and Dorothy found them difficult.

Her mother was the trouble, for Mrs. Wolcott was still fighting. Worse than that, her fighting could no longer be termed as fair. In the place of fierce argument in the open, she had adopted a policy of wistful reproach which Dorothy was unable to combat. She murmured of selfishness and cruelty and went about the house with an air of ineffable sadness. Dorothy resented it all the more bitterly because she cared for her mother deeply and did not want to hurt her.

There were moments when she would have given up the idea of a career altogether except for her unshaken conviction in the right of an individual to his own life. The notion about the omelette helped, too.

"After all," Dorothy told herself whenever she felt the worst, "it is absolutely necessary to break *some* eggs."

In public things were much better. Dorothy discovered that at the Waltons' little dinner.

Dorothy's partner at the dinner was one Nicholas Slade, a young man with nice teeth. She noticed his teeth and little else about him, because she had classified him immediately as just another bond-salesman. In addition to that, her mother was talking at the other end of the table.

"Yes," Mrs. Wolcott was saying brightly, "Dorothy is going to Paris for four years. Isn't it remarkable the things young girls do nowadays? We shall miss her, of course, but we wouldn't think of standing in the way of her career. Her father and I have a theory that every individual has a right to work out his own destiny. It seems that she has real talent, too, because—"

It went on for some time, and Dorothy was listening, marveling at her mother in the rôle of Spartan parent, when she became aware that the young man at her side was speaking.

"So you're going to Paris," said Nicholas Slade with a note of surprise in his voice. "For four years!"

"Yes." She nodded, hardly glancing at him. "I'm going to study commercial art under Bergman—not that you're expected to know who Bergman is."

"Really?" Mr. Slade seemed to be staring. "That's funny."

"What's funny about it?" Dorothy was almost sharp. "Lots of people have gone to Paris to study."

"I know." He colored slightly and hesitated. Then he said earnestly at last, "I wonder if you know how very lucky you are."

Dorothy shook her head. "Luck had very little to do with it. It was just a case of wanting something so badly that it had to be."

"I don't mean about going to Paris." His pause was even more noticeable. "I mean you're lucky in having such splendid cooperation from your family. Everybody doesn't get that, you know."

In her surprise Dorothy really looked at Nick Slade for the first time. She discovered that his eyes, though intent at the moment, were as nice as his teeth.

"Cooperation from my family?" She frowned. "Now I wonder exactly what you mean."

"I mean that everybody doesn't get it." He smiled unexpectedly. "I'm going away myself, you see—China—oil. I'm sailing a week from Saturday for San Francisco."

"That's funny! A week from Saturday is my sailing date, too. We must wave at each other, going down the harbor."

"Um." He failed to smile. "I had the devil of a time working it so that I could go. My family, you see, weren't a bit keen." He leaned toward her confidentially. "As a matter of fact, there was a hot row about it."

"No!" He had her complete and respectful attention at last. "And what was the reason for that?"

"I'd like to tell you, because I think you'd understand." He played with his fork. "After all, I see no reason why I shouldn't. The main reason for the row was that I happen to be an only child."

"No!"

"Exactly." He was almost fierce. "You have no conception what it means to be an only child."

"Of course not," said Dorothy gently.

"It's awful! When you're an only child, your family insist on planning your life for you. Not only that, but they expect you to live according to their plans—just as though you weren't a person at all."

"Incredible!"

"Well, it isn't quite so bad as that, because their point of view is understandable, but it makes things difficult. You see, I work in my father's oil business here, which was entirely satisfactory as long as I was contented to remain here."

"But—"

"But I wasn't. I soon came to realize that the only way to get anywhere—*really* anywhere, I mean—was to pull out to China for three years and see things in the raw. As soon as I realized it, I determined to do it, and then—" he nodded somberly—"then things began to pop!"

"Your family didn't like the idea?"

"Like it!" He laughed. "It would amaze you to know how many absurd reasons a sensible man like my father could give for my not going to China. He said that it was absolutely unnecessary for me to go there—that I would progress more rapidly where I was. He said that China was unhealthy, and degrading, and—oh, he said all manner of darn fool things, but they didn't mean anything. They were just camouflage."

"Honestly?"

"Yes. He has other plans for me. I suppose he's had them ever since I wore rompers. He wants me to stay right here in Westcote and work in the home office. He wants me to play golf every week-end as any gentleman should. He wants me to marry some nice Westcote girl; to rear two or three nice Westcote children; and to live the rest of my life in Westcote where he can keep his eye on me!"

"Horrible!"

"Don't laugh (*Continued on page 176*)

SONS

By Grace Noll Crowell

TO PRESS *my lips*
Upon a fair cheek, or a brown,
Of my young sons—
So long I have stooped down;

BUT *suddenly today, to my surprise,*
I find that I must lift my eyes
To meet their eyes;
That I must stand on toe tips
And reach up
To kiss their lips.
These tall young sons—
Each straight as any pine,
Can they be mine?

SOON *I must share them.*
Soon I know that they will go,
But oh, I am so glad
That I have had
Small sons to stoop to,
Tall sons to reach to,
Clean sons to give
That other sons may live.

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

Katharine Brush's "Young Man of Manhattan" carries the tang of the newspaper and magazine world in its every sentence

People You Would Like to Know

In BOOKS

Selected By Emily Newell Blair

"AREN'T there any books about agreeable, nice people?" Mrs. Coker asked me during my delightful stay in one of the most charming homes I have ever visited. "I am tired of reading books about stupid or vulgar persons. I don't seek that kind in life. Why should I associate with them in books? I prefer to meet the kind I try to be myself, the kind I choose for friends."

It would be difficult, I felt, to find many books about a family like the Cokers, for they are all too scarce. Yet it had been in my mind to send back a box of books which would be worthy of shelf-room in that home and would include just the right one for each member of the family.

Even so, I hardly realized how difficult would be my task. For homes like the Cokers' do not seem to find a place in literature. Perhaps because happy homes, like happy persons, have no history.

Naturally the first book that came to mind in connection with a family was "Whiteoaks of Jalna" by Mazo de la Roche (Little, Brown, $2.50), carrying on the story of that highly interesting family of Whiteoaks introduced to us through "Jalna," which won a prize for the most interesting novel. Too eccentric and exotic a family by far to associate with the stable, calm, and controlled Cokers. And yet there is similarity. Both are families of several generations continuing in the same place; they have family traditions which compel and direct them; they think of themselves as descendants and ancestors. Both have family obligations and responsibilities. And with both there is a tie that is stronger than congeniality or freedom, that of loyalty and common interests. Because the Whiteoaks are such a family, and because what they do at Jalna is always entertaining, I shall include it even though "Miss May," as every one calls Mrs. Coker, will probably prefer watching their doings on the pages of a book to making their acquaintance.

"Gran" would, I fear, seem to her too bizarre for intimacy; the weakness of Eden too deplorable; and the strength of Renny too flamboyant; their household too turbulent. But, herself an aristocrat, she will at least feel them social equals, just as, a matriarch in the making, she will appreciate the qualities that gave Gran dominance. Looking at the garden that is her handiwork and the home she has achieved, she will understand the personality of Jalna and its power to affect the lives of its inmates. Wise with the profundity of the instinctively maternal, she will see that Miss de la Roche, under the surface idiosyncrasies of her characters, their testy temperaments, their rude manners, even their greed and other vices, sets forth some qualities of fundamental value, such as ruggedness, the submerging of self into a larger whole, fidelity, probity. And her intelligent mind will marvel, as others' do, at the creation of this family, each member an individual, with the almost infinite variations produced by heredity, and the consequent antagonisms and competition between them which it entails, which is yet an entity—society itself in replica—and at the revelation of this truth without a word of explanation or dissertation, almost wholly by plot and character, in a book that is, first of all, an entertaining story. All too few are the books that do either the one or the other today.

Families, it is true, abound in our fiction, but usually as background to an individual, as in "Cora" by Ruth Suckow (Knopf, $2.50). And usually, too, as the individual's adversary. "Miss May" would not enjoy the Schwieterts in their battered house at the edge of the drear little Iowa town, with the little German tailor failing in his shop, and Mama Schwietert always trying to make the best of things and protect "Papa" from Cora's disdain, and Cora herself struggling to be somebody—even though she (*Continued on page 259*)

Good Housekeeping Institute

Katharine A. Fisher Director

Stews may be served in individual or in large casseroles and covered with biscuit crust or mashed potatoes

"Each seasoning of proper length," and many kinds if you wish a variety of flavors for stews that are different

Dumplings may be served with any stew, but they must be served at once

STEWS *In* *Many Languages*

Add to the Romance of Cookery

By

Katharine A. Fisher, Director

Photographs by H. I. Williams

IF MONOTONY has crept into your kitchen program, or if you are among those women quoted in the report of a recent survey as having pronounced the kitchen "a deadly necessity from which they long to be emancipated," we commend to you some fascinating work we have just been carrying on in our Institute kitchens. Cookery is a versatile art, which presents endless opportunities for challenging our creative ability and our artistry. Nevertheless, in our work in the kitchen, it is easy to settle into a program of dull monotony. And to bring new interest to the business of preparing the three meals a day, it is a good thing now and then to try out new dishes and refresh our weekly menus with new achievements.

Here at the Institute we are constantly trying out new food products and with them new dishes. There is always something interesting in the making. This last week we have been reviving some very old dishes. At first thought our project may seem prosaic, for these dishes have been stews. But they have been stews in many languages, and apart from their national names, the variety they add to our menus is mainly through the different combination of vegetables and the herbs and spices used as seasonings.

Our stews have fairly bubbled with color and romance, for, as the various ingredients for each savory creation were assembled, they called up pictures of kitchen gardens all over the world, with their fragrant beds of herbs and their predominating vegetables. Our imagination easily carried us further, into the quaint old kitchens, some of which great artists have pictured for us, where housekeepers have evolved thrifty and savory methods of using the foods available in their own country. Their achievements in stews tell a story of dietetic customs that are not only full of color and flavor, but that are also healthful even when judged on the basis of our modern dietetic standards, for they provide generously for a wide variety of vegetables in the diet, and these vegetables have their nutriment and flavor well conserved.

We have taken liberties with some of the traditional recipes in adapting them to the foods easily available in this country. We have also used various methods of cooking and various utensils in use in American kitchens today. We baked some of the stews in the oven and found that the best temperature was a slow oven at 350° F. and that the stews needed about thirty minutes longer in cooking as compared with the time for cooking them on top of the stove. When we used the pressure cooker the meat was cooked at ten pounds pressure for thirty minutes, and then the

I surely never hope to view
A steak as luscious as a stew.
The latter is the tasty goal
Of elements in perfect whole
A mad assemblage of legumes
Exuding warm ambrosial fumes,
Each seasoning of proper length,
Proving in Union there is Strength.
A steak is grander, it is true,
Yet needs no special skill to brew.
It is an art a stew to make,
But any one can broil a steak.
Joseph Alger, Jr.

vegetables, seasonings, and thickening were added, and the cooking was continued for twenty minutes at ten pounds pressure. In using the electric fireless cooker it was preheated on "high" for thirty minutes, the meat and water put in and brought to a boil, the vegetables added, and the cooking continued on "high" until the mixture began to boil again. Then the cooking was continued on "low" for two hours or until the meat was tender.

In working out these recipes our aim was to have "each seasoning of proper length," but we realize that individual tastes may often dictate changes in these. The amount of salt recorded in most of our recipes is less than the amount we actually used. We found that in most recipes a little sugar added to the flavor. In some we used *dark caramel* for color and flavor. This is made by melting one cupful of sugar until it is a very dark sirup, stirring constantly as it melts. Then stir in carefully (for much steam will rise) one cupful of boiling water and stir until smooth. Cool and keep for use in a glass container. As to the herbs and spices, these must be selected with individual tastes in mind and used with discretion as to quantity. A little catsup, some prepared mustard, and the bottled seasonings in liquid form—all hold possibilities for enhancing the flavor of stews. Many, of course, scorn a recipe for a stew, preferring to use what is on hand, including leftovers from the refrigerator. The meat and vegetables used may be cut in any shape and size desired, but not too small, or they will break up in the cooking and detract from the appearance of the stew.

For variety's sake a stew even though cooked on top of the stove may be put in a large casserole or in individual casseroles, covered with a biscuit crust or fluffy mashed potatoes and the crust baked in the oven, the potatoes browned in the oven or under the broiler heat. Grated cheese sprinkled over the potatoes adds to the flavor. Stews should be kept closely covered while cooking either in the oven or on top of the stove. Although we have thickened our stews, this is entirely optional, since some prefer to serve them without a thickened gravy. In stirring the stew after the flour is added, avoid breaking up the vegetables. This is best done with a fork. Browning the meat before cooking it is also optional.

France contributed a *Ragout* to our group of stews, Hungary a *Goulash*, England the *Bubble and Squeak*, India a fragrant *Curry*, while Spain furnished *Guisado*. Potatoes were of course the chief characteristic of the Irish stew. An Italian stew, had we made one, would contain macaroni or spaghetti while a Scotch stew would have some barley in it. The Japanese Gunabi is a delicious dish served with steamed rice and one that deserves special consideration later. We did not forget our own country's achievements.

Ragout of Mutton

1½ lbs. mutton; 6 slices bacon; 6 small onions, sliced; 1 onion stuck with cloves; 3 medium carrots; 3 white turnips; 2 teaspoonfuls salt; ⅛ teaspoonful pepper; *bouquet garni* (1 stalk celery, 3 sprigs parsley, 1 bayleaf, 1 sprig thyme, tied together); 6 potatoes; 3 tablespoonfuls flour; 3 cupfuls hot water.

Trim the meat, cut in inch cubes, and dredge with a little flour. Cut the bacon in small pieces. Cook until crisp and remove to a plate. Brown the onions in the fat, remove them, and brown the cubes of mutton. Stir three tablespoonfuls of flour into the remaining fat and brown. Add two cupfuls of hot water and stir until the gravy boils. Pour into a casserole, add the meat and bacon, the *bouquet garni*, and the onion stuck with cloves. Cover closely and cook in a slow oven (350°F.) or cook in a covered kettle on top of the stove. Peel the turnips and dice them. Scrape and slice the carrots. When the meat has cooked one hour add the vegetables and browned onion with one cupful of boiling water (or enough to cover) and continue cooking for one hour and thirty minutes more or one hour only if cooked on top of the stove. In the meantime prepare, cook and mash the potatoes. Remove the *bouquet garni* from the finished stew and if cooked on top of the stove pour into a casserole. Cover with fluffy mashed potatoes and brown in the oven or in broiler. Serves six to eight.

A *bouquet garni* of celery, parsley, and sprigs of herbs tied together, is used much in French cookery for flavoring: It is the "added touch," and gives stew a distinctive flavor.

Hungarian Goulash

2 lbs. beef from brisket; 1 No. 3 can tomatoes; 2 lbs. potatoes (about six medium); 4 medium onions; 1 green pepper; 2 teaspoonfuls salt; 1 teaspoonful sugar; ⅛ teaspoonful pepper; 2 teaspoonfuls dark caramel; flour to thicken.

Cut the meat in small cubes and arrange about one-third of it on the bottom of a deep kettle. Season with some of the salt and pepper. Add a layer of potatoes cut in pieces, then a layer of sliced onions and thinly sliced green pepper. Continue until all the ingredients are used. Add sugar and dark caramel, enough cold water to cover, *measuring it as added*, and let come to a boil. Add the tomatoes, cover closely, and simmer for two hours or until the meat is perfectly tender. For each cupful of water stir in 1 tablespoonful flour mixed smoothly with an equal quantity of cold water. Stir gently with a fork until it boils. Let simmer fifteen minutes longer. If baked in the oven, add half an hour to the cooking period. Serves six to eight.

Irish Stew

2 lbs. mutton; cold water to cover meat; 6 medium potatoes; 6 medium carrots; 6 small onions; 1 small yellow turnip, cubed; 2 teaspoonfuls salt, ¼ teaspoonful pepper; 2 teaspoonfuls sugar; 3 teaspoonfuls dark caramel; 3 sprigs parsley; flour to thicken.

Cut the mutton in inch cubes, add cold water to cover, *measuring it*, and bring to a boil. Add the potatoes cut in eighths, the carrots cut in strips, the small whole onions, the turnip cut in pieces, the parsley, salt, pepper, sugar, and dark caramel. Cover closely and simmer slowly for two hours or until the meat is tender. For each cupful of water stir in one tablespoonful of flour mixed smoothly with an equal quantity of cold water and stir gently until it boils. Then cook slowly for about ten minutes. Serves six to eight.

If baked in the oven, add half an hour to the cooking period.

Spanish Guisado

2 lbs. bottom round of beef; ¼ cupful olive oil; 3 small onions, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley; 1 clove garlic; ⅛ teaspoonful pepper; 2 teaspoonfuls salt; 3 green peppers, cut in strips; 6 potatoes, cubed; flour to thicken.

Cut the meat in inch cubes. Put the olive oil, chopped onions, parsley, and the clove of garlic in a deep kettle and cook slowly until (*Continued on page* **102**)

Shall I Buy A Cooker?

Steamer, Steam Pressure, Waterless, or Electric?

By
Helen Whitson Kendall
Of the Institute Staff
Photographs by H. I. Williams

The modern range with oven heat control and spacious ovens is the center of all cooking operations

THE word, "cooker," is a broad term. There was a time when the iron pot was the mainstay in kitchen utensils. Today, with the bewildering variety of utensils available, the word "cooker" includes a number of different utensils, to say nothing of the numerous names applied to them. "Health cookers," "time-saving cookers," "no-water cookers," "whole-meal cookers"—all these and many more are in the line-up of modern cooking appliances.

The question, "Shall I buy one of these new cookers?" can be answered only by a careful checking of the cooking equipment and utensils on hand. A decision can then be made as to whether or not any one cooker holds advantages which will save you time or labor or give you added convenience.

Let us assume that your kitchen holds an up-to-date range as the center of your cooking operations. Here you have a spacious oven for roasting and baking, a broiling oven, and several top-stove burners. If the range has a heat-controlled oven, so much the better, for in the oven, at least, cooking can be done without constant watching, and the oven offers without a doubt the best and most convenient method of baking and roasting. But now for the top-stove cooking, for it is here that confusion arises as to the best procedure to follow: Should you use your present cooking utensils—aluminum, enamel, or whatever they may be, or should you supplement these with a cooker? Of the cookers designed to be used on the top burners of a range, we have the steamer, the steam pressure cooker, and the so-called "waterless cooker."

If a range is not available, the electric cooker can be used for baking breads, cakes, and pies, and for roasting meats

Let us take the *steamer* or steam cooker first. As one would suppose, the cooking is accomplished by steam. A quart or two of water, depending upon the size of the cooker, is placed in the bottom, and the food is placed in the inset or insets as the case may be. Just as soon as the water comes to a boil, the heat can be reduced, and the steam produced cooks the food above. *This must not be confused with steam pressure cooking*, for the temperature inside these cookers does not exceed 212° F. and the cooking time will not be shortened as compared with other top-stove methods of cooking. Steaming is a healthful method of cooking vegetables and one which requires little attention. Of course, in long steaming operations, the supply of water may have to be replenished, but once the flame or burner has been turned "low," there is little danger of burning. Some steam cookers are quite elaborate and have a series of insets for steaming several foods at one time. For example, three or four vegetables might be steamed in preparation for a vegetable dinner or salad. But remember that all vegetables do not boil in the same length of time, therefore the same is true of steaming them, and you will not be able to take all the vegetables out at exactly the same time. These steam cookers are not limited to the cooking of vegetables. They are excellent for all kinds of steamed puddings and can be used, too, when cooking such foods as rice or macaroni or spaghetti.

The *steam pressure cooker* represents a different type of cooking utensil, for—as might be implied from the name—foods are cooked at comparatively high pressures and correspondingly high temperatures.

Shall I Buy a Cooker?

In these cookers *the cooking time is shortened*. For example, potatoes cook in 10 minutes; string-beans in 12 minutes; celery in 7 minutes; and so on. We must consider the pressure cooker, therefore, a saving of time and a consequent saving of fuel used. But this is not the only value of the steam pressure cooker, for it can be used extensively in canning and is well suited to the cooking of tough cuts of meat, stews, soups, etc.

There seems to be some confusion about using a steam pressure cooker for an entire meal. Let us suppose that your meal is made up of fowl, white potatoes, and green peas. Carefully-worked-out directions for steam pressure cooking call for cooking the fowl for at least 45 minutes, whereas the potatoes cook for 10 minutes and the peas for 8 minutes. Naturally all three foods can not be put in and cooked for the entire 45 or 50 minutes, for the potatoes and peas would be much overcooked. The proper procedure would be as follows: Cook the chicken for about 40 minutes, then reduce the pressure to zero by opening the pet-cock and allowing all the steam to escape. The cooker can then be opened, and since the vegetables cook in approximately the same time, they can be put in together. The pressure must then be brought up to fifteen pounds again and the vegetables steamed for 10 minutes. Such instructions can be found in the direction book accompanying the cooker. Do not destroy this booklet, for it contains information of all sorts about your cooker. It gives the required time for canning, time periods for cooking, and a fund of information as to just how to open and close the cooker and how to care for it. A steam pressure cooker gives the greatest freedom from watching when it is used for the comparatively long cooking of meats, for once the proper pressure is reached and the heat reduced, no watching is necessary. If the pressure accidentally reaches too high a point, the safety valve insures the release of any excess steam.

"*Waterless cookers*" differ from steamers in that they depend largely upon the natural moisture in foods to produce steam enough for cooking them. In order to conserve all the steam and moisture, they have tight covers held in place by clamps or by the tightness of the fit. On the cover there is usually a valve which acts as a guide for adjusting the burner. For example, if the burner is too high, steam escapes through the valve, indicating that the heat should be reduced. Again, we must not confuse this valve with that on the steam pressure cooker, for there is no pressure within the cooker, and the time for cooking will be approximately the same as that for any other top-stove cooking.

The inset pans in these cookers are either half-round or triangular, and they are usually placed on a rack or other contrivance to hold them up above the bottom of the cooker. A base is also provided in which the cooker is placed to insure safety from burning and to aid in the distribution of the heat evenly through the cooker.

The steam pressure cooker is used extensively in canning and is well suited to the cooking of tough cuts of meats, soups, stews, fricassées, or pot roasts

This small electric cooker can be carried about by means of the bail handle. It will keep foods hot for several hours

The steamer provides an excellent way of steaming vegetables and other foods such as steamed puddings, rice, and macaroni

When a combination of meat, vegetables, and possibly a dessert is to be cooked, the meat—pot roast, fowl, brisket or stewing meat—is browned or seared in the bottom of the cooker without using the base. Before closing the cooker and putting it into the base, we add a small quantity of water to the meat. This is not always necessary, particularly if some of the foods in the cooker have a high content of moisture, or if vegetables are cooked around the meat; but if the meat is dry and the vegetables not so fresh as we should like them, the entire contents of the cooker may be unappetizing and underdone. If vegetables are cooked in the insets, the proper time to put them in depends upon the amount of meat and the cut. If it is a tough cut, it is better to cook it until nearly done before putting in the vegetables. *No water whatsoever* is added to the vegetables, and so the term, "waterless" cooker, is not so misleading as it might seem.

The so-called "waterless cooker" is a compact and convenient arrangement for the cooking of the greater part of a meal over one burner

There are many variations of such meals—pot roasts, smothered chicken, fricassées, stews, with and without vegetables—but the cooker can not be expected to roast meats, nor is there a great variety of desserts which lend themselves to this kind of cookery. A steamed pudding, a mixture of tapioca and rice, bread pudding, and steamed apples are all possibilities, of course.

In the opinion of the Institute the "waterless cooker" offers a number of advantages to the housekeeper: it provides an excellent means for the healthful cooking of vegetables. It represents a compact and convenient arrangement for the cooking of the greater part of a meal over one burner at a saving of fuel and freedom from watching. It is a contribution to a cool kitchen in hot summer weather.

Speaking of "waterless cooking," many of our readers in their letters to us seem to consider that this is an entire system of cooking in itself. This, of course, is not the case. It is simply using a minimum of water in contrast to our old wasteful method of drowning food in water. In this respect it is chiefly applied to vegetables and can be done in any saucepan having a reasonably tight cover. No special set of utensils is needed, nor do the utensils need to be of unusual weight for healthful cooking.

Electric cookers are in a different class from the cookers just described, for they are really small electric ovens themselves. They should be considered auxiliary cooking equipment. They consist of an inner well, which has some form of insulation between it and the outer casing. The heat for cooking comes from an electric element, and the devices are designed to be operated from convenience outlets. Insets and racks inside the cooker (*Continued on page 136*)

Read Before You Sign

On the Dotted Line

By

George W. Alder

Consulting Engineer of the Institute

Photograph by H. I. Williams

"GIVE him a dollar and get rid of him."

This, a woman wrote us, is what her husband said after they both had listened until they were tired to the persuasive arguments of a salesman demonstrating an appliance at their home. Many people, perhaps, have felt the same way and have entered into a transaction that was not a source of satisfaction, for the purchase was not made with the feeling of real desire for the product or a real need for it.

Let us see the result in this particular case as related by the woman who wrote us. Of course, the salesman had these people sign a paper which apparently they did not read carefully; or if they did, they did not realize its import. The paper, however, was an agreement or contract, a binding legal document. Far from ridding themselves of the transaction by giving the salesman a dollar and signing a paper, their action just started their troubles. Soon they received bills for instalment payments. These they disregarded, but shortly the matter was taken into court, and the husband's salary was garnisheed to make good the payments stipulated by the contract. The wife wrote us that they did not want the appliance, and that they could ill afford to pay for it: she wrote expecting that we could help her to get her money back.

This unfortunate case carries some important lessons. In the first place, obviously the poorest way in the world to get rid of a salesman or demonstrator is to pay him some money and sign a contract. Every prospective purchaser must have enough courage to say "No" if the product offered is not wanted, or if she is not convinced that it will fill her needs, or if there is a doubt of any kind, including a doubt of ability to make payments. Remember that you as the purchaser have the advantage, for you hold the money, and unless you choose, you need not buy.

But if you haven't the will power to make your own decision and to say "No," who is to blame? You are. Salesmen are persuasive—they must be. But their arguments can not move you to do what you do not wish to do if you have the courage to say "No." Do your thinking ahead of time, gather all the information you need to choose wisely, and then, in the great majority of cases, you will be happy with your purchase.

Now let us examine another phase of this transaction. These people without realizing it signed a contract which legally bound them to make certain payments at stipulated times. Manufacturers, in order to protect themselves against loss when selling on the instalment plan, require the purchaser to sign an agreement or contract, and manufacturers make sure, through competent legal talent, that their contracts are binding and sound. When you are asked to sign something, be sure you know what it is all about. Read every word carefully, and understand just what you are binding yourself to do in order to fulfill your part of the agreement.

Be just as careful to understand what the manufacturer is bound to do as his part of the contract. If you are expecting to get something other than what is written in the contract, the probability is you will not. The contract is the thing that covers the manufacturer's responsibility, and he is not bound by the salesman's conversation or the promises of the retailer or distributor. As a matter of fact, most contracts state definitely that only those terms specifically stated in the contract, and no others, are binding on the contracting parties.

To illustrate this point, let us discuss another letter we received recently. A woman bought a washing machine from a local dealer. It so happened that in her town the electric service was 220 volts, but plans had been discussed to change it to 110 volts. When this woman purchased the washer, she claims the dealer promised he would replace the 220-volt motor furnished with the machine with a 110-volt motor in the event that the expected change in the electric service materialized. Some time later the service was changed, and the purchaser wanted her motor replaced free, but the dealer refused to do this for her. The woman believed she had a complaint against the manufacturer and wrote to us, asking help to get the manufacturer to make good on the dealer's promise. Of course, she had no redress as far as the manufacturer was concerned, for there was nothing in the manufacturer's contract regarding changing the motor. This supplemental condition of the sale was a matter entirely between herself and the dealer. If this woman had realized her position and had insisted that the dealer put in writing his promise to replace the motor, it is probable there would not have been any difficulty.

If you purchase anything where a contract is involved, be sure that all the conditions of the sale are covered in the contract or the agreement, if you want full protection.

Honesty and fair dealing unquestionably are the basis of legitimate business today. Unfortunately, however, we still have to deal with the occasional fraud or cheat. We have just had several letters from women who were visited by a man representing himself as a salesman for a company. His product was supposedly unbreakable china. You would think that experienced women would be on their (*Continued on page 303*)

Read and understand the contract *before* you sign. You will know then what you must do and what you can demand from the other party

Courtesy Mike Citarella, N. Y. City

Something New for the FISH COURSE

By Dorothy B. Marsh
Of the Institute Staff

Photographs by H. I. Williams

Shellfish in variety are now found in many of our local markets

Fresh oysters are now being packed in sealed tins ready for immediate use

THE housekeeper who would provide the greatest variety of culinary delights for her family can scarcely invest her time more wisely than by learning to know and use the wide selection of shellfish that can now be found in our markets. Oysters, clams, scallops, shrimp, crabs, and lobsters, either fresh or canned, are always among the most popular of these, therefore the following recipes tested in the Institute kitchens will have a special appeal.

Oysters à la Casino

2 doz. oysters on the half-shell
¼ seeded green pepper
½ medium onion
4 slices bacon
1½ teaspoonfuls Roquefort cheese
1½ teaspoonfuls butter
1 teaspoonful Worcestershire Sauce

Chop the green pepper and onion very fine and combine them. Cut the bacon slices with the scissors into thirds crosswise and then in halves lengthwise. Melt the butter with the Roquefort cheese and add the Worcestershire Sauce. Place a piece of bacon on each oyster. Then spread each with a little of the chopped onion and green pepper mixture, and last top with a little of the butter and cheese mixture dropped from the point of a spoon. Arrange the oysters in their shells on the broiler rack, place under a medium broiler heat, and broil from ten to fifteen minutes or until the oysters are tender. Serves four to six. Clams on the half-shell may be prepared in the same way. Or the clams on the half-shell may be sprinkled with salt, pepper, and paprika, brushed with melted butter, and broiled ten minutes.

Broiled Scallops with Minced Bacon

1 quart bay scallops
4 tablespoonfuls melted butter or margarine
½ teaspoonful salt
8 slices bacon
Speck pepper

Arrange the scallops close together on a shallow baking pan. Pour the melted butter over them, place under a medium broiler heat, and broil five minutes. Then sprinkle the scallops with the salt and pepper and scatter over them the bacon which has been cut either in dice or in halves lengthwise. Return to the broiler heat and broil about eight minutes longer. Oysters may be prepared in exactly the same way. Serves six. To vary, dip the scallops in seasoned, fine cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, and again in cracker crumbs before arranging in the shallow pan for broiling. Serves six.

Boiled Hard-Shell Crabs

1 dozen hard-shell crabs
1 bunch club celery
1 tablespoonful mixed spices
4 sprigs chives or
1 teaspoonful finely chopped onion
1 tablespoonful salt
½ teaspoonful black pepper
½ teaspoonful paprika
3 quarts boiling water

To the boiling water add the diced celery stalks, chopped celery leaves, mixed spices, chives, salt, pepper, and paprika. Cook twenty minutes, or until the water is full of flavor. Then add the crabs, with boiling water enough to cover the crabs. Cover and cook twenty-five minutes. Then allow the crabs to stand in the liquor until slightly cool. Remove, strip off the fingers, crack the large claws without breaking them open, and pile high on a platter for serving. Serve with salt and pepper. This recipe serves six.

Savory Shrimp Stew

2 cupfuls canned or fresh cooked shrimp
4 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine
4 tablespoonfuls flour
3 cupfuls milk
1 large onion, finely minced
½ garlic clove
½ teaspoonful prepared mustard
1 tablespoonful minced parsley
½ teaspoonful sugar
1¼ teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper

Cook the minced onion and garlic clove in the butter until the onion is tender. Remove the garlic and add to the fat the flour, prepared mustard, sugar, salt, and pepper. When thoroughly blended, add the shrimp and the milk, while stirring constantly. Heat thoroughly, add the chopped parsley, and serve at once with a sprinkle of paprika on top. Serves six.

Cheese and Lobster Delight

1 teaspoonful chopped onion
3 tablespoonfuls chopped green pepper
3 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine
2 tablespoonfuls flour
½ teaspoonful prepared mustard
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 cupful canned, strained tomatoes
½ cupful grated cheese
1 egg, slightly beaten
¾ cupful heated milk
1 cupful canned or fresh-cooked lobster
Toast

Cook the onion and green pepper in the butter until tender, about five minutes. Then add the flour, stir well, and next add the mustard, salt, tomatoes, cheese, and beaten egg. When blended, add to the hot milk and continue cooking, while stirring, until the sauce is smooth and thickened. Then fold in the lobster meat and serve on buttered toast. Canned or fresh cooked crabmeat or shrimp may be substituted for the lobster called for in the above recipe. Serves six. (*Continued on page 130*)

A crisp slaw may be served as a vegetable to replace the salad course

The Winter SALAD BOWL

By
Demetria M. Taylor
Of the Institute Staff

Photographs by H. I. Williams

"Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat,
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!"
Sydney Smith

WINTERTIME brings to us a glorious variety of fruits and vegetables with which to compose our salad masterpieces! But too often, instead of appreciating the bounty the markets offer, we relegate the salad bowl to the shelf during the cold months of the year, and thus rob our menus of the delightful variety which salads can give them.

When a crisp salad accompanies a meal composed of hearty winter foods, or forms the *pièce de résistance* of a bridge party or a Sunday night supper, it brings with it more than the esthetic appeal of its vivid coloring and delicious flavor. It also brings, in such a pleasant way, the health-giving minerals and vitamins which we are constantly trying to get into our meals.

Many varieties of salad greens are available in winter. Lettuce, endive, escarole, chicory, and watercress are all in the market, and all make excellent salad foundations. Two or three of these, mixed with French dressing, make a crisp and colorful salad course. Delicate green lettuce, bright yellow chicory, and vivid, dark-green watercress in an attractive salad bowl would tempt the appetite of the most jaded epicure! Such a salad takes on added charm if it is prepared at the table by the host or hostess.

If more elaborate salads are desired, some to be made in the salad bowl, some to be molded in gelatine, and some to be arranged on salad plates, the winter market and your grocer's shelves assure you of an infinite variety of materials for your works of art.

Perhaps your file of menus and recipes is in need of new suggestions for wintertime menus that call for salads. If so, you may find the following material helpful.

Since a good French dressing is essential to so many salads, we feel justified in repeating the recipe once more. Rub a mixing bowl or a salad bowl with a cut clove of garlic held on the tines of a fork. Pour in the salad oil, measuring the same. Add one-third as much vinegar or lemon juice as oil. Add salt and pepper to taste, enough paprika to make the dressing pink, and a dash of dry mustard or a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. You may wish to add just a trace of sugar, too. Beat with a fork or beater until the oil and acid form a smooth mixture.

For family luncheons these menus are tempting:

Macaroni Casserole
Apple, Cabbage and Raisin Slaw Graham Muffins
Coconut Layer Cake

For *Apple, Cabbage and Raisin Slaw*, shred one small cabbage finely. Core three red apples and dice without peeling. Drop them into one-half cupful of French dressing immediately to prevent discoloration. Add the apples and dressing, with one cupful of seedless raisins, to the shredded cabbage. Toss with a fork until thoroughly mixed, drain and serve. Serves eight.

Baked Bean and Bacon Salad
Brown Bread Sandwiches
Fruit Gelatine
Spice Cookies

For *Baked Bean and Bacon Salad*, drain three cupfuls of baked beans thoroughly and combine with four slices of crisp bacon which have been diced, one-third cupful of French dressing, and one small sour pickle chopped fine. Arrange on crisp romaine and serve with additional French dressing. Serves six.

The next time the bridge club meets at your home, serve one of the following menus and see how many of your guests ask you for your salad recipes:

Ginger Fruit Salad
Hot Rolls
Chocolate Chip Ice Cream
Coffee Wafers

For *Ginger Fruit Salad*, core eight red apples and dice them without peeling. Sprinkle the apples with the juice of one lemon to prevent discoloration. Add two sliced bananas, the sections of two oranges, one cupful of stemmed, seedless white grapes, one-half cupful of chopped nutmeats, and one cupful of chopped, candied ginger. Serve on watercress, using one bunch, with Lime French Dressing which is made by adding lime juice and powdered sugar to French dressing, according to your taste. Serves eight.

Chocolate Chip Ice Cream is made by adding one cupful of chipped cooking chocolate to one quart of vanilla ice-cream before freezing.

Star Salad Cheese Straws
Maple Nut Soufflé Silver Cake
Coffee

For *Star Salad*, cut the sections from four oranges and two grapefruit. Arrange five grapefruit sections in the shape of a star on crisp chicory. Line each grapefruit section with a section of orange. Fill the center of each star with raspberry jam and pass Fruit Salad Dressing. Serves five.

For *Fruit Salad Dressing*, combine two eggs, beaten light, two tablespoonfuls of flour and two-thirds cupful of sugar. Add one cupful of canned pineapple juice, the juice of one lemon and the juice of one orange, and cook in a double-boiler, stirring

constantly until thick. Cool and fold in one-half cupful of cream whipped. Serves ten.

If you are going to entertain friends at an informal dinner, this menu may appeal to you:

Oysters on the Half-Shell
Roast Lamb — Mint Sauce
Steamed Brown Rice — Eggplant Creole
Mixed Green Salad — French Dressing
Orange Sherbet — Sponge Cake
Coffee

Or if you are having a family dinner at home, you may wish to serve one of these menus:

Baked Smoked Pork Tenderloin
Scalloped Sweet Potatoes — Buttered Spinach
Graham Bread
Fruit Salad with Cheese Dressing
Coffee

For *Fruit Salad with Cheese Dressing*, remove the pulp in sections from two grapefruit. Chop one-third cupful of pecan meats coarsely and add them with three-fourths cupful of seeded Tokay grapes to the grapefruit sections. Add a cheese dressing made by mixing together in a bowl four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one tablespoonful of grapefruit juice, one-half tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and one tablespoonful of finely chopped Roquefort cheese. Beat with a fork until thoroughly blended. Serves six.

Baked Veal Cutlet
Baked Potatoes
Canned Lima Beans
Raw Vegetable Salad
Savory Dressing
Pumpkin Pie

For *Raw Vegetable Salad*, marinate separately in enough mayonnaise to bind one cupful finely chopped green pepper, one cupful finely chopped cabbage, and one cupful finely chopped raw carrots. On a leaf of lettuce place a mound of carrots, place a mound of cabbage on top of the carrots, and a mound of green pepper on the cabbage. Top with a layer of grated cheese—one-fourth pound of American cheese, grated, will be needed. Serve with a *Savory Dressing* made as follows: beat with an egg-beater until thoroughly combined one tablespoonful of dry mustard, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of celery salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, one-third cupful of catsup, one cupful of salad oil and one-half cupful of vinegar. Serves six.

Two or three winter salad greens mixed with French dressing make a crisp and colorful salad course

Many varieties of salad greens are available in winter and make excellent salad foundations

Perhaps you are planning to invite your neighbors to supper next Sunday evening. Here is a simple yet delicious menu, most of which may be prepared the day before, if you wish.

Jellied Crab Meat Salad—Cooked Dressing
Cream Cheese and Chive Sandwiches
Filled Cup Cakes — Tea

For *Jellied Crab Meat Salad*, soak one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in one-fourth cupful of cold water for five minutes. Add this to three-fourths cupful of hot, boiled salad dressing. After the gelatine has dissolved add one cupful of flaked crab meat, one-half cupful of diced celery, one-half seeded green pepper, chopped, two tablespoonfuls of chopped pimientoes, two tablespoonfuls of chopped green olives, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika and two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. Fill individual molds which have been dipped in cold water with this mixture, and chill. Serve on lettuce with additional boiled dressing. Serves six.

For the *Cooked Dressing* mentioned in the above recipe, stir together four tablespoonfuls of melted butter or margarine and one tablespoonful of flour, add one cupful of milk, and let cook in the top of a double-boiler until quite thick, stirring constantly. Beat two egg yolks slightly, add one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of dry mustard and one-half cupful of vinegar. Then stir into the thickened mixture and cook until thick. Remove from the heat and pour on to the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, stirring constantly.

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Midwinter ENTERTAINING

By
B. Lawson Miller
Of the Institute Staff
Photographs by H. I. Williams

OFTEN the hostess is at a loss as to what to serve her guests. She wants something different either in the food itself, or in the way it is served. Yet it must be something which can be prepared for the most part beforehand, something that is attractive in appearance, that is easy to serve, and above all, tempting and delicious.

The menu for any occasion is influenced by several factors—the number of guests, the time of day they are to be served, the assistance the hostess has, and the facilities for serving.

For the bridge luncheon or similar occasion, the menu can be as simple or elaborate as the dictates of the club, or the ability of the hostess, permit. It need not consist of more than a hot dish, a salad with its accompaniment, a dessert, and a beverage. This can be enlarged by the addition of a first course, either fruit cocktail or soup, if desired.

For the hot dish, a good choice is something that can be cooked entirely before the guests arrive and which does not deteriorate on standing. Casserole dishes, timbales, and individual ramekins are a few of the possibilities.

The salad course permits a variety of possibilities, the type being governed by its place in the menu. If served with the hot dish, it is generally rather simple—often merely lettuce with French Dressing. A more elaborate salad is called for when it is served as a separate course. If a cream soup is served as the first course, the hot dish may be replaced by a substantial salad. Sometimes the salad and dessert courses are combined by serving a fruit salad with a cream dressing. On the right-hand page we have illustrated some of the accompaniments that may be served with the salad course. The particular one chosen depends upon the type of salad with which it is served. For piquant salads, unsweetened crackers, cheese straws, or biscuits, or thin bread and butter sandwiches are a good choice. For sweet salads such as fruit, rich biscuits, jam roulettes, or scones are more appropriate.

For dessert there is a seemingly endless variety from which to choose: cakes, pies, puddings, frozen dishes, fruit and gelatin mixtures. Something that can be made the day before might well be chosen. For the more preparation that is done then, the less hurried the hostess will be on the day of the luncheon.

The beverage may be hot tea, coffee, or chocolate, whichever seems to belong with the rest of the menu. This suggests one of the requisites for skill in menu making—imagination—the ability to taste foods mentally, to be conscious of flavor and texture, and to visualize any menu in its entirety.

From the suggestions that have been given, it should not be difficult for a hostess to plan a menu for her guests. A few luncheon menus that illustrate some of the points brought out are given:

I
Fruit Cocktail
Chicken Timbales — Béchamel Sauce
Baby Lima Beans — Baking Powder Biscuits
Orange and Watercress Salad—Jam Roulettes
Chocolate Parfait
Coffee — Fancy Cookies

II
Oyster Bisque—Saltines
Molded Fruit Salad
Cream Scones — Golden Dressing
Hot Chocolate — Small Cakes

Afternoon refreshments should be dainty and easy to serve. The simplest menu consists of sandwiches, little cakes, and a beverage. This can be enlarged by the addition of a salad, a dessert, nuts and bonbons. For the month of February, we offer the following:

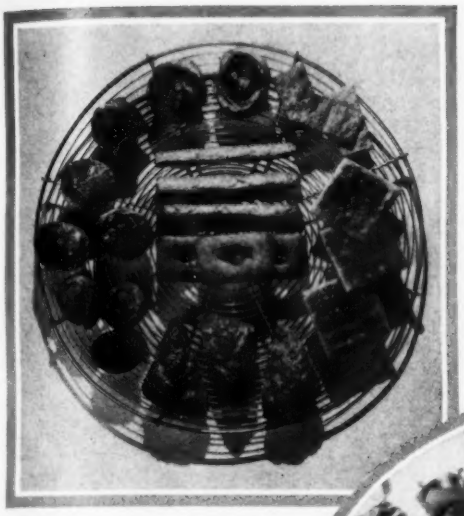
Lincoln's Birthday
Rolled Sandwiches — Log Cabin Salad
Small Chocolate Éclairs — Coffee

Saint Valentine's Day
Pomegranate Salad—Thin Bread & Butter Sandwiches
Heart Cakes — Mocha Chocolate
Nuts — Red and White Mints

Washington's Birthday
Cherry Salad — Cream Cheese Sandwiches
Lafayette Pie — Coffee

For the evening affair, where the guests usually include both ladies and gentlemen, the refreshments are more substantial than

A small table placed before the fire is convenient for toasting sandwiches for the after-skating party



Salad accompaniments can be bought or made. Among those illustrated are: cheese straws, roulettes, scones, biscuits and wafers

Chocolate parfait, topped with whipped cream and decorated with bits of sweet chocolate, makes a dainty and attractive dessert

Crystal, Courtesy Ovington Bros.

for the afternoon tea. Buffet service lends itself well to an occasion of this kind. The menu may consist of a hot dish, cold dish, dessert, and beverage. The cold dish can be omitted, or the hot dish replaced by a salad, if desired. The food, with the exception of a frozen dessert, is placed attractively on the table, with napkins and the necessary silver. The guests help themselves; if gentlemen are present, they serve the ladies. Menus which are appropriate for evening occasions, follow:

I Frozen Cheese Salad
Tiny Raisin Biscuits
Nut Bread Sandwiches
Devil's Food Cake Coffee

II Ham Salad Sandwiches Relish
Caramel Ice Cream with Butterscotch Sauce Coffee

The following recipes will furnish the hostess with some of the novel dishes included in the menus above. They may also be suggestive of other distinctive touches that may be given to her midwinter entertaining.

Glassware, Courtesy Fostoria Glass Co.

A ring mold of fruit served with lettuce and golden dressing makes an excellent dessert salad

For *Chicken Timbales*, melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; add one-half cupful soft bread crumbs and one cupful of milk; cook for five minutes, stirring constantly. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and paprika, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, one and one-half cupfuls cooked chicken cut in dice, and three eggs slightly beaten. Mix well and turn into individual buttered timbale molds, filling them two-thirds full. Set molds in pan of hot water, cover with greased paper, and bake at 325° F. for thirty minutes. Serves six.

For *Jam Roulettes*, roll baking powder biscuit dough one-fourth inch thick and brush with melted butter. Spread with jam; roll up like a jelly roll. With a sharp knife cut into slices one-half inch thick. Place on a greased baking sheet, about two inches apart. Bake at 450° F. for 10-12 minutes. To glaze, brush with a mixture of equal parts of sugar and milk just before removing from oven. These can be varied by substituting for the jam, grated cheese, deviled ham or any mixture of the following: dates, figs, raisins, cherries, and nuts.

For *Chocolate Parfait*, cook one cupful of sugar and one cupful of water to 238° F., or to soft-ball stage. Pour slowly over the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, beating constantly; beat until cool. Fold in two squares of unsweetened chocolate that have been melted and cooled, two cupfuls of cream beaten until stiff, and one tablespoonful of vanilla. Mold. Pack in two parts of ice to one of salt; let stand three to four hours, or place in freezing trays of refrigerating unit and let stand three to four hours. Serves eight.

Molded Fruit Salad. Prepare four cupfuls of lemon jelly and set in a pan of cracked ice. While it is cooling, cut in dice eight slices of canned pineapple, four tart red apples, and three bananas. Mix the fruit and place in ring mold or individual molds. When lemon jelly begins to thicken, pour it over the fruit in the mold. Chill until firm. Serves fifteen.

Golden Dressing. Beat together four eggs, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of flour, and eight tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Add two cupfuls of canned pineapple juice and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly; cool. Just before serving fold in two cupfuls of beaten cream.

Log Cabin Salad. With eight cheese straws, build up a square, log-cabin style. In the center of the square place a lettuce leaf filled with any desired salad. A fruit salad would be a good choice for the menu suggested.

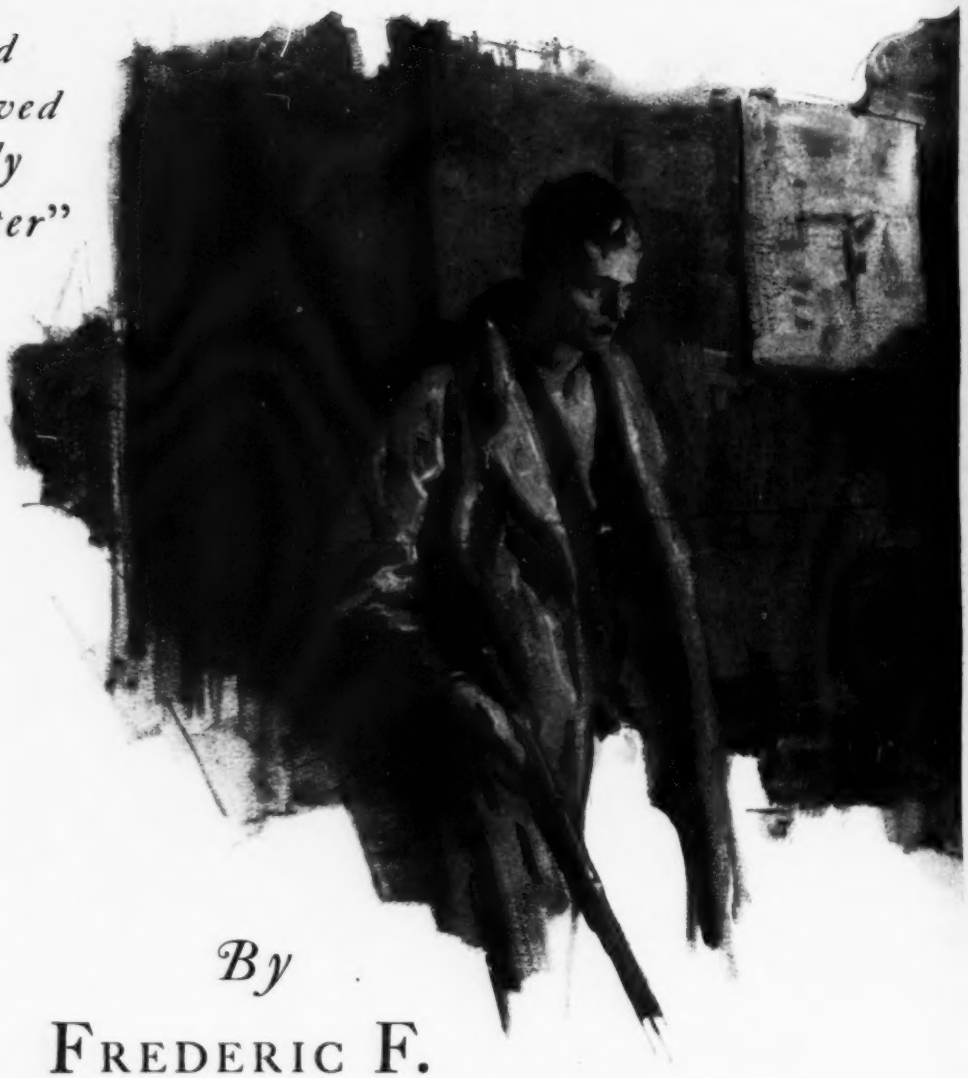
For *Pomegranate Salad*, arrange lettuce on individual salad plate; on it place half a canned pear, cut side up. Put a ball of cream cheese mixed with pecan nuts in the center of the pear. Place a few sprigs of watercress at blossom end of pear. Serve with a cream mayonnaise dressing sprinkled lightly with pomegranate seeds.

For *Mocha Chocolate*, put two squares of unsweetened chocolate, cut in small pieces, and one cupful of strong coffee in the upper part of a double-boiler over direct heat. Stir until chocolate is thoroughly blended; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a few grains of salt. Boil three minutes, stirring constantly. Place over hot water; add three cupfuls of milk gradually. When hot, beat with an egg-beater until frothy. Serves six.

For *Cherry Salad*, remove stones from canned white cherries and fill cavities with pieces of nut meats. Arrange on lettuce and serve with cream mayonnaise dressing, using one-half as much whipped cream as mayonnaise.

For *Lafayette Pie*, make two layers of cake using your favorite recipe. Put together with filling made as follows: Beat two eggs, add one-half cupful sugar, beat again; add four tablespoonfuls butter and four tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Cook over hot water until it thickens, stirring constantly. Sprinkle the top of the cake with powdered sugar and then decorate with tiny flags.

"—And They Lived Happily Ever After"



By

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

ALIBI

CONCLUSION

AT THE forks, where the road Homer Holloway had followed to his death plunged downhill, John Tower stopped his splashed and steaming car. He had driven slowly up from the Madison air-port through the sudden violences of rain, retarded as much by his own thoughts as by the mud that threatened one minute to bog down the runabout and the next treacherously to slide it into a ditch.

Weariness dwelt on Tower's face, but this alone had not pulled it haggard, edged his worn features, and turned bleak his brooding eyes. Incredulity, unwilling conviction, and sullen fear had done their share.

He was, he had confessed to himself while his car had crept difficultly over the swamped mountain road, afraid. Terror had leered at him from the drowned landscape, had hovered on dark wings above his progress, had tittered beside him as, furnished at length with a key, his mind, progressing with slow logic, unlocked the mystery and revealed more complete horror than Holloway had glimpsed there.

The key had been the constable's bequest. From a storm-bound pilot to whom Homer had talked the day before, Tower had recovered it. In itself it had no significance. The airman had only recited the questions Holloway had asked and the replies he had received, and Tower, his face resolutely impassive, had thanked his informant and departed to his car, there to sit long minutes before he recovered sufficiently to drive away.

Insignificant questions. Insignificant replies. Yet he was learning, as he drove slowly toward Turin, they were the missing chemical which, dropped into the turbid opacity of Mortimer's murder, clarified and precipitated truth; the twist of the field-glass screw that brought clear-cut reality out of blurred confusion.

Complete revelation, he thought with a wry, unpleasant smile as he drew up at the forks, can be an astounding, a horrifying thing. Its aftermath may be only further bewilderment. He admitted abjectly, as he cut off his motor and stared down into the valley's fog, that he dreaded to return to the Outlook House. Thought of facing the innocent, serene, and trusting folk there was almost unendurable. Inwardly he cursed himself for the mission that had taken him to the air-port and the enlightenment that had destroyed so much.

He scowled at thought of Gordon Ashley and writhed at the picture of a gay, mocking girl, slim and defiant, a clean, bright

Illustrated By Herbert M. Stoops

Cynthia hesitated, turning the will in her hands. "What shall I do with it?" she asked at last. "Read it," Tower suggested. "You asked for the motive"

sword in an oilskin sheath. Her hand had rested where now he leaned to peer into the valley.

The muffling mist revealed too little. With a sound half-groan, half-curse, he tramped on the starter, seesawed his car over farther to the roadside, and, disembarking, started downhill on foot. The river had been over the approaches to the covered bridge that morning. If, as it seemed from a distance, it had risen farther since then—

He lurched with long, downhill strides to the curve, and below him brown water ran where lately had been the road. The current had swelled since he had dared it earlier. By the tops of ripple-straddled fence posts he judged it to be waist-deep to the bridge. And the covered bridge itself—Cold River had risen against it. Below it were the whirlings and foam of tortured water; above, where the current now thrust against the span, was an uneasy, fluid welt across the delayed stream.

Affronted by the obstruction, Cold River was snarling, an angry boding sound, and even from a distance he could see how the weather-beaten old span shook. Tower wheeled to return uphill. The misery forgotten for an instant by sight of the power and purpose of the flood returned and barred his way. Only through chill determination had he forced himself to go back even by this, the shortest route. He shrank at thought of driving again to Madison and to Turin the longer way, accompanied for the entire distance by his fearful knowledge.

For a moment he hesitated, looking from the parked car above to the whirling thrust of the water below, and then, with a tight grin, he went on downhill.

With the grin still twisting his lips he thought, as he splashed through the current-combed grass at the roadside and reached the first post, mid-thigh deep, how probable it was that the flood might trim him up, roll him under, and entangle him in the lower line of fence to drown. At the moment this fate seemed only mildly less pleasant than the end toward which he advanced, and he splashed on, body thrust upstream against the push of the current, to the next post and the next, groping in the coffee-hued flow for foothold, slipping once and well-nigh swept away, until at last the water shoaled and the wide, black mouth of the bridge gaped above him.

The wooden tunnel was resonant with the noise of struggling water. Cold River thundered dully against its upstream side and squirted through its sun-warped

planks. The roadway undertoot was ankle-deep in swirling currents. He hesitated an instant, for beneath his feet the ancient structure quaked with a continuous, groaning chatter of strained timbers. With a shrug and a wider, paler grin, Tower invaded its clamorous gloom, ran through, and at its far end stepped out of water to the steep slope of the road beyond.

There he paused, breathless, remotely amused at the agitation of the body his spirit had risked so unfeelingly, and kicked water out of his shoes. Cold River continued to shoulder against the structure. Stones at Tower's feet slowly submerged as the flood crawled higher, and yet the solid old bridge resisted the attempt to overwhelm it. The builders who had fashioned it, the man thought with a convulsive shiver, had done their work well. Impatiently he looked uphill, unwilling to wait longer, and then, as he turned once more toward the flood, stared with sudden intensity.

Down the center of the wide stream a great tree swam, foam-wreathed, lurching, submerging, reappearing like a sentient thing. Uncannily, as it neared the gray wall of the bridge, it raised its butt like a blunt, inquiring muzzle, went under again, and drove against the barrier. The old span boomed like a smitten drum. Through the hollow sound came sharper crackling of splintered timber. The far end canted, torn partly free of its moorings, and then with a scream of riven wood and a thunderous wall of spray the covered bridge was gone.

Out of the turmoil below its station, planks jabbed from the water and were withdrawn. A dripping gable emerged an instant, broke apart, and whirled away. By the faint quiver beneath his feet, Tower knew that the river battered something to bits against the bottom rocks.

He went slowly up the hill. The wreck he had just witnessed was, he thought, wholly in accord with a day in which so much had crumbled to destruction. The grade was steep and the mud slippery beneath his feet. He reflected, with a shudder that intensified his chill, how a car descending this hill would inevitably plunge into the flood where the bridge had stood and Cold River now ran a hundred yards wide and twenty feet deep. He must remember to tell Eli to set out a barrier and lanterns. That might be a single constructive integer in the general disaster he must spread.

From the crest of the hill the road—a seared morass this morning, but now choked with broken stone—ran west with a narrow meadow between it and a hill beyond. Tower, stumbling through, unfairly cursed the absent road repairers for their unfinished task, observed the rock heap ahead they had not yet spread, and marked how over Busby a swollen, sable cloud promised more rain.

He could be, he reflected philosophically, scarcely wetter if he had been swept down Cold River as a forerunner of the vanished bridge. If he had been drowned, he considered with grim amusement, on the day after Holloway had been shot, no one knew what sinister legend the folk of Turin might thereafter have pinned on an innocent road.

He paid Holloway the tribute of rueful respect as he lurched along. The cherubic constable had had brains and logic and, above all, an admirable imagination. No ordinary mentality could have visioned the bizarrely awful implications of Mortimer's death. Tower stumbled and swore with a disproportionate fury.

Ahead was the stone pile, and a furlong past it the road curved out of sight. Then came the brook and another mired and rutted stretch through a meadow, away from the hill that now loomed above the plodding man. Thereafter four miles through woodland, and the Outlook House at their end. Tower groaned.

An imperceptible gust wrenched off his hat and threw it away. He turned, amazed. Something smacked upon a boulder at the roadside and tore screeching through the brush. From the dank foliage of the looming hill came the peremptory voice of a rifle. Again, and Tower, reaching stupidly for his hat, twisted as he crouched and dived for the shelter of the pile of rock.

His sliding fall knocked the wind from him. Whooping thinly, he crept closer to his protection. A stone burst to bits at its peak, and once more from the hillside sounded the mist-choked explosion.

He groveled in the mud. Instinct impelled him to press his threatened body flatter; to sink it by straining and panicky wriggling beneath the suddenly hostile, unyielding road surface.

The shock of the fall, the invisible death that thrice had reached for him and fumbled, numbed his mind. He shrank behind his barricade, abject, propitiatory, filled with a quivering dread of the next bullet to come from that silent hillside.

Yet, as he lay quaking, his mind, reawakened, considered his utter fear and the unseen deadliness that suddenly had invaded this field-bordered bit of country road, and denied their reality. This, intelligence whispered, could not have occurred. He, John Tower, prostrate in the mire while bullets searched for him! He felt with a frantic, empty assurance that momentarily the nightmare would pass. Nothing like this had happened, could happen. It was preposterous, an insane violation of the peaceful order of ten thousand nights and days. It was impossible, and from the hill the rifle spoke again, and he felt close to one foot the shudder of the smitten earth.

He drew up his legs, crouching ridiculously behind the rock heap in a travesty of the Moslem attitude of prayer, his forehead resting upon the broken stone. Turning with painful caution, he caught a sidewise glimpse of the road running away to its tree-bordered curve in the gray unreality of murk and mist, and far away Busby's crest blackly crowned by the shower. He heard the whip of a bullet overhead and the rifle's implacable thud.

Who was it that, hidden in the fog-dimmed foliage, sought with almost divine implacability to slay him? Why should he, John Tower, die here ignominiously in the mire? Was it Holloway's slayer who fired from that hill? His mind clicked back into its accustomed groove, and he found himself matching his recent convictions and theories against this incredibility that yet was actual. What did it signify? Where was its place in the puzzle he lately had considered abhorrently plain? Who fired that rifle?

As though the man on the hillside felt the menace of his coherent thought and sought to still it, another bullet struck the road, perilously close. It came from a new angle. Evidently, Tower thought as he crept in compensation around his protection, his enemy cannily had shifted position.

And now came the malevolent hammer of steady firing. With a deadly deliberation—five slow-paced shots, a pause to reload, then five more—the rifleman set about driving him from cover, no longer attempting to sight his victim's body, but aiming at the edges of the stone pile.

Echoes of the explosions ran sluggishly through the hills. Bullets crashed upon rock that burst and spun, filling the air about Tower's arm-shielded head with the buzz of fragments. A splinter scored his face. A larger shard struck his arm so heavily that he thought for an instant he had been shot.

Crouching, bombarded by bullet-spurned missiles, Tower found his mind running ahead of the present. There was, it accepted, no way out. If ammunition did not fail, sooner or later flying stone must maim or kill him. He dwelt with a strange calmness upon the end. There would be further mystery to bog the state police, an endless confusion from which truth in all probability never could emerge. John Tower would be found dead on the Turin road as Homer Holloway had been found, and—leering paradox!—knowledge of who killed him would die when he died.

The rifle spoke on with venomous insistence. Broken rock spattered on his back. A fragment smote him between the shoulders, half stunning him. Pain quickened within him the panic of the trapped. He looked desperately about in mounting, animal terror.

He would die here in the gray, dragging end of the day, cut off by a few hundred yards from the safety promised amid the trees that stood at the road's curve, soaked by the shower that had melted the crest of Busby and now marched darkly down its slope.

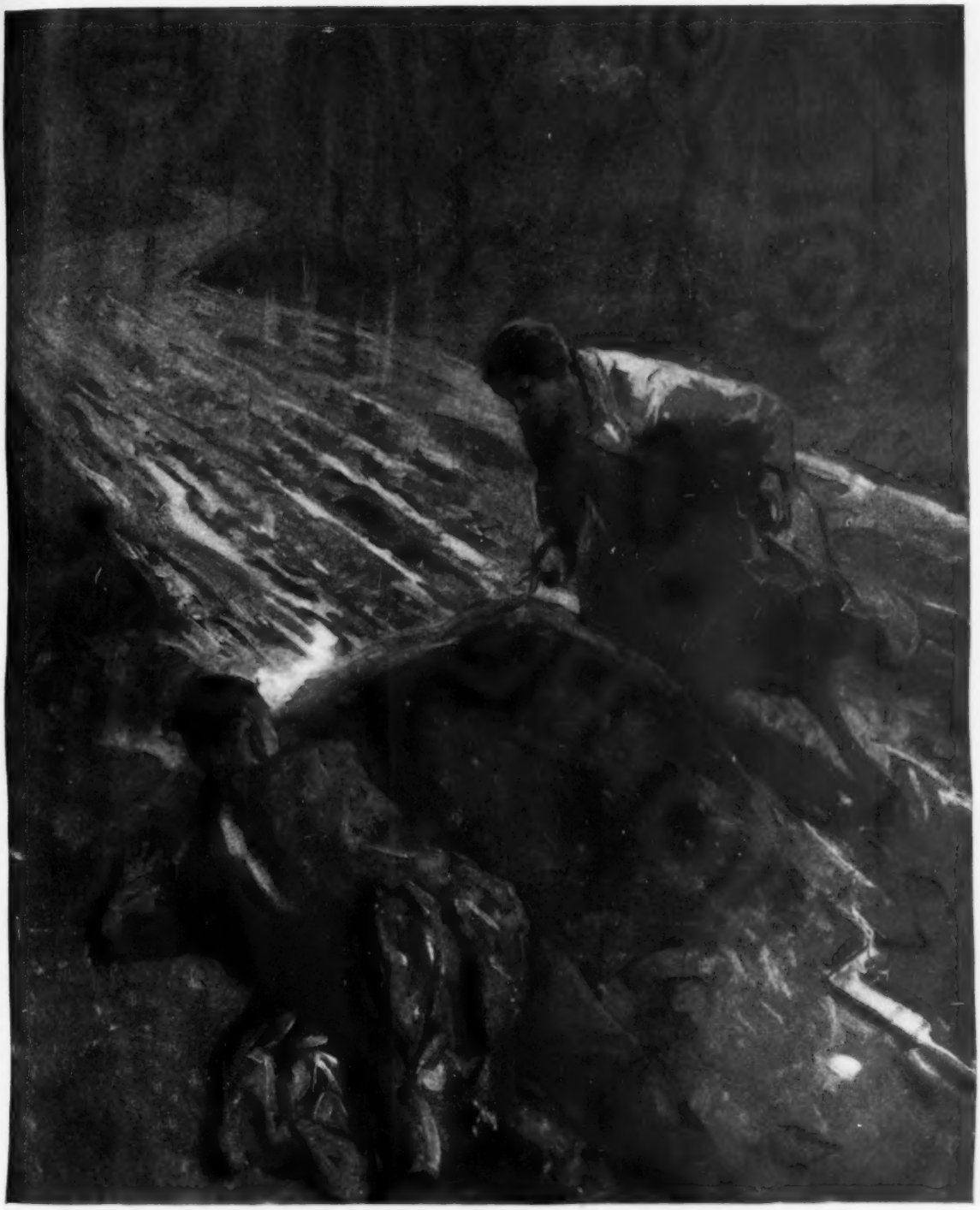
He fought back a sob of self-pity and flinched as another shot blew rock dust into his face. Strange that the rifleman did not come in and finish him mercifully at close range. There was no one abroad to see.

SONGS

By Margaret Widdemer

ONCE *I made the songs I sing*
For—oh, anything—
For the dancing light in spring
On swift water shed,
For red tulips in a row,
For some grief I did not know,
For some knight too long ago
Born and dead;
But the most of all, for one
Somewhere out beneath the sun
That I never knew. . . .

NOW *I make my songs for you.*



Cynthia was running toward him. In an instant the hidden assassin must see her. "Go back!" screeched Tower. "Go—" The bullet's passage blew air against his face. He pitched forward

HIS eyes marked her bright, yellow slicker a long instant before his numbed brain caught hold. She stood clear-cut against the background of the trees, while illogical hope in Tower's body rose and subsided into tingling horror. His attempted cry of warning was only a gabbling croak.

She was running—running toward him and the bullet-hammered stone heap. In an instant more the hidden assassin must see her. She ran like a boy, or Atalanta in oilskins, and he had no golden apple to check her, save, he thought with suddenly tense muscles, a dubious and infinitely perilous deterrent. Her sou' wester blew off in the wind of her passage. He looked hungrily, resignedly, at her swift-moving loveliness, gasped as though entering cold water, and stood up.

"Go back," he screeched and took a step toward her. "Go—"

From the slope came the peremptory voice of the rifle. The bullet's passage blew air against his face. He pitched forward into the road. Another shot spurned mud close beside him. He did not stir, though he heard the breathless cry of the girl and an instant later felt her hands fumble beneath his armpits.

With fierce, sobbing haste she strove to drag him back into the shelter of the stone pile. (*Continued on page 139*)

UNDULANT FEVER

What It Is and How it Concerns You

By

Frederic Damrau, M. D.

This Article Has Been Approved by

Dr. Walter H. Eddy

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

YEARS ago, it was almost impossible to stir mothers from their apathy with regard to the need of good milk for their children. Summer complaint was accepted as an act of God. At any rate, hot weather was given the entire blame. Education to higher standards of milk consumption required years. But the modern mother is so thirsty for health knowledge that a mere rumor of danger in milk—often without scientific foundation—is sufficient to alarm her unduly.

At a meeting of the American Medical Association in Portland, Ore., in July, and of the American Public Health Association in Minneapolis, in October, sanitary experts discussed a common disease affecting cows—contagious abortion—and its *possible* transmission to human beings by means of raw milk. It was strictly a scientific discussion and should have been kept within scientific circles. The disease has been known in cattle for forty years and reached its peak ten years ago. Today it is well under control and has been eliminated from many herds throughout the country.

But the young mother gained the impression that a terrible "newly-discovered" disease—undulant fever—lurked in the bottle of milk unless it was pasteurized.

Since certified milk is advised for Baby by her family doctor and the child specialist, *and certified milk is not pasteurized*, she insisted on knowing the truth with regard to undulant fever.

"Tell me all about this new and terrible disease!" a young mother—a university graduate—begged me recently.

She was so frightened that she had taken her eighteen-months-old infant off fresh milk entirely and was depending on condensed milk.

In the first place—I told her—undulant fever is neither new nor terrible. Only the name is new, and only the mystery surrounding it makes it seem terrible.

More than two thousand years ago Hippocrates, the grand old master of medicine, wrote a clear description of long fevers with frequent relapses but eventual recovery. Authorities believe that this illness, with its drenching sweats and aching joints, was none other than undulant fever.

After the Crimean War, British soldiers stationed on the island of Malta were brought back to the hospitals in England with a strange type of fever. They did not seem very sick, yet the temperature rose to 104 degrees or higher. Sometimes the symptoms were like those of rheumatism. On other occasions they would suggest severe neuritis. When the abdomen was examined, one finding was fairly constant. As the doctor's hand pressed gently below the left ribs, it felt the smooth edge of an organ beneath it, and the patient winced with pain. Ordinarily this organ is protected by the ribs and can not be reached by the fingers. The spleen was enlarged.

The fever would subside and the patient prepare to leave the hospital, when lo! Up shot the mercury in the thermometer, and he was hustled back to bed. These relapses would continue for three or four months, sometimes longer, before recovery.

Because of its geographical source, the disease was called Malta fever. But other sections in or surrounding the Mediterranean were affected—Gibraltar, Naples, and Cyprus Hence "Mediterranean fever" became the new name.

In the early eighties, nobody knew what caused Malta or Mediterranean fever, but Pasteur's proof that specific microbes are responsible for numerous diseases was still fresh in the minds of many. Carl Joseph Eberth had identified a short, fat bacillus that swam around impishly under the high power of his microscope as the cause of typhoid fever. Edwin Klebs—and also Friedrich Löffler—had tracked down the microbe of diphtheria. Even the germ of the Great White Plague—the skinny, bent microbe hidden in a waxy coat—stood revealed in vivid scarlet, thanks to the ingenious staining method devised by Robert Koch. The time was ripe for discovering the microbe that sent the British Tommies to the hospital with the fever for which Malta was notorious.

MILK

for babies should be either certified or pasteurized; if it is both clean and pure, pasteurization is not necessary

In 1886, young David Bruce (later Sir David), then only thirty-one years old and an officer in the Royal Army Medical Corps, came to Malta bent on discovering the cause of the mysterious fever. Noting that the swollen spleen is the most constant change found in victims of the disease, he removed this organ in a fatal case and grew bacterial cultures from it, finding a plump, dot-shaped microbe, which he later called *Micrococcus melitensis*.

In the following year Bruce injected monkeys with the newly discovered germs. They came down with fever. The spleen was swollen as in the case of human beings. When Bruce peered into these spleens, he found tiny gray areas of disease just below the surface. He took a loopful of material from them and put it in the incubator. Eagerly he watched for the result.

Three days later, he found that little dewdrop colonies had grown—the same as those observed when the culture was taken direct from human victims. The platinum loop was dipped into one of the dewdrops and spread in a thin smear over a glass slide. Then the stain was applied. In a few moments, Bruce had the final proof—the same microbe injected beneath the monkey's skin. *Micrococcus melitensis* was beyond all doubt the cause of Malta or Mediterranean fever!

But how the disease was contracted was still a deep mystery. It did not seem to be contagious, because nurses and doctors—who were most closely associated with the patients—did not catch it. It was not until a special British commission went to Malta in 1904, and worked on the problem for three years, that the mystery was finally cleared up.

The Commission proved that the disease was contracted chiefly by drinking raw goats' milk infected with the germ. Under the microscope this milk teemed with *Micrococcus melitensis*, which Bruce had proved causes undulant fever. When goat's milk was avoided or boiled before use, no further cases developed.

Physicians now thought the mystery was solved. But it was not long before further discoveries proved that it was much deeper than had ever been suspected, and more clues would have to be followed before all the facts could finally be brought to light.

Mediterranean fever is not limited to the regions in or surrounding this great sea. It is found in sections of Africa, in India, the Philippines, China, and South America. In two large areas in the United States scattered cases occur! The more important of these is in the southwestern states. In Phoenix, Arizona, thirty-five cases—all due to infected goat's milk—were reported in 1922. (*Continued on page 270*)

Health & Beauty

Everybody Can Have Nice Hair

By Ruth Murrin

Photographs by Don Diego, Inc.

The new coiffure is square around the forehead, flat and close to the head on top and at the sides, and curled or waved to frame the face becomingly. The effect should be simple and casual, but not careless. The knot or chignon is placed low at the base of the neck

THE most striking characteristic of the new coiffures is the squareness of the arrangement around the brow. The whole forehead is boldly revealed. This is most easily achieved when the hair is parted in the middle, but it can be done when the part is on the side. The ears may be hidden or uncovered, but in either case the hair must be softly waved or allowed to fall in curls. Severe arrangements are not in keeping with the feminine clothes we wear this season, but the top and back of the head must be kept flat and smooth. Curls, a roll, a chignon, or fulness of any kind should be arranged low in back or near the neck.

Unless your hair is naturally curly, you will find it almost necessary to have a permanent wave. But please remember that a permanent wave merely changes the structure of your hair into that of naturally curly hair. It does not provide you with a permanent arrangement. That you must provide yourself, either by frequent visits to the hairdresser or by skilful work with your own fingers. Uncared-for waved hair is always ugly.

IF YOU want detailed instructions for the care of every type of hair, write to Ruth Murrin and ask for the February "Powder-Puff." This month it is all about woman's crowning glory. Send a stamped, addressed envelope—a long one, please.

Don't forget that there is a complete booklet on how to be beautiful. It's called "The Primer of Personal Loveliness," price 25 cents. Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N.Y.C.

Hair is definitely long, but when we say that, we are not thinking of thick, sleek braids swinging down your back. Long hair just now means hair that may be any length from half-way down the neck to just escaping the shoulder. If it is longer than that, it is apt to make undesirable bulges in your coiffure. It can not be too thick either, and should be regularly thinned out if you find it difficult to keep the flat, sleek look on top and at the back.

Nice hair is invariably clean hair. Keep your hair fresh-smelling and pleasant to touch and look at, by brushing and by frequent shampoos. You should brush your hair thoroughly at least once a day, to polish it and keep it free from dust. Use a brush with long, flexible, fairly stiff bristles—preferably colorless—and brush until the hair looks lustrous and the scalp glows. When your brush begins to look slightly soiled it is time for you to wash your hair. Once a month or once every two weeks is generally considered often enough to shampoo, but I prefer to look at my brush rather than at my calendar for a reminder.

Another warning that the hair needs washing is the appearance of dandruff. If you suffer from this difficulty, wash your hairpins and the lining of your hat, as well as your brush and comb, every time you have a shampoo.

Oily hair must be washed oftener than dry hair, because dust clings to it, and the excess oil makes it stringy and unmanageable. If the condition is very bad, and the hair becomes excessively oily within two or three days after shampooing, it may be cleansed by dividing it into small strands and polishing each strand with a piece of silk. Instead of the silk, some women use the paper tissues made to remove cleansing cream. Others mop each strand with alcohol and wipe this off quickly with a linen towel. For a permanent cure for over-oiliness look to your health. Pretty hair and sound health generally go together.

Dry hair will be more soft and lustrous if an oily tonic, an ointment, or a little almond oil is rubbed into the scalp after shampooing. This type of hair especially needs a daily massage for five or ten minutes, and twice a day should be brushed until it is smooth and glossy. A little brilliantine is helpful, too.

Hair that is clean and well-cared for has a nice, fresh odor, but if you like a slight fragrance I suggest that you try the new hair lotion which one of the famous perfume houses has just brought out. It comes in half a dozen lovely scents of just the right strength.

Approved for baby

by thousands of doctors

THE prescription of Gerber's Strained Vegetables for the daily vegetable supplement to baby's milk diet means more than a matter of convenience to the thousands of physicians who are recommending Gerber feedings today. Scientifically prepared—steam pressure cooked—steam sterilized, the Gerber Products have advanced higher standards of wholesomeness in this important and difficult part of baby's diet. Vitamin A—Vitamin B—Vitamin C—and rich mineral salt values partially lost in open vessel cooking in the home are conserved to the maximum degree. The choice vegetables used are cooked, strained, and sealed while still crispy fresh from the Michigan gardens in which they are grown.

Add Salt—Warm—and Serve

Add salt to suit baby's taste—or season as the doctor prescribes—and Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup, or any of the Strained Vegetables are ready-to-serve wherever baby or mother may be. The saving of hours of time and effort for mothers becomes still more important when one regards the convenient regularity assured in following the most difficult daily feeding schedule. Time previously spent in the kitchen can now be spent with baby outdoors. Mothers who have not yet used the Gerber Products will also find that baby welcomes their smooth even texture with less resistance than is frequently such a disappointing trial at feeding time.

Send for Assortment

If you have not yet used the Gerber Products, ask your doctor about them today. We will gladly send him samples if requested. Leading grocers most everywhere now carry the full line. If your own grocer can not yet supply you—send us the coupon below with $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid. *In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.*

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Dept. GH-10—Enclosed find money or stamps for Complete Assortment, or for the Gerber Products checked.

$1.00 Complete Assortment — 15c Strained Vegetable Soup

15c Strained Spinach — 15c Strained Carrots — 15c Strained Prunes — 15c Strained Peas — 15c Strained Tomato — 15c Strained Green Beans

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Choosing a Real-Estate Bond

By Ruth Boyle

ONE of the readers of this page recently wrote: "Will you help me choose three or four real estate bonds? I want the best of the many that are offered me, and I do not know what standards to apply in judging them."

Real estate mortgages make up about half of the investments of life insurance companies and a large part of the investments of savings banks, and for regularity of interest and safety of principal their record compares favorably with other types of loans. A real estate mortgage bond is merely a large mortgage divided up into convenient denominations—$100, $200, $500, $1000. The original mortgage for the entire sum is deposited with a trustee who holds it for the bond owners. The great advantage of these bonds is that they pay from one to two percent more than railroad, public utility, or industrial bonds of equal safety. The great disadvantage is that they are not readily marketable and consequently are not generally accepted as collateral by the banks. Some of the larger real estate bond banking houses will, when money conditions are favorable, buy back their own bonds and thus furnish a limited market. The new real estate securities exchange in New York may in time create a market for all types of real estate securities. But until there is a broader market, these bonds are especially adapted only to investors who expect to hold them until maturity.

Now, if you are purchasing such a bond, you must bear in mind that a million-dollar mortgage must be judged by the same fundamental standards as a mortgage for a few thousands on a small property. To be a good, conservative purchase, it should be a first mortgage. Sometimes bonds contain the word "first" in the title when they are not true first mortgage bonds—for example, "first leasehold sinking fund gold 6½s." Leasehold bonds really amount to a second mortgage on the property which is leased, because the person who grants the lease has the first lien. The rent which must be paid to him is similar to the interest on a first mortgage. Consequently, if you really wish safety in your investment, you should make sure that what you own is a bond secured by a first mortgage on property owned in fee.

The mortgage should be for an amount considerably less than the value of the property—as a rule, not more than two-thirds of a conservative appraisal of the value of a city property. The reputation, good judgment, and conservatism of the appraiser are a highly important factor.

The trustee with whom the mortgage is deposited, and who acts chiefly for the bondholders, should not be the issuing company or any concern dependent on it, but should be a disinterested financial institution.

Some kinds of property are considered better risks than others. Long experience has pointed to residential property as more stable and less affected by changing business conditions than are stores, factories, office buildings, hotels, or theaters. This does not, of course, mean that any apartment house is a better risk than any factory.

Each mortgage must be judged on its own merits, and as in any other investment the final test lies, first, upon the soundness of the appraisal upon which the loan is based, and second, upon earnings. Property which produces a stable and certain return is safer than relatively nonproductive structures, such as clubs and churches.

Occasionally, in the description of a real estate mortgage bond, you will find a statement something like this, "These bonds will be eligible for trust funds in this state after the building has been erected." Here is a tip for the conservative investor. As a rule, money is loaned and a bond issue is sold during the construction of large apartment houses, hotels, or office buildings. The costs of the construction are estimated, and the earnings are as yet problematical. The investor has no assurance that the building will not cost more than the estimated sum, nor that the earnings will not fall considerably under the figure the builder has counted on. Until the structure is complete and the workmen paid, mechanics' liens have first claim on the property, coming before even the first mortgage. Consequently it is wise to buy bonds on completed property only.

Sometimes real estate bonds are not secured by a mortgage on a particular piece of property, but are debenture bonds with a lien on the general assets of the company. The assets consist of both mortgages and property. If these have been carefully selected, and if the directors provide a large margin of safety for the bondholders, these deventure bonds may be good investments. On the other hand, if the company is not well-established and the directors are inclined to take speculative chances, the bondholders are taking a corresponding risk. The purchaser of a real estate bond of this class should make careful inquiries into the soundness of the issuing company.

In an effort to minimize the risks of certain real estate bonds, mortgage certificates, and individual mortgages, the payment of the interest and principal is guaranteed. The guaranteeing company should not guarantee mortgages without limit, but should keep a conservative ratio between its capital and its obligations. The aggregate amount of mortgages which can be guaranteed should not be more then twenty times its capital and surplus.

A New Investors' Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

"They?

That looks like *one* bar of soap to me"

OF COURSE it *looks* like one bar of soap. But there's more in Fels-Naptha than meets the eye. Two helpers in a single bar—soap and naptha—the "they" that gives you *extra* help.

Prove it for yourself. Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha. You see soap—good golden soap. Now hold the bar up to your nose. Smell the naptha—*plenty* of it.

Naptha has a wonderful way of coaxing dirt loose from clothes. And the golden soap combined with the naptha does the rest.

With these two safe, active cleaners working together, grime and grease haven't a chance! Out comes the dirt! Your clothes go to the line sweet and clean and sparkling white.

Fels-Naptha is gentle to clothes. It's kind to your hands. And it works well under any conditions. Use washing machine or tub; use hot, lukewarm or cool water; soak or boil the clothes—Fels-Naptha will pitch in and do the same thorough, *extra*-helpful job.

Fels-Naptha is useful between wash days, too. Dishes, windows, woodwork—there isn't a soap-and-water task about the house that can't be done with less work with Fels-Naptha.

That's a big statement. But Fels-Naptha is waiting at your grocer's to back up every word of it. Order a few bars today—or ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Try Fels-Naptha! See how much extra help "*they*" can bring you!

FREE

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

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Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

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Fill in completely—print name and address

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Montreal's most beautiful homes are preserved with BERRYCRAFT Finishes

Proud Montreal turns to Berry Brothers for beautiful finishes. Curwood & Company, Limited, interior decorator to the city's oldest families, has placed complete confidence in Berrycraft Finishes for years. "Berry products always win the highest praise—never a complaint," says the head of this firm. There are Berrycraft materials for every household and industrial finishing use. For floors and woodwork—Liquid Granite, the million-step test varnish. For woodwork, furniture, etc.—Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel. For exterior use—Berrycraft House Paint, a revolutionary new product. Insist upon these long-wearing Berrycraft products that give extra beauty and durability at an actual saving to you.

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HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies

Conducted by

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.

The MILK-FED BABY

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

It is much easier to outline a milk formula now than it was ten years ago. Then we felt that the digestion of a baby should be expected to fit our rather set theories of infant feeding. Now there is more uniformity among pediatricians, and we are more apt humbly to conform to the needs of the individual baby. As each baby is a law unto himself, the food requirements will necessarily differ. But the principles have been so simplified that we can now give you general suggestions which may help you understand the directions of your physician, or be a guide for emergencies when you must depend upon yourself.

When the food agrees with a baby and he is getting a sufficient amount, he is contented, never actively hungry, cries very little and only with cause, sleeps long hours at night, has pasty brownish-yellow stools, does not vomit, and gains in weight. His gain may be more one week and less the next, but he should not *lose* in weight unless there is some definite reason.

Our present suggestions about feeding "bottle" babies are:

1. The amount of milk offered in twenty-four hours should be approximately two ounces for each pound the baby weighs. A 6½ pound baby requires at least 13 ounces of milk. He may need more than this, but probably will not gain on less. If you are accustomed to thinking in calories, an average would be 50 calories daily for each pound. This amount of milk is mixed with boiled water and sugar added. Many physicians advise boiling all milk, even the purest obtainable, given to children under two years of age.

2. The amount of sugar added may be 1/10 of an ounce for each pound the baby weighs. The malt sugars are more laxative, cane and corn sugar less so. Find out how many tablespoonfuls it takes to make an ounce of the special sugar you are using.

3. The total amount of formula given during each day may be approximately three ounces for each pound of body weight. Plain boiled water is usually tried first as a diluent. An easy way to estimate the amount for each feeding is to offer in ounces one and a half to two times the baby's age in months, with three ounces as a minimum and eight ounces as a maximum. When he is taking eight ounces of the mixture or of whole milk, he will be old enough to have cereal, vegetable pastes, prune pulp, apple sauce, crusts of bread, etc., so that he will not be hungry.

4. Every-four-hours feedings are advised, with a long night interval after ten P.M. Remember that no hungry baby will sleep soundly at night.

We offer much stronger formulae now, and a three or four months old baby may be taking two parts milk and one part water and by nine months practically whole milk. When a baby shows that he is not doing well on this simple mixture, the doctor may suggest trying milk to which has been added some form of acid.

"Lactic acid milk" is a common example of this. When this is suggested for your baby, be sure to have explicit directions from your doctor about preparing it. While it takes time and care to make, when it is finished it may be given practically undiluted to babies, up to their appetite capacity, just as one gives breast milk. Babies take as much as they need each time, and as they grow older and stronger they naturally take more.

Dried milk preparations, which need only to be mixed with boiled water, are used in many instances to supplement breast milk or for the "rest" bottle for the breast-fed baby, or added to mixtures to increase the food value. They are also used when there has been difficulty in adjusting to food, in traveling, or where fresh cow's milk is not available.

Evaporated milk can be used in this way, as it is also a sterile food in compact form. In addition, it is often of special value for eczema babies. If you add sufficient boiled water to make either the dried or evaporated milk equivalent to whole milk, the preceding directions may still be followed.

To avoid scurvy symptoms, orange or tomato juice should be given certainly from the second month on. At least one ounce of orange juice for each 16 ounces of milk in the mixture is the rule. Begin with one teaspoonful and work up to the required amount diluting it with boiled water.

We must safeguard bottle-fed babies from infection through milk. The germs of tuberculosis, scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid, and the dysentery group can all be carried in this way. Protection against these dangerous germs is afforded when there is efficient milk supervision by Federal, State, and local Boards of Health and Commissions for certification of milk, either through testing of cattle, removal of known infected animals, care of the milkers, barns, etc., or by pasteurization.

There are also countless germs which may grow in milk after handling with unwashed hands, unclean cooking utensils, or being carried to it by flies, etc., after it has been delivered to your door. Guarding the baby against this form of contamination of milk is your responsibility.

Josephine H. Kenyon

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

NÉE FRANCESCA BRAGGIOTTI • BRIDE OF THE GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS HENRY CABOT LODGE

Mrs. John Davis Lodge

SARGENT might have painted her, a "symphony in black and gold" . . . Mrs. John Davis Lodge, romantically lovely in her Chéruit gown, with starry wide dark eyes, hair golden as Melisande's, skin warmly tinted as a tea-rose.

Bride of the grandson of the famous Henry Cabot Lodge, young Mrs. Lodge makes beauty her artistic credo. "Women should live for loveliness," she says. "The charm of lovely skin is important."

The silken texture and clear fresh coloring of her own flawless skin she attributes to Pond's. "I've used the Two Creams all my life," she says. "That wonderful Cold Cream cleanses deliciously. To remove the cream I've just discovered the immaculate new Cleansing Tissues."

Pond's Skin Freshener is "precious," Mrs. Lodge says, "because both tonic and astringent." And the Vanishing Cream which holds her powder gives her lovely neck and arms "a lustre which is attractive in the evening."

Follow Pond's Method thus:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, marvelously absorbent.

Third—briskly dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

Pond's four famous preparations—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream—for exquisite care of the skin.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

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NO ONE, NOWADAYS, NEED drive a dulled old looking car . . . because Simonizing makes it so easy and economical to keep cars looking new and beautiful for years.

When cars are dulled and discolored, the original beauty of the finish can be restored with Simoniz Kleener. It thoroughly cleans off all stains, traffic scum, and prepares the finish for Simoniz. Then, Simoniz gives that distinctive beauty and protection which makes the finish last longer and keeps colors from fading. And, for months after a car has been Simonized, it is easily kept sparkling and beautiful, for just a cloth wipes off dust and dirt without scratching and washing is seldom necessary. What a saving!

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and after years, your car will be worth more when "traded in."

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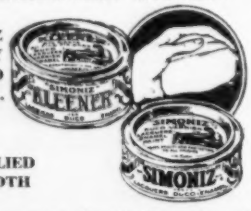

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

Stews in Many Languages

(*Continued from page 81*)

the onion is golden brown. Remove the garlic, add the meat, and brown it. Add the salt and pepper and the green peppers with four cupfuls of boiling water, or enough to cover, *measuring it*. Cover closely and simmer for one hour. Add the potatoes and continue simmering for one hour longer, or until the meat is tender. For each cupful of water added stir in one tablespoonful of flour mixed smoothly with an equal quantity of cold water, stir until it boils and cook fifteen minutes longer. Serves six. If baked in the oven, add half an hour to the cooking period.

Chicken and Mushroom Curry (East Indian)

4 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine; 1 lb. mushrooms; 1 cupful curry sauce; 2 cupfuls cooked chicken; 2 bananas.

Slice the mushrooms and sauté in the fat about five minutes. Stir in the curry sauce; add chicken cut in cubes and mix thoroughly but gently. When well heated place in a serving dish and surround with very ripe bananas cut in lengthwise pieces. Serves six.

Curry Sauce

2 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine; 1 medium onion, chopped; 2 tablespoonfuls flour; 1 tablespoonful curry; 1 cupful milk; ½ tablespoonful lemon juice.

Melt the fat in the top of a double-boiler, add the onion, and cook about two minutes, but do not brown. Add the curry and flour mixed together; stir until smooth. Stir in the milk, cook until thickened, stirring constantly; add lemon juice. Place over boiling water in lower part of double-boiler and let it cook five minutes longer. Then keep hot until served.

Bubble and Squeak (English)

1 lb. round steak cut in 1 inch cubes; 2 cupfuls cubed potatoes; 2 cupfuls sliced onion; 1 No. 1 can (½ pint) mock turtle soup; 2 teaspoonfuls salt; ⅛ teaspoonful pepper; flour to thicken.

Sauté the meat in one tablespoonful fat. Put a layer of sautéd meat in a greased casserole, then a layer of onions and then a layer of potatoes, salting and peppering each, using all of the measured salt and pepper and continuing until the casserole is filled. Over all pour the mock turtle soup and enough cold water to cover. *Measure liquid used.* Cover closely and cook in a slow oven (350°F.) for two hours. For every cupful of liquid used stir in one tablespoonful flour mixed in an equal amount of cold water. Stir gently until it is mixed; cook fifteen minutes longer. A biscuit crust may be put on the casserole after the thickening is added. If this is done, raise the temperature to 450°F. for about fifteen minutes to bake the crust. Serves six.

Rabbit Stew (American)

1 rabbit (3 lbs.); 6 small onions; 1 bayleaf; 1½ cupfuls chopped celery; 1 teaspoonful salt; ⅛ teaspoonful pepper; 2 cupfuls diced carrots; 3 potatoes, cubed; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley; ½ lb. mushrooms; flour to thicken.

Have the rabbit dressed, cleaned, and disjointed for serving. Place in a kettle with the onions, bayleaf, celery, pepper and salt. Cover with cold water, *measuring water added*, and allow to cook slowly two hours. Then add the carrots, potatoes, mushrooms; and simmer until meat and vegetables are tender, about thirty minutes. For each cupful of water used add one tablespoonful of flour mixed smoothly with an equal part of cold water and stir until it boils. Add the parsley and serve. Serves six to eight.

Chop Suey (American Style)

3 cupfuls lean cooked veal or chicken, diced; 1 tablespoonful fat; 4 cupfuls sliced celery; 1 cupful sliced onion; 3 cupfuls bean sprouts; 1 small tomato; 4 tablespoonfuls Chinese Soy Sauce; 1 tablespoonful cornstarch; 1 teaspoonful Chinese Brown Sauce.

Sauté the meat in the fat until brown. Add the celery, onions, and three cupfuls of water. Cook until celery is tender, stirring occasionally. Add diced tomato and bean sprouts and cook for three minutes longer. Mix the cornstarch with the Soy Sauce and Brown Sauce and stir into the Chop Suey. Cook about a minute longer until slightly thickened. Serves six to eight. The bean sprouts, Soy Sauce, and Brown Sauce may all be obtained in canned form.

American Beef Stew with Dumplings

3 lbs. beef from chuck; 2 tablespoonfuls fat; ¼ cupful sliced onions; ½ cupful diced celery; *bouquet garni* (2 sprigs parsley, 2 stalks celery; 1 sprig thyme, 1 leek) 1 onion stuck with 3 cloves, 1 bay leaf; 4 peppercorns; 4 allspice berries; 3 teaspoonfuls salt; ⅛ teaspoonful pepper; 3 tablespoonfuls catsup; 1 teaspoonful kitchen bouquet; 6 cupfuls boiling water; 6 white turnips; 6 medium carrots; flour to thicken.

Melt the fat in the bottom of a kettle. Add the meat which has been cut from the bone and then into one inch cubes and sauté until it is golden brown on all sides. Then add the meat bones, sliced onions, diced celery, *bouquet garni*, and the onion stuck with cloves. Also add the bayleaf, peppercorns, and allspice berries tied in a small bag, the salt, pepper, catsup, kitchen bouquet, and boiling water. Cover closely and simmer gently for one and one-half hours. Then add the turnips and carrots pared and cut into pieces, and continue simmering for one and one-half hours longer or until the meat and vegetables are tender. Replenish with boiling water if necessary, measuring carefully. When done, remove the *bouquet garni*, bones, onion stuck with cloves, and the bag of spices. For every cupful of water used stir in one tablespoonful of flour mixed smoothly with an equal quantity of cold water. Stir until it boils. Simmer five minutes longer and add the dumplings. Serves eight.

Dumplings for Stew

3 cupfuls flour; 1 cupful milk or water; 6 tablespoonfuls shortening; 6 teaspoonfuls baking powder; 1½ teaspoonfuls salt.

Sift dry ingredients together and cut in the shortening. Add liquid to make a soft dough or a stiff drop batter. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling stew. Care should be taken to drop each one on a piece of meat or vegetable so that it may not be immersed in the liquid. Cover closely and *boil for twelve minutes, without removing the cover*. Serve at once. Makes six large or eight smaller dumplings. Dumplings may be served with any stew.

Stewed Chicken a l'Espagnol

1-5 lb. chicken; 7 medium onions; 1-10 oz. bottle of green olives, stoned and minced; 1 green pepper; cold water to cover; ¼ cupful butter or margarine; 1 No. 2 can tomatoes (2 cupfuls); 1 No. 2 can peas; 1 No. 2 can mushrooms; 2 teaspoonfuls salt; 1 teaspoonful sugar; flour to thicken.

Prepare and cut the chicken as for a fricassée. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Brown it lightly in the fat, remove it, and add the sliced onions, tomatoes, olives, sugar and the pepper. Simmer for ten minutes, then add the chicken and the liquid from the cans of peas and mushrooms with enough cold water to cover, *measuring all liquids*. Cover and simmer for about one and one-half hours or until the chicken is tender. Add the drained peas and mushrooms, and for every cupful of liquid stir in 1 tablespoonful of flour mixed smoothly with cold water. Stir until it boils. Simmer for fifteen minutes longer, pour into a deep dish and garnish with toast points. This stew may be cooked in the oven at 350°F. for two hours. Serves from six to eight.

In some of our recipes we speak of various sizes of cans. No. 1, 2, and 3. Number 1 cans contain about one-half pint or one standard cupful; Number 2 cans, one pint or two cupfuls; and Number 3 cans have a capacity of one quart. We seldom use larger cans in the home.

The poem, "The Stew," is used by courtesy of the New York Herald-Tribune.

JUDGE BRASHEAR'S *floors are not old-fashioned*

Two views in the home of Judge S. H. Brashear, Houston, Texas, typical of hundreds all over the country that have discarded old-fashioned ideas about floors. A Marble Inlaid Design with black border was chosen for these rooms. See this floor and many others now showing at local stores.

WITH all the fashionable effects now offered in Armstrong's Linoleum, why are so many of us still old-fashioned about floors? Maybe we aren't aware of the fact that we can buy new Armstrong Floors as easily as we buy new draperies. Perhaps we haven't been told that our new Armstrong Floor can be installed right over our old floor—laid in less than a day's time—a custom-tailored job at that, when cemented in place over linoleum lining felt.

And have we really considered some of the modern good-housekeeping virtues of Armstrong's Linoleum? It's in fact a labor-saving floor, made stain-proof and spot-proof by the new Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing cleans and keeps this surface shining. Where floors need frequent washing, merely restore the satiny sheen by a quick brushing with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not apply lacquer over wax.)

Still half decided? Then please see the latest Armstrong Floor creations now showing at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores. And let us send you *"New Ideas in Home Decoration,"* by Hazel Dell Brown—a whole bookful of colorful rooms that will reveal how well Armstrong Floors will look in your own home. Enclose 10 cents to cover mailing. (Canada 20 cents.)

Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 926 Nevin St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's (A) *Product*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

Garments that touch Your Skin need Borax

DELICATE, intimate things—they must have a special cleanliness and purity that soap alone can never give. They need BORAX, too. BORAX purifies (antiseptically) and at the same time removes the faintest trace of body odor. Yet it never harms the sheerest fabric or fades the most delicate color. You need 20 Mule Team BORAX to keep your dainty underthings clean and fresh and "sweet."

Safeguard His Lordship's bottle

this scientific way. Wash out carefully with soap *and* BORAX. Rinse and put in a tablespoon of BORAX. Fill with water. Shake to dissolve. Let stand till morning. Then rinse again with clean water. *Boiling the bottles each day is unnecessary now, for BORAX is antiseptic.* Ask your doctor about this *safe,* modern method.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 417
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name .....

Address .....

A Valentine Party

By Elaine

THIS is the season of the year when all true hearts celebrate the birthday of St. Valentine, the patron saint of lovers, with a party. The invitations for a Valentine Party may be written as follows:

For a card party:

Lucky at cards, unlucky in love,
But don't be in the dumps;
For on this day St. Valentine
Makes hearts the only trumps.

Bridge
Time Place

For a party or dance:

There's only one day in the year
When hearts are always trumps, my dear
So come and bring your fluttering heart—
'Tis certain prey for Cupid's dart.

Time Place

For an announcement party bake two heart-shaped cakes, one larger than the other, for a centerpiece. Cover with pink icing and lay the smaller on top. Pin together with a gold arrow. Place a doll dressed as Cupid against the arrow. Ribbons on which are strung tiny hearts are tied to the shaft of the arrow and lead to the places. Two hearts are tied together for a placecard. Inside is written:

When two souls have a single thought
And two hearts beat as one,
All is over but the wedding—
The fatal work is done.

John's and *Helen's* single thought
Got them into trouble;
Instead of staying single
They're going to try it double.

A treasure hunt is always interesting. For a Valentine Party it should be called a "Heart Searching Game." Slips are handed to every one with the following verses written on them:

1.
My heart is lost, and he who finds it
Keeps it for his own;
So seek and find a group of three,
A clue there will be shown.
(Nest of ash-trays or tables)

2.
He says no word, but looks at us
While we all search around;
But tucked away behind his back
A clue there will be found.
(Behind a portrait)

3.
While kindly arms with soft embrace
Enfold you round—look in that space.
(Armchair or sofa)

4.
May fortune fair your fate defend,
For dust and ashes is your end.
(Smoking stand or fireplace)

5.
Beneath a corner of the weaver's art
A clue you'll find to my lost heart.
(Underneath a rug)

6.
You're coming now to the end of the revel,
And you must seek a higher level;
A pointing hand leads you above
To where you'll find the treasure trove.
(A glove with the index finger pointing toward the pillows lies on a bed.
The treasure—candy, or a small gift—is in a heart-shaped box beneath the pillows.)

Partners for games, cards, or dancing may be found in the following ways: *Hands:* Let the girls stand behind a screen and hold one hand above it. The men select the hand they prefer. Be sure all identifying jewelry is removed. *Broken Hearts:* Tear red cardboard hearts in two, giving one set to the girls and the other to the men to match up. *Hearts and Keys:* Using as many shapes as possible, cut out cardboard keys. Outline one on each red paper heart. The men are given the keys and the girls the hearts to match up.

Our Personal Service

Suppose you knew a woman whom you thought of as neither young nor old, but as wise and charming; one who always met life quietly, with the poise gained through surmounting the ups and downs of prosperity and adversity; her own children, boys and girls, were grown —some of them married, with children. If you had a problem, you would take it to her, sure of sympathy, understanding, and wise counsel in a grave matter, and the right answer in a trifling one.

Such a woman is our Personal Service Editor. Write her, and she will consider your problems and treat them as seriously as if they were her own.

For Entertainment Folios and prices see page 243

KEEP YOUR SKIN FINE IN TEXTURE—DON'T LET ITS PORES GET COARSE!

Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. Begin, today, to make this new skin fine, smooth, flawless . . .

A LOVELY, smooth, fine-textured skin—you can have it, keep it all your life, with the right care!

If the texture of your skin seems to be growing coarser—the pores enlarged—begin, today, to change this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This daily rebuilding of your skin is your opportunity. With the right care, you can make the new skin what you want it to be!

You can help to overcome conspicuous pores by using, every night, the famous Woodbury treatment for *fine texture*—a treatment worked out by a famous skin specialist.

● DIP YOUR WASH CLOTH in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now, take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water and run the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the face feels drawn and dry. Rinse thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft face towel.

You can feel this soap shrinking the pores—cleaning deeply—the first time you use it

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more stimulating and vitalizing treatment than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath deliciously smooth and invigorated.

Use the treatment persistently and see how exquisitely fine and smooth it will help to make the texture.

This is only one of the Woodbury treatments—the most famous skin treatments in the world—with which literally millions of women have built up a smooth, clear, flawless skin. Begin using Woodbury's today and learn what this wonderful soap will do for *your* skin—how brilliantly fresh and smooth it will keep it; how free from any kind of skin defect. 25 cents a cake at any drug store or toilet-goods counter. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

● Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2903 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. ★

For the enclosed 10¢ — please send me large-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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In using advertisements see page 6

A picnic for midwinter appetites

WHAT a treat asparagus offers! Delicacy—flavor—all the freshness of springtime gardens.

In dainty salads, or with melted butter or cheese—no matter how you serve it, California Canned Asparagus provides just the picnic touch that mid-winter appetites long for.

No waste, no trimming, and you get the finest stalks and tips—selected by specialists—packed under ideal conditions.

You'll want asparagus often, especially this month and next. Its healthful variety and freshness will give any meal new zest.

Asparagus—Louis Dressing—Drain California Canned Asparagus and arrange on lettuce. For dressing—Shake in small jar 6 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons mild vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika. Add ¼ cup tomato catsup, ½ teaspoon each grated onion and Worcestershire. For free recipe book, address Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 365, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.

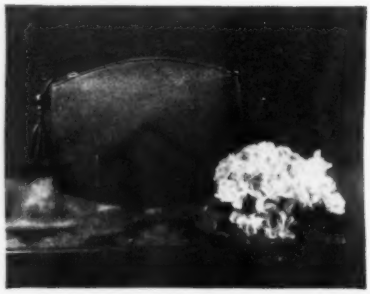
CALIFORNIA CANNED ★ *Asparagus*

Let Us Buy For You In The New York Shops

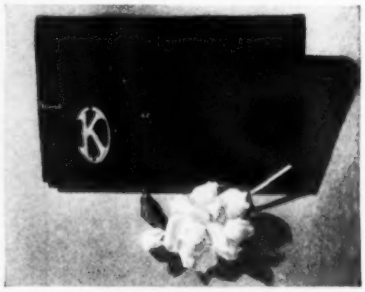
Send 25c. for Bride's Folio

Hand-embroidery and appliqué trim this pretty handkerchief linen frock, (1st fig.); copen, orchid, or maize with white, or all white; 36 to 46; $5.95. Printed piqué is the second dress with soft collar and cuffs of white; adjustable belt; green or blue on white ground; 36 to 46; $3.25

Particularly smart is the corded cotton print, (1st fig.); tab collar and plaited godets in skirt; red or blue with yellow on white; 16 to 46; $5. Long sleeves make the printed piqué frock (2nd fig.) appropriate for the street or the house; belt ties in back; blue or black on white; 36, 46; $3.25



This fitted morocco leather bag, above, with chain fastener, is as smart as it is practical; in brown, black, navy, tan or green; 8" long; $2.95. Lovely, natural violet boutonnière; 55c



Order your own initial in metal for this smart leather envelope purse; nicely lined; with change purse and mirror; black, brown, green, navy, tan; 9"x6"; $2.95. White gardenia; 55c

New is the two-tone, silk, braided elastic belt with metal buckle; green, blue, red, brown; 34 to 44; $1.95. Long, washable, doeskin, pull-on gloves; 5¼ to 7½; natural, white or tan; $2.95

HOW TO ORDER

Just send your check or money-order to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, New York

New accessories; plaited silk scarf; tones of blue, green, or tan-brown-and-orange; 47"; $1.95; fabric gloves; gray, beige; 5½ to 7½; $1; diced leather bag; navy, black, brown; fitted; 9½"x 6"; $2.95

Spoonfuls of Summer Sun . . .

for winter's cold, dark days

Sun-filled hours on bright, warm beaches . . . eager little bodies tanned a glorious brown . . . these are precious hours of health which, happily, can be carried over to the cold, dark days of winter by golden spoonfuls of vitamin-rich cod-liver oil.

Like clear summer sunshine, good cod-liver oil promotes the normal development of strong bones and sound teeth in growing children. And it is a recognized fact that cod-liver oil increases their resistance to disease—helps keep them free from winter colds and other illnesses.

Grown-ups, too, often find it beneficial to take cod-liver oil regularly throughout the winter months.

What makes it such a valuable winter safeguard? Here's the answer: Cod-liver oil is the greatest natural source of two important vitamins—Vitamin A, which builds resistance and promotes growth, and Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin, which prevents rickets.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is beautifully clear, highly refined, fresh and pure. It may surprise you to find how easy it is to take—also how readily your children will take it.

Ask for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. Your druggist has it in two sizes—4-oz. and 16-oz. bottles.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

STANDARDIZED ★

Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil

In using advertisements see page 6

will you welcome

such Perfect Skin such glowing Youth

Then regain and never lose that *vital health* which clears your skin and keeps you young. Miss F. M. of New York, whose picture you see above, has found that nothing keeps her fit like 3 delicious C-Y Chocolate Yeast cakes everyday.

Good to Eat
Keeps Fresh

C-Y Chocolate Yeast is a delicious blend of chocolate and live active yeast. It keeps fresh and stays active. Send 10c for Health booklet and 2 cakes of C-Y Chocolate Yeast to:

C-Y CHOCOLATE YEAST CO., Inc.
101 West 31st Street
New York, N. Y.

5¢
A CAKE

Tested and Approved by the ★4308 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Eat 3 a Day

Buy the Package of 10

50¢

The Kramer Girls

(*Continued from page 65*)

they waited for the train, and Jane had talked coolly and frivolously about nothing that mattered. Jane had known that this was coming, too.

Jane did not even suggest that Rose come to New York. She took it for granted that Rose would stay in Chicago. New York terrified Rose, it seemed so far off, so eastern and alien. She had lost Jane, now that Jane was going to New York. She recognized in Jane that cold audacity with which she could not cope, and saw now clearly and painfully the action of that thing she had always felt and feared in Jane—the power to leave her out, to leave any one out, when Jane herself wanted a thing. The letter seemed completely cold. Every sentence of it hurt Rose, because—almost savagely—it took no account of her at all. It was all in scorn of Chicago. It did not seem to remember in the least all the new delights—the music and the pictures and the cold, whipped blue of the lake—that she and Jane had shared and rejoiced in. And Rose could not help knowing that this was intentional. She was feeling now, for herself, the whip of that cold cruelty that she had always sensed in Jane, but that had never been turned against her.

AND yet the worst of all was that neither of them was to blame, neither she nor Jane. It was the slow, irresistible, brutally careless working out of life that was sending each to her separate destiny. Rose had felt the thing herself. Her resentment against Jane had been her own painful, stubborn effort to free herself—because, although she loved Jane so terribly, something else was forcing her. Her letters had been no more frank than Jane's. Instinctively she had said nothing about the very thing that meant the most to her—sinking into the life of home again, renewing all its ties and remembrances. Those almost religiously happy hours in the open air she had kept hidden away in her own heart, fearing the blight of Jane's scorn and lack of comprehension. She had never written Jane a word about Archie Carpenter—and now it seemed to her that she had been with him most of the summer. So hadn't she been just as treacherous?

No—because Rose knew that it was she who would suffer from the wrenching apart, and not Jane. Jane had feeling, but it was a different kind—a passionate feeling, not devotion or tenderness. And Jane had the terrible strength of her coldness. It was she who had flung Rose off. She had none of the compunctions of deep affection grown into the heart and the life. She had loved Rose, but now that they were to be together no longer, her love had turned to cold impatience. Rose could see her going on, bold and adventurous in spite of her strange shyness—and it was Rose who was left behind, for whom there were months of suffering ahead.

But she could not live through the torture of lonely suffering. Now she knew that she would not go back to Chicago. Besides, what Jane could give her—what any friend could give—was no longer enough. Terror filled her. She had a shaken remembrance of that old dream of falling through the air, letting go the branches . . . and there was another feeling (she did not know whether she had once actually dreamed that or not) of lying huddled, helpless, cast away in a great, dark waste of country. . . .

Her heart beat heavily, and she struggled up from bed. There had always been something fatalistic in Rose's nature. She felt it now—now that it was happening, as she had always known it would. It was as if Jane had pushed her off and her hands were loosening on the branches. She could almost feel torn leaves in her hands as she fell down, down, through the darkened air. Now she could not help herself—and she did not want to help herself.

THE ROAD looked different on this cloudy afternoon. The sky hung low over it, soft, brooding, dark, portentous, and made the whole landscape larger—the level, lush fields, the motionless oak trees, the cattle moving slowly through the darkened air.

Archie kept glancing at Rose. She sat with her face slightly averted, her hands clasped in her lap, her brown eyes fixed on the road ahead. When he looked at her, she tried to smile. Once or twice he was half afraid that she was crying.

"Cheer up, Rose," he told her. "The worst is yet to come."

The ancient witticism brought no response. Archie felt guilty. He searched his mind for just what could be the matter, hitting, with masculine good-will and clumsiness, on the wrong things.

"We don't have to go to the justice, Rose. We can get a minister if you'd rather. I don't know, I think maybe we'd better anyway. There's something kind of funny about being married in the courthouse. I don't know, I don't really like it myself. I can hunt up a minister. Shall I? Guess I'd better."

Rose shook her head. But then she said after a moment, "Well, all right."

She tried to smile. But still she could not talk through the dark oppression that hung over her and made her chest and throat ache. She had hurried this thing along with a kind of desperate fatality. Last night she had twisted and tossed in a fever. It had seemed to her that marriage with Archie was a refuge. Then everything would be settled. She would have given in to life—to her nature, to her fate. After that, there could be no going back. But she felt as if they were driving straight into that cloudy sky at the end of the road.

Archie said with a rueful drollery, "You aren't going back on me, are you, Rose?"

He tried to get a glimpse of her face.

She shook her head, smiled as well as she could, let him press her hand in his taken for a moment from the wheel. Even Archie's hand was considerate, gentle, and kind. After a moment Rose's fingers pressed it gratefully. That made Archie feel better. But still he wanted to reassure her.

"I know you feel bad, honey, because you think we oughtn't to do this when your mother's so sick. Isn't that the trouble?"

She let him think so, as she stared ahead with aching eyes.

"But that's just one of these things that can't be helped, honey. We aren't responsible for them. It wouldn't help your folks a bit to have us put this off. And I don't know, I'd like to feel I had the right to look after you if anything happened. Now you'll have me back of you. Isn't that right?"

HE PUT his arm around her for a moment—then hastily righted the car as it swung toward the ditch. They drove along smoothly and swiftly for a little while.

"You hate the way we're doing this, don't you, Rose? Would you rather have told the girls?"

"No," Rose said huskily.

If she had spoken to Georgie, she might never have had the recklessness to do this. And she had to do it—she must—it must be settled for ever and ever. She couldn't stand this being torn in two any longer.

Archie was so dear, but he hadn't the least understanding in the world of all that troubled her. It seemed to Rose that she could not connect her two lives—this life to which Archie belonged, and her other life with Jane. They had nothing to do with each other. She must be given to one kind or the other. Archie knew only half of her. Did she really love Archie? With half of herself? The other half was quite apart, different, lonely.

In remorse she leaned against him, her cheek against his arm. He represented all that was

The Kramer Girls

best and dearest to her in the old life, the life of home.

Instantly he responded. Reassured, a gayety came over him. He began to talk about what they would do.

"And then I'll go back to The Rapids. Try to get the contract for those new houses out in the Addition. Pretty soon you'll be coming along, and then we'll have to find somewhere to live." He pressed her shoulder. "I'll get you a brand-new house, honey. We'll start out brand-new."

Elated, he touched her soft cheek with his.

"Look out for the car, Archie!"

"Don't you worry."

Then, in remorse and wonder, he thought of all she was forsaking to marry him. He hugged her more closely. He murmured whimsically,

"Gee, I didn't know I was going to get the very nicest girl in town!"

He hadn't really believed that she would be willing to marry him. He could be perfectly happy if only he were sure that Rose was happy. Ashamed, she laid her cheek against his arm once more. Then she drew away. They were coming into Warrington. The town lay ahead of them in a dark cluster of trees under the cloudy, blue-gray sky. Rose felt a struggling sense of panic. In a moment the trees, the little streets, would enclose her. It would keep her life fixed and settled, and there would be nothing she could do for herself.

Then they entered the town. They drove smoothly along the pavement between the neat rows of houses where the air was heavier, closer, under leafy trees, than in the large stillness of the open country. Ahead of them, above the tree-tops, shone the pale clock face in the courthouse tower. A fatalistic calm had settled over Rose. She sat quietly.

"Well," Archie said, "I guess that's where we stop first."

She got out of the car with him. The ground was strange and firm under her feet after the long drive. Her knees felt shaky. The heavy door of the courthouse swung slowly back after them. Their footsteps echoed on the empty stairs. They were one of those couples from a little town or from the country, coming to the county seat for their license—she and Archie! But Archie and the clerk were acting just as if it was all real.

As they went downstairs, Archie murmured, "You'd rather we'd go to a minister's, wouldn't you, Rose?"

She assented in her dream. She heard as if from a distance what he was saying to her.

She was failing Georgie in some dim, momentous way. She would have to face Georgie's terrible disappointment when she told her that she had married Archie Carpenter. But there was no help for it.

THE little ceremony was so easy and friendly after that dark, portentous drive through the great landscape. The air was soft and dim in the church; Rose could see the leafy branches of trees above the lowered tops of the colored windows. The two witnesses sat together, and Archie looked friendly and intimate as he stood with Rose near the pulpit, facing the minister. Who would ever have thought of getting married like this! But Rose could not help responding to something solemn in the words.

"Dearly beloved," the minister began . . .

It was all over, and she had not known that she would feel like this. The sound of the congratulations was still in their ears as Rose and Archie drove out of Warrington. But now the country all seemed different. There was a lovely quiet over the fields and a soft smell of dampness in the air. Rose's heart seemed happy and still. She was glad now that no one but she and Archie knew of their wedding. It was a secret and a bond between them. But she was eager to tell Annie—she could imagine Annie's excitement and surprise. Georgie . . .

When they reached a patch of trees along the road, Archie drew up at the side and stopped the car for a moment. He put his arms around Rose, and the sound of the throbbing engine was the sound of their beating hearts.

CHAPTER II

THE long asphalt road, paved all the way from Warrington to The Rapids, was a whitish-gray ribbon laid curving over great swells and dips of open country and going on level and narrow and hard between fields where now the farmers were plowing grayish earth to moist, fresh black—farms, and little towns, creeks cold and clear, green grass in the low places standing in water still and bright—and all under a sky of huge and singing April blue, upon which great mounds of white clouds were thickly painted.

Through the outskirts then—street after seemingly nameless street, where a sprinkling of older, dingy, and narrow houses held back and belied the newness of brightly painted bungalows—all so insignificant, so far from the center of things, so lost in the wide blueness and brightness of the April morning; yet each little street with its own oil station and its own grocery, and each little house a separate home where babies slept in their buggies on the sunny front walk and little children shouted "Hi!" to the speeding cars.

One of these bungalows was so new that it smelled of paint and tinted plaster. The small front yard, neatly bisected by the new cement walk, was still of cold and flat black earth. But out in the back yard one medium-sized elm was left from the earlier and more casually settled days of this section of the town; and its buds were delicate green on its rough, unpruned branches. Out here, there was a different, more home-like feeling. Two squares of black, moist garden had been spaded up on each side of the walk that led to the garage, and long, whitish strings marked the straight length of the front rows of planting.

This was the place where Rose and Archie were living. It was one of the houses that Archie had built. When they could get a good price for it, they would sell it. Rose was sitting out on the back steps. She had a catalogue lying face down, packages of seeds with shiny pictures of resplendent flowers, and a little trowel gritty with cold, damp earth.

She was humming—the secretly exultant hum of inward concentration and outward abstraction: the kind that bees make when the honey flow is just past the first excited beginning, when fields of flowers lie before them almost stealthy in their fragrance, but the heat and heavy work of the harvest is not yet upon them. Her hand, reddened from the spring chill that mingled with the sunshine, lay idly on the open, smooth page of the catalogue. Her face was fresher, both younger and more mature, than when she had come back from Chicago last summer. She had never known that happiness would be actual like this. Other women were out working in the gardens of the little houses all about. But Rose didn't want to know them yet. It was enough to live here with Archie.

After awhile she knelt on the walk and scooped into the black earth with her trowel, turning up wet, buried stones and a little worm. She patted down the earth over the seeds, and her hands were cold from the April soil, with gritty finger-nails. She was whistling softly all the time. She knew that they might leave this house during the summer. But she couldn't subdue the happy exuberance of her plans for her gardening and her housekeeping. The future could take care of itself.

A shrill whistle. Time for the mailman. Rose got up, her limbs aching and yet feeling supple, not really wanting this interruption, although she pretended even to herself that

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The Kramer Girls

she did. She liked to get the letters from Archie's mother — quaint, little, ungrammatical letters, written in a slanting, wavering hand and telling all about the weather and the yard and the chickens. But, although she would have been ashamed to think it, she really dreaded a letter from the girls.

AND there was one in the shiny, black mailbox—but from Annie. Guiltily, she knew that she minded that less than one from Georgie. The girls were unsettled; they were having troubles. She ought to be sympathetic, but she was still rapt in the selfishness of her own happiness. Besides, Georgie's letters were stilted and strange. They hurt Rose. Georgie didn't understand how Rose could have married Archie and for almost a month kept it from all of them. She didn't understand how Rose could have married Archie Carpenter anyway—Rose, with her chances, and her position, and her good mind. Rose was always aware of Georgie's disappointment which Georgie grimly now, since the first outburst, suppressed.

The girls were free, Mamma was dead. But Rose had never yet succeeded in getting them to visit her in the Rapids. Georgie couldn't bring herself to countenance the marriage to that extent; and Annie, although now quite reconciled and eagerly interested when she was with Rose, was too much under Georgie's influence to come without her. Rose and Archie went to Valley Junction. Rose, in the overflowing charity of her happiness, couldn't hold anything against the girls; and Archie, instead of being disgruntled at Georgie's attitude as most men would have been, was kindly and commiserating.

"Oh, she'll come round," he said. "I can see how she thinks we played her kind of a dirty trick. We just won't let on we see. Whenever she's ready, she can come."

In fact, it was Archie who had cajoled Rose at the first and taken the girls' side. Rose was angry because she knew that Georgie didn't think Archie was good enough for her.

"Well, I'm not. I don't see, either, how I happened to be lucky enough to get a kid like you. Georgie's all right. I'm not going to quarrel with her."

The first few sentences of the letter were a little stiff. But after that, the words flowed happily and confidingly on and on. All the news of the neighborhood in Annie's round hand—deaths, births, suppers, socials. Then she began to get confiding about Georgie. When Rose was small, the two older sisters had always seemed to her almost as one. But now that Rose was grown and married, Annie began to talk about Georgie to her.

"WELL at home things go pretty much as usual. I cleaned the house last week. I think papa lost some money on a sale, but he doesn't say. I don't know about Georgie. She acts very restless and talks about wanting to get out of here, and there is nothing doing in Valley J. How can anybody start a business here. We have about all we can do besides the house, baking cakes, etc. But Georgie seems not to be contented. You know she always did have big ideas. Now lately she has kind of got it into her head she can study chiropractic and be a doctor, and I think if she had the money she might go and take that course. She is pretty hard to get along with sometimes but then Georgie always did have these big ideas about things. And lately she is more so than ever. So I don't know how it will come out."

Annie's tongue was loyal. Talking to Rose, she would never have given away Georgie's plans or her own feelings. But on paper the words just bubbled and bubbled at their own sweet will, and the secret thoughts were as clear as a little, shallow pool.

Study chiropractic! *Georgie.* Why, it made Rose indignant to think of either of the girls leaving the house. The thought of Georgie's unhappiness rasped her and put a chill over her contentment, just as when one of those white clouds passed for a moment across the April sun. And she felt lonely for some reason. There was no one to whom she could tell her happiness. Not to Annie, because it didn't seem fair to Georgie. Not to Jane, because she had to write very stiffly and impersonally to Jane, knowing that Jane thought such a marriage as this the end of all things. Not to Vivian, or any of the girls at home, because they too thought she should have done better than to come home and marry Archie Carpenter. She felt a shyness with Archie's mother. There had always been her old Georgie, the support, the final sure reliance—and now, where she should have felt certainty, there was only a soreness.

But she couldn't stop to think of how the girls were getting on at home. . . . of how the old house was, strangely lonely and uncentered now that mamma was gone, in spite of the fact that she had had so little to do with it while she was there. Rose was absorbed in the rhythm of her own joy. Now it was time to go into the house and straighten the living-room. Then would come her solitary little lunch, when she had just what she liked, a sandwich and milk and an apple and a big rich chocolate, a chapter in her library book to read leisurely as she ate. A rest on the soft, upholstered davenport. Then little things to do—and then she must be thinking of Archie's dinner.

So the lovely day passed with a sort of ritual, from event to event. The spring sunshine brightened it all. The household happiness grew, deepened, and expanded. Over and over in Rose's mind a line from one of the poems in Jane's book repeated itself. She whispered it to herself with glowing eyes,

"Rich in the simple worship of a day."

But that was something Jane herself didn't understand! That did not hurt Rose now. She saw it smilingly from a distance. What was her straining adoration of Jane compared to Archie's arms around her? Her lips smiled in secret, complacent wisdom. But, again, as she cleared away her frugal luncheon dishes, she softly repeated the line. She could feel it in the sunshine and hear it in the chittering of birds outside the house.

"Rich in the simple worship of a day."

She felt so much older than Jane. Jane loved poetry just as poetry—a sort of beautiful accomplishment—art. But Rose, unconscious of such a standard, picked out from Jane's books verses and lines that she loved only because she *knew* them; they meant something to her.

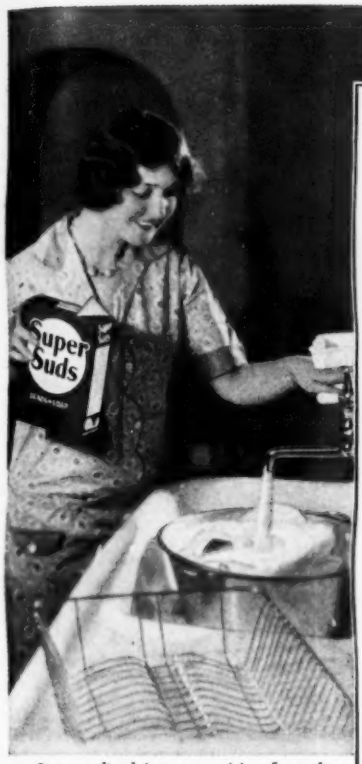
"Rich in the simple worship of a day."

For the first time her life was really her own—except that she had given it to Archie, and that was better than having it herself. In a way she did not want the girls to come. It was as if they had deceived her, kept her away from this. She had to break the old childish tie. She felt oh! so much more experienced than they were, and she regarded the girls with pity from the secure vantage ground of her matronhood.

Outside, the endless stream of cars sped and sped past the little house that told nothing, its curtains veiling its bright windows; that was so much like all the others no one bothered to look at it.

GEORGIE had said to Annie: "I'm going to see how the kid's really fixed. I don't care whether she wants us to come or not."

Now her heart sank, as she got off the street car at nearly the end of the line and saw that little house standing raw and lonely in the bleak lot swept by the November wind. To think of Rose—the kid—living here! It made Georgie enraged against Archie—to marry Rose, to take her away from a fine job, and then to bring her to this! But Rose had let



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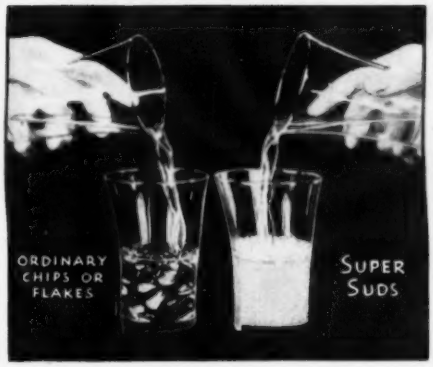

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The Kramer Girls

herself in for it. Georgie never quite forgot that, although she had long been reconciled to Rose and even, after a fashion, to Archie.

On the porch was evidence of the first cause of the reconciliation—Kramer's old kiddy-car stopped at a sort of dislocated angle. Of course, long before the arrival of Kramer, Georgie had secretly been longing for a chance to make it up with Rose.

But this porch! It was still unfinished; and now, without paint, the floor was getting soft and warped. Now they could never sell this house, and the kid might be stuck here forever. Worse than that was the disheveled clutter which Georgie eyed with disfavor—a litter of dirt and pebbles the children had left, some old rubbers. It was so unlike Rose to leave things in such a mess, right on the front porch. It told all too much about conditions in the Archie Carpenter household. They had never even put in a bell. Georgie thought, Well, probably few enough people came out here. Poor old Rose!

SHE knocked until her knuckles hurt. And then she waited. Boo! It was twice as cold out here as in town.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!"

"Hello, kid, how are you?"

Georgie's greeting was hearty. She gave Rose a good smack on the cheek with her cold, rough lips.

"Aren't you going to ask your old *schwester* to come in?"

"I should say I am."

But it embarrassed her to have Georgie come. Oh, well, poor kid! It was really a shame to catch her like this. But Georgie wanted to know how things were. She looked determined.

"I was in the kitchen," Rose explained. "We haven't lighted the furnace fire yet, and so I've just been—"

"Kitchen's good enough for me."

But the truth of it was, Georgie thought shrewdly, they hadn't been able to get in that furnace yet. Evidently the house hadn't progressed a bit since she had last seen it. No, is was deteriorating.

"Hm! This fire feels good."

"Yes, it's so nice in here, and I have to spend most of the time in here anyway."

"*Here's* Georgie's old girl!"

Little Marjorie Jane was sitting on the linoleum near the stove. Georgie caught her up and kissed her heartily. But the little thing cried and drew away, and held out her hands piteously to Rose.

"What! Have you forgotten your old aunt? Where's the other one? I bet he hasn't forgotten Aunt Georgie!"

The child's withdrawal nettled Georgie, even though she recognized ruefully that it was because Marjorie Jane had seen so little of her. But it was more than that. It was as if the baby shared that mysterious instinct of animals and knew that Georgie had resented her being born. It was baffling, just as Annie's cat used to sense that Georgie, no matter what her protestations of tolerance, didn't really like to have him around, and snarled when she gave him a propitiatory pat. Well, Rose had been ill—and Georgie remembered old family history and was fearful. Rose took Marjorie Jane and laid her cheek against the smooth, blonde hair, and it was as if Georgie was shut out from the wordless unity between mother and child.

"I don't know where Kramer is. He's always outdoors. Wait, I'll see."

"Oh, don't call him. Sit down, kid, and rest your weary bones. I came to have a little confabulation with you. I'll see my old boy before I go."

But there was embarrassment between them. Georgie pretended valiantly to notice nothing, but she couldn't help being aware of the atmosphere of meagerness and desolation in the kitchen, and Rose knew that she was aware. Georgie couldn't help saying,

"You haven't done much to the house, kid."

"No. What's the use when we're going to sell it?"

So she still kept up that pretense! Oh, well, if it made her feel better. Things told their own story.

"Where's Archie?"

"He's off on a job."

"Things picking up a little around the burg?"

"Well, not so very much," Rose admitted. "But they're beginning to build again. Several houses are going up on the other side."

"Nothing doing out here, though."

"Not yet," Rose said with reserve.

But it was an admission that Archie was working for some one else, that his own plans hadn't materialized. Just a by-the-day carpenter's job, Georgie surmised shrewdly.

"I don't know, kid, I'm afraid we're in for a stretch of hard times."

Rose pressed her cheek against the baby's head. She seemed to draw mysterious consolation from the touch and to be worlds away from Georgie. But the heat of the cook stove was having its effect. Georgie drew off her gloves and stretched out her hands luxuriously.

"You don't ask me, kid, how I got here?" Then, without waiting for a reply, she burst out with her great news, "Well, sir, kid, I've got a new plan up my sleeve!"

The look of delight that Georgie's face always wore when she was concocting a new scheme, and saw a big bout of work ahead of her, shone now. It was she who had forgotten Rose, and Rose who, in her defensive and rasping consciousness of her ancient dress and telltale old shoes, was separated from Georgie.

Because this was a new and splendid Georgie. She might pretend some interest in Rose's affairs, but she was really absorbed in her own business. For a while it seemed to Rose as if the very foundation were cut out from under her feet. In spite of her reserve and her loyalty to Archie, her spirit was secretly reaching out for the old warm protection and security.

TO the amazement and the confounding of all the cynical predictions of people in Valley Junction, Georgie had actually gone off and taken her course in chiropractic. She had got the money out of old man Kramer. She had confronted him, just as stubborn and determined as ever he had been himself, with the fact of all the years that she had devoted to the household—saving him a housekeeper, saving him a nurse, patching up his mistakes. Now she wanted something for herself. She had shamed him into consent. Well, there was no denying that he had made money in the land boom following the war. His new success had reacted upon him and actually mellowed his grudgingness. Georgie had thrown herself into her new career with all her energy let loose. She had accepted the doctrines of chiropractic with the fervor of a convert. The months away from home, in a larger place, and with the irresponsibility of a student replacing the long years of responsibility, had given her a new lease of life. It had refuted every prediction. Georgie had blossomed. And now that she had a profession and some money of her own, now that she was no longer cramped and dependent upon what her father doled out to her, she was a different person.

Rose saw and admitted that as Georgie sat there before the fire. Something eager and childlike, long repressed—a Kramer quality, shared by Rose and Annie, too—transformed her heavy face. She even took an interest in her clothes. She dressed now almost like a city woman and indulged a delight in good, bright colors, so that Rose, in her old garments, felt poor and left behind. Georgie had bought a new hat in town—a dark, bright green that went well with her high coloring and the rough auburn in her hair. The magnificence in Georgie, that people had always felt as a kind of warm sustaining vigor and generosity,

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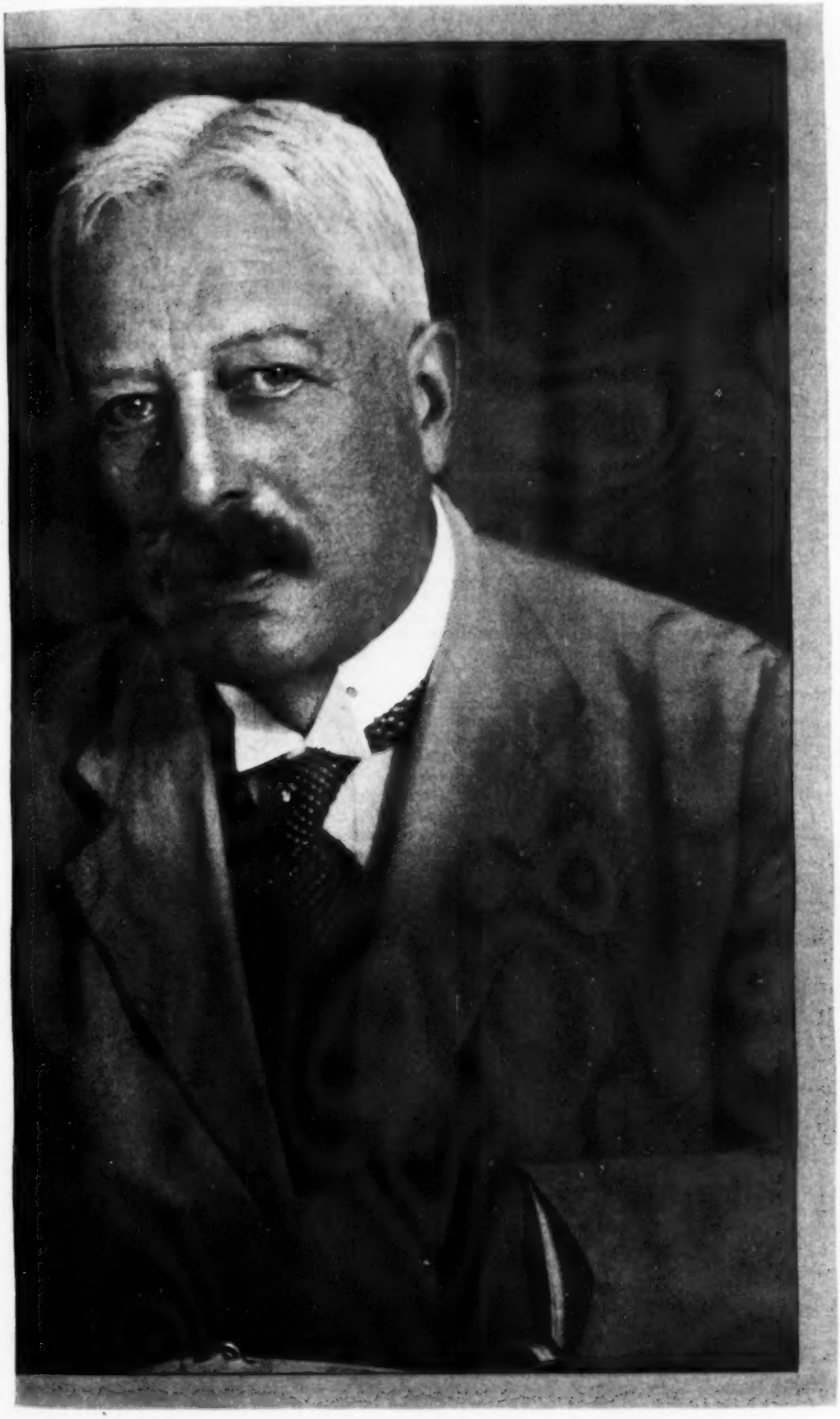

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The Kramer Girls

seemed to expand and have full play in the meagerness of the kitchen.

"But first of all, Rosabella, I've got some news for you."

There was something mysterious and portentous in Georgie's tone that warned Rose. But she would not have guessed this—her father actually asserting a life of his own, appearing as a human being, and marrying a young widow, of all people. Rose felt as if she were listening to a story from the newspapers. But then she realized with sudden amazement how little she knew of her father—less than of half the other people in Valley Junction, it seemed! He had darkened and straitened her home without actually entering into its inner life—an outsider, a personal stranger.

"And so, kid, for all these years that sly old badger has been looking around for somebody—and now he's found her!"

There was actually triumph in Georgie's tone. She laughed. And then, with that dramatic relish with which she occasionally related scandal—so different from Annie's eager and sly concern—she told the story.

"Well, sir, you know papa owns farms all up and down that road. You didn't? Well, he does. Oh, he's not so poverty-stricken, kid—don't you believe it! Well, and here's this young foreign woman, Bohemian or something, living on one of those farms, lost her husband; he got caught in some farm machinery. You remember. You heard about it."

"*That* one?"

"That's the one!"

"But she's—why, she can hardly speak English!"

"True enough, but what do you suppose that matters to dad? He doesn't want to talk to a woman. She's young, and she can cook, and she's willing to work her head off for him. That's what he wants. Oh, I tell you, kid, the ways of men are strange to behold!"

There was deep satire in the dramatic relish of Georgie's tone. But it was different from the old shamefaced, Puritanical resentment with which Georgie used to view any evidence of the mating instinct. But Rose could see how it was. Georgie was reveling in her own independence. She had detached herself from her father's concerns and was viewing him with the robust tolerance really more natural to her, Rose now suspected, than the old attitude had been. Something must have happened to Georgie, something Rose didn't know of, to have given her those old crotchets. She wondered, momentarily, about the family history. . . .

"Oh, yes, of course, Annie's about broken-hearted. Of course, we girls couldn't stay there after the bride comes home! Annie thinks now she can't exist anywhere but in that house. Rats! The ramshackle old place—we've had hard enough times there. This was on the books to happen, and let it, I say. I'll be glad enough to get away from there."

GEORGIE'S eyes sparkled. "And now, kid, this brings me to the second part of our story."

And that was the part, Rose could see, that really counted with Georgie. The other was only preliminary.

"I've got a bee in my bonnet as big as a wasp. Know what I'm thinking of doing? Moving to your fair city!"

Georgie's eyes sparkled again in triumph. She laughed delightedly, watching the effect. Rose felt her cheeks flush. She squeezed the baby on her lap. The strangeness between her and Georgie was wearing off, and now she couldn't help feeling that old sense of drama, richness, enlivenment she had always felt when Georgie had a scheme under way. Things would be doing! It was Georgie's phrase and what Georgie loved. Rose's cold defensiveness seemed to melt like a crust of old snow under glaring sunshine. To have Georgie here—the girls—everything would change; she would get out of this terrible cold pit of desolation and helplessness. It was what she had been craving, although she had been ashamed to admit it to herself. The relief—security. She listened with a sense of excited warmth as Georgie went on.

Oh, she'd been wanting to get out of that burg for a long while. Ever since she'd started in practise and begun to see she could really make a go of it. But gosh, you couldn't do anything in any of these little burgs! She wanted some room. She wanted to make a big thing of this.

"And then anyway, Rose, there's another thing. *I* want to get Annie out of Valley Junction."

"Annie!" Rose was startled.

Would Annie come? She couldn't picture Annie anywhere but at home.

"Come! I should say she'll come. She'll have to come if I pry her out. And that's one big reason I'm doing this thing, Rose. If I didn't drag Annie out of there by the very hair of the head, she might stick in that place forever. Even with that woman!"

SHE was so pleased and certain about it that Rose couldn't demur. In a way it seemed pitiful to her—the girls seemed too old to be taking up new things. Of course, they weren't old really. It was only that they had always been doing the same things. Georgie made anything sound possible—anything was, or might be, with Georgie back of it. Rose found herself Georgie's ally, although she couldn't feel any great faith in chiropractic. The old relationship seemed to be revived.

Georgie said abruptly but gently, "Look here, kid!" Marjorie Jane was down on the floor again. Georgie hitched her chair nearer to Rose. "Own up. You and Archie are having a hard time."

There was such honesty in Georgie's gray-blue eyes, seen close, looking straight into her face like this, Rose could not lie or evade them. She felt a great relief. Tears came into her own eyes, and she fumbled for a handkerchief.

"I knew you were, kid. Now look here. Is there anything you need?"

Rose shook her head dumbly. She got up and found a handkerchief in the pocket of her other apron.

"Because if there is, you know—well, I guess you still have your two old sisters—hm? If you *are* an old married lady!"

Georgie caught hold of Rose as she passed. Rose weakened and let herself be pulled down until she was half sitting in Georgie's lap, half on the arm of Georgie's chair. Her face was hidden against Georgie's neck; she could feel the rough curls. She gave herself the relief of crying in that shelter, the most maternal she had ever known—but still her loyalty to Archie kept her silent.

"Have you tried to do anything yourself, babe?"

But how could Rose? With Kramer and the baby? No, of course not. She couldn't take a job. Georgie admitted that. Rose had thought of doing some sewing—or baking . . .

"Oh, look here, kid! Now that won't do. No, sir."

It wasn't Archie's fault. And anyway it was only right now, for a little while, when things were bad, Rose hastened to say.

"Sure." Georgie soothed and agreed with her—not agreeing, all the same.

But Rose was to do no sewing or baking—little, frittering work from which Georgie herself had escaped!

"By the time the kids are older—"

"I won't need it then," Rose said proudly.

"No, of course not. Sure you won't."

That was generous of Georgie, seeing how she felt about Archie.

Kramer came running into the house. He stopped short—his breath coming fast, his

The Kramer Girls

checks cold, dirty smudges on his chin: a little hooligan in his tattered, outgrown, red knitted suit.

"Here's the old boy!"

"What's the matter with mamma?"

He said that before he paid the slightest attention to Georgie, holding away, just enduring her kiss. But when they said "Nothing," he graciously accepted that and even returned Georgie's hug with enthusiasm. Now Marjorie Jane herself was softened and let Georgie kiss the top of her head. Rose asked Georgie, of course, to stay for dinner. Georgie suspected how little there might be in the house—Archie and Rose were cutting it pretty fine these days. No, she must go back to town—still had some things to do there—and she'd driven in with the Littles; she must go back with them.

"You old curmudgeon! Growing up so fast nobody can keep track of you. . . . Now, Rose, you remember, if there's anything . . . You remember that?" She hugged Rose. "Well, when Annie and I get here, things are going to be different. Kid, it's all going to work out grand!"

"I'VE GOT Rose and Archie with me," old Mrs. Carpenter said delightedly to her few friends and neighbors. "Ain't it nice?"

Whenever the old lady spoke like this Rose smiled and said nothing. But to Mrs. Carpenter having them all at home was simply a delight. She didn't seem to realize at all the humiliation or the necessity.

"Oh, yes," she would say happily, "but you know I got Rose and Archie here, so I ain't got so much work this summer—my, they're such a help to me! And I don't know what I ever done without them dear children."

Was that really all she knew? Didn't she understand that Archie had made a failure of his business in The Rapids? Rose couldn't tell. The old lady's life was bounded by the streets of Valley Junction, where—or close to where—she had been living ever since, a little girl of three, she had come to this country with her parents from England.

But within those tiny limits how wisely, how satisfactorily, how thoroughly she lived! Rose loved Archie's mother. She couldn't help wishing sometimes, with the very sense of wistful sadness—distant and yet intimate—with which she might listen to an old song, that she could find the same satisfactions. That feeling was like an echo of music to the lovely summer weather in this old-fashioned house on the outskirts of town. But there was a sense of impossibility, of failure in it. The lovely peace of the summer could not last.

It seemed to old Mrs. Carpenter natural to send the man of the house out to his day's work, for his day's pay—natural that Archie should be doing exactly as his father had done. There was something pleasing and natural about it to Rose, too—and Archie liked it, the strain was gone, he was easy and happy in the old place. But always to Rose there was that underlying sense of falsehood—for her and Archie, this was a past life; it couldn't be true.

After her beloved Archie was gone, "Now we kin settle to our work," old Mrs. Carpenter said comfortably.

The man was out of the house. And that, too, was as it should be at this time of day.

Bare feet on the narrow stairs, the door opened, faces peeped out— "Ah, here they come!" Scamper of little feet across the rough, prickling carpet, the laughter and embraces—"Grandma's little man! And she ain't seen him since 'way last night!" Sometimes one of them stood pouting. "What's the matter with this little girl? Did she git up on the wrong side o' the bed this morning?"

The children washed in the cool, soft water at the wooden sink. They ate breakfast at the kitchen table, curling their toes about the rungs of their chairs. Then they were dressed, and then they were out to play with the flowers and the trees and the chickens—and so much of the day's work was done!

There were all the outdoor tasks to be attended to before the sun grew hot. And again Rose had that sense of satisfaction in the thoroughness with which the small duties of the place were performed; with the way the fallen sticks were stacked into a neat little pile at the side of the shed, the fallen leaves raked together for burning, the withered bits picked from the garden plants, the dewy phlox confined within a barrel hoop, and the buckets of butter and cream let down into the cool, dark mystery of the cistern. In sunbonnets, in their old stretched and easy shoes, the two women worked in the yard, apart and yet feeling close together, each deep in her own thoughts, her own trouble or contentment—while the children played, came close for affectionate notice, and ran off again upon their own small concerns. This neat little settled spot, this human home, in the midst of the big, free, open country.

Later in the morning, when the sun was higher, the dew was dried, Rose went with sun-dazzled eyes into the dim, cool house where already old Mrs. Carpenter was sitting and taking her little rest.

"Come on in and set awhile," the old lady pleaded. "I ain't had any such company as this for a long while."

Mrs. Carpenter was still delighted that Archie should have got such a nice girl as Rose. This was the hour of the day when she loved to talk. Later she was tired—she was old. Little scraps of memory, some bright, some faded, some sweet, some sad, filled her mind as the pieces of her old dresses, her mother's and sisters' dresses, filled the muslin rag-bag that hung from a store-room nail; and she brought them out, scattered, displayed them, for Rose. She told about "Archie's papa," his likes and dislikes in food, his death; about her own family, the farm, and the Old Country.

She told little things about Archie.

"He's like his father, Archie is. He likes to take his time and do things just to suit him. That's why he don't get along as fast as some."

It seemed, then, to Rose that it was she herself who had betrayed Archie, who had taken him from his little niche— "for his own advantage," other people would say. It was because he had married her that he had gone to The Rapids. Their background, she realized now, was alike—and oh, so unlike! Out at Ellensburg—a few houses and a store in the country, where they were putting up the new consolidated school—Archie worked happily, knew all the other men, studied and enjoyed their peculiarities, did his bit of work with leisurely and careful perfection. Or was she to blame? Wasn't it the time? Archie belonged—most of him, at least—to an age passing, almost past, a rural Englishman in growing America.

THEN it was time to hunt up the children. They had wandered off into the pasture—there was just a glimpse of the little forms beyond the daisies, beyond the gold of black-eyed Susans and the purple of the thistles, outlined so endearingly against the blue of sky.

Rose called, "Children! Come now, children!"

And back then, with a child hopping along and clinging to each hand.

But by afternoon the freshness and the satisfaction were gone. She was restless under the old pursuits. She hated to go to town, because there was always the pain of avoiding her friends or of braving them in her shabby clothes. Of saying,

"Yes, Mother Carpenter is so frail we thought we ought to be at home this summer."

Hearing their acquiescence while she felt the bright incredulity of their eyes. To them, she and Archie were both failures. They had gone to a big town and then come back to a

Did you know that Peanuts have "Hearts"?

And that these "Hearts" make ordinary peanut butters BITTER?

But that Beech-Nut actually takes these tiny bitter hearts out of every peanut used in Beech-Nut Peanut Butter?

THIS is just *one* of seven important reasons why Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is richer, smoother, sweeter, more nutritious—a perfect food for children and grown-ups, too! At your grocer's—always moderately priced.

6 other reasons why Beech-Nut is superior

1. *Better* Peanuts
2. *Better* blending
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4. *Even* grinding
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6. Vacuum packing for absolute *freshness*

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

In using advertisements see page 6

(*Left*) DOWN SOUTH, *charming Mrs. Daniel McNiel, of Jacksonville, exclaimed—"Using Lux for dishes has kept my hands as dainty as when I was married, 6 years ago."*

(*Below*) "OUT WEST *we are proud of keeping house in modern fashion," Mrs. H. S. Christensen, San Francisco, confided. "Our hands mustn't ever say dishpan! I use Lux for dishes—and Harry says my hands are just as pretty as on our wedding day!"*

"Hands lovely as on our Wedding Day... thanks to Lux in the Dishpan"

. . *say these young wives*

MODERN young homemakers themselves discovered this secret of keeping their hands as lovely as on their wedding day—in spite of housework and dishes.

They first noticed how nice their hands looked after Luxing their fine things . . . Then began using Lux for dishes, too!

And delightedly found that even one dishwashing with Lux leaves hands lovelier!

Now 96 out of every 100 young wives questioned in 11 cities are using Lux! And among thousands of wives who have kept house many years, 8 out of 10 use Lux . . . for dishes and other soap and water tasks!

As 305 famous beauty shops put it: "Lux gives the hands actual *beauty* care."

Yet this wise beauty care costs almost nothing. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

IN THE EAST, *too! "Using Lux for dishes is marvelous for one's hands," said Mrs. L. V. McMaster of Boston, Mass.*

Lux has helped millions of wives to have hands lovely as a bride's . . . for less than 1¢ a day.

The Kramer Girls

little town. Mrs. Pick., of course, was the worst—with her urging, half-sincere and half-malicious, that Rose must come to see her; with her hints about the new Mrs. Kramer, her prying questions about the girls. Rose had to remember, then, how her own home was broken.

But staying at home, she wandered about the little house, the little yard, not knowing what to do with herself. It was not enough. Abilities, long ago awakened, rusting now, were not to be silenced, ached to be used. Now she could see so many things. . . .

She could see, for instance, that her rebellion against the girls was only a rebellion, not a solution. Valley Junction was not the refuge she had pictured. She might have stayed, but she could not come back. She had to admit, with soreness and difficulty, and then with a wiser and larger acceptance, the truth on the girls' side. She was ashamed now of her touchy quarrel with Georgie, her defense of Archie, her restlessness and fear of having the girls over her again. Her whole rebellion against their viewpoint had run its course and was inevitably, irresistibly, drawing to a close. Sometimes, now, she resented Archie and longed for the more secure, more competent, more passionate protection of the girls. Archie had failed her. She had wanted to make a success of their home, but Archie wasn't up to it.

CHAPTER III

ROSE took the elevator up to the fourth floor of the Farmers Building and then went down the whitish corridor to the door marked in heavy, black letters on pebbled glass,

DR. GEORGIA KRAMER

A little bell tinkled as she opened the door. Georgie stuck her head out of the inner office.

"Hello, there! Sit down. Be out pretty soon."

This office was so familiar now to Rose that it seemed she must always have had it as a meeting-place and refuge. She knew the dismally obstructed view from the window looking down into the court, and the very magazines on the desk. But it was all made cosy and home-like to her because it was Georgie's. She sat down in the mission chair with a sigh, and then, saying to Marjorie Jane, "Come here, babe," she took off the child's coat and cap and smoothed her softly ruffled hair.

"I want to go in see Aunt Georgie."

"No, stay with mother. Aunt Georgie has a patient."

"For a treatment?"

"Yes."

Marjorie Jane prowled about the tiny room, getting into everything. "Look, mommie!"

"Yes, but put it down."

"What's it going to be?"

"I don't know."

But she did know, and so did Marjorie Jane — the rascal! It was a little embroidered dress for that same Marjorie Jane herself. The girls were always at work on something or other for the children.

The patient came out of the inner office—not one patient, but two, a man and his wife. The old lady had been taking treatments and liked the doctor so well that she had persuaded her husband to come, too.

When they had gone, Georgie flopped down heavily on the couch. "Well, Rosabella, where did you come from? Hello, Aunt Georgie's old gal."

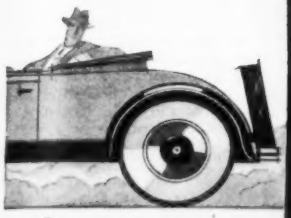
"Is this for me, Aunt Georgie?"

"I should say not. For some other little girl."

"It isn't!"

"Well, Rosabella, how are things going with you?"

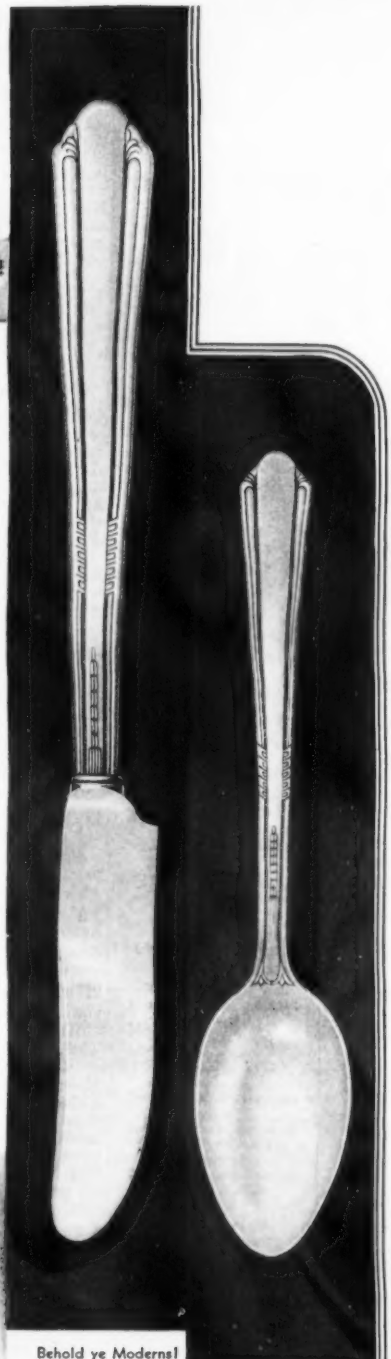
They were not going well. That was just the trouble. But for some reason Rose hated to begin with what she had come to say. It struck her that Georgie looked tired. In fact,



What would happen

if Goodrich brought out a tire with the same weight rubber on the tread as on the sides? It wouldn't last long, would it? There are just as distinct wear points on table silver. That's why Holmes & Edwards have inlaid pieces of solid silver—sterling—at the wear points of the most used pieces. For instance, at the spoon's two wear points (back of bowl and handle) pieces of solid silver have been imperceptibly inlaid before plating, protecting the spoon for all time. Truly, Holmes & Edwards Inlaid is more than plate, yet costs you no more.

Solid Silver Inlaid at the Wear Points



Behold ye Moderns!

The Viande Knife*—graceful, smart, entirely new! A long handle—why wasn't it designed years ago? Accommodates the whole hand when cutting. More beautiful—and more practical too!

*PATENT APPLIED FOR

NOT JUST A NEW PATTERN

SILVERWARE that reflects the gay spirit of smart entertaining—that's Charm, the new pattern in Holmes & Edwards Inlaid Silverware. Provides you moderns with a glowing background that harmonizes perfectly with dainty linens, priceless china, delicate glassware. ¶ No, Charm is not just a new pattern,—selected as it was from over 7,000 designs in a nation-wide contest, by an eminent jury of judges and then endorsed by a vote of over 15,000 of today's hostesses—it is more! It is typical of the silverware that appeals to the critically-minded, socially elect. ¶ Discriminating jewelry and department stores everywhere are now showing Charm Pattern. The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co., International Silver Co., Successor, Bridgeport, Connecticut

Standard Silver Co., International Silver Co. of Canada, Limited, Successor, Toronto, Canada.

Holmes & Edwards Inlaid

And in Charm, you may complete your table ensemble by tea things, meat dishes, bread trays and any number of other useful pieces, all perfectly matching the flat silver.

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INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

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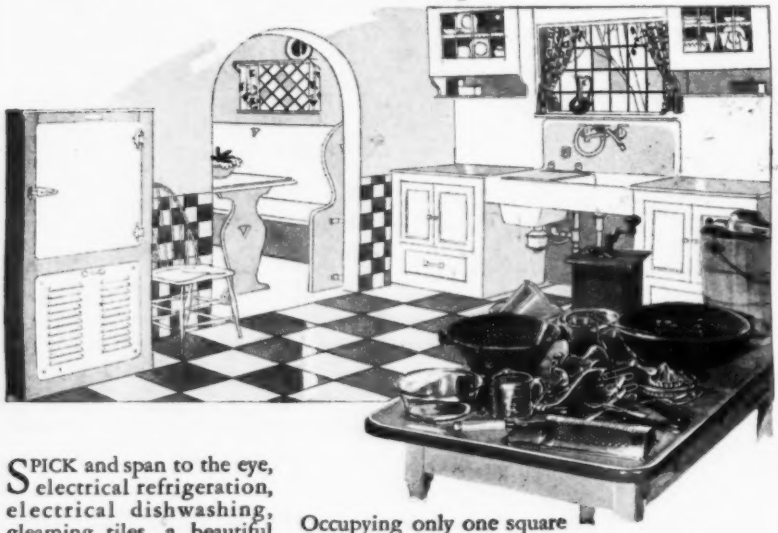
What's wrong with THIS *picture?*



SPICK and span to the eye, electrical refrigeration, electrical dishwashing, gleaming tiles, a beautiful floor . . . what *IS* wrong?

You need only open the cabinet drawers to find out . . . kitchen utensils as antiquated as the old-fashioned ice-box, broom, coal range and kerosene lamp.

Yet these are the tools you continue to use in the preparation and cooking of three meals a day. They take a greater toll of time and toil than washing, ironing and cleaning combined.

KitchenAid . . . a reasonably-priced, dependable and thoroughly modern electrical appliance . . . performs *all* the tedious tasks of food preparation better, more easily, and in a fraction of the time required by old-fashioned hand methods.

Occupying only one square foot of space . . . efficient . . . reliable . . . simple to operate . . . it substitutes tireless electrical energy for hand work in all the major operations of food preparation.

KitchenAid is almost human in the way it makes use of its three speeds . . . one speed for "folding-in" . . . another for mixing and stirring . . . a third for whipping and beating.

Your name on the coupon below will bring you . . . entirely without obligation . . . "Extra Help In The Kitchen" which tells the story of KitchenAid. Or, upon special request, we will mail a beautiful booklet full of interesting information about the service KitchenAid is rendering in thousands of homes.

A Complete Food Preparer—not a mere "Mixer"—KitchenAid

Beats eggs (1 or 10), icings, batters for cakes, waffles, etc.

Whips cream (little or much)

Mixes dough for bread, rolls, biscuits, pies and pastries

Strains fruits for butters, jellies, sauces

Sieves vegetables for soups, and purees; pumpkin, etc.

Slices potatoes (thick or thin) vegetables, firm fruits

Chops meats (cooked or raw) nuts, raisins, figs

Freezes ice cream, sherbets and other frozen dainties

Grinds coffee and cereals

Shreds and Grates vegetables, cheese, cocoanut, chocolate, etc.

Extracts juice from oranges, lemons, grapefruit

Makes mayonnaise, candies, fruit whips, applesauce (without paring or coring)

Chips Ice
Shreds Cabbage
Mashes Potatoes
Creams Butter

All these things—and many more

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Subsidiary of the Hobart Mfg. Co., builders of food-preparing equipment for over 30 years.

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The Kramer Girls

all through the latter part of the summer, Georgie had not seemed to be herself. But if any one suggested that to her, she was angry.

It was unusual, too, for Georgie not to ask at once all about the affairs of the Carpenter household. She sat slumped on the couch, and it seemed to Rose that she was thinner, the creases in her neck almost wrinkles, the rough, high color in two spots on her cheeks but the skin around them sallow and dull. Rose felt a selfish pang. She needed Georgie's help. She felt a touch of fear—and then affection.

GEORGIE tried roughly to shake off her despondency. She asked Rose now how she had got into town and whether she was shopping. She repeated,

"Well, kid, how are things going with you?"

Rose hesitated. She hated to dump her troubles upon Georgie now. She had a kind of glimpse of the help that Georgie had given her all through these years, of how little return she had made, of how she relied upon Georgie. She had seldom seen her older sister in these fits of gloom, although Annie had given hints about them. But then her own affairs had come to a stand-still. She must do something.

Her affairs were always reaching one of these stand-stills. From the year that Archie's contracting business had failed and they had first left The Rapids, their whole existence had been a series of brief wanderings, briefer halts—in The Rapids, in Warrington, at home in Valley Junction, and now in the barren little town of Dudley, populated almost entirely by German farmers who had crowded out the earlier settlers. Archie could get work, but he could never make a go of his own business; and since he had started out in business for himself, he could never be really contented to work for other people.

"They aren't going," Rose said bluntly.

Even as she said it, she had a pang of regret, a vague realization of how far matters had passed since the time when she had still clung with secretive loyalty to Archie, when she wouldn't have acknowledged to the girls that he couldn't do all for her that she needed. But being stuck in Dudley had made her desperate.

"Yes, it's a bum burg," Georgie admitted. "I wish you were out of there. But what's your idea, kid?"

Well, Rose didn't exactly know. That's why she wanted to talk with Georgie. Of course, the old Carpenter house in Valley Junction was empty now, and it was doubtful if they could sell it—away out on the edge of town, no plumbing, no furnace. The station agent had rented it, but the rent came to almost nothing. Valley Junction was infinitely better than Dudley. But still, to go back there for good, now that they had left it. . . .

"No," Georgie said decisively, "you can't do that."

"Of course, we'd be saving money—"

"Yes, but what would you be making?"

"Well—oh, we could get along. But you know how it would seem to people. And anyway—I don't know, Georgie, I'm getting awfully tired of just taking things as they come. I want to do something. But the trouble is—"

Georgie did not take her up on that as Rose had expected. Instead she sat heavily slumped, scowling. At last she had to say something.

"Well, Rose, if you want to come back to The Rapids—"

"I want to go somewhere out of that dump."

"I don't doubt we could fix it some way. But you know it's none too prosperous here. There's not much building."

"Well, there's some. And anyway, if *I* want to do something—!"

"What would you do with—?" Georgie nodded toward Marjorie Jane.

"I know it. But how much better off are they in Dudley? The school is simply awful. They might as well go nowhere."

"What's your idea about doing something?"

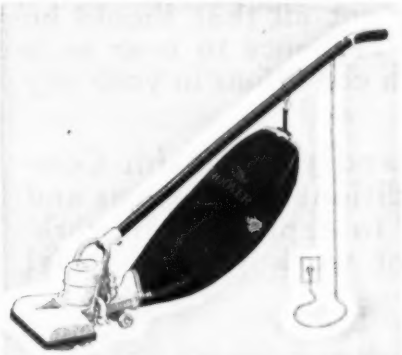
"Well, I'd like to take up my old work

Do you have your table linen washed "somewhat clean"?

FOR your table linen you tolerate only one standard—thorough cleanliness. You have—should have—the same standard for your rugs and carpets.

It is only because you use surface-skimming cleaning methods that dirt piles up deep in your rugs. The moment you begin to use the deep-cleaning of The Hoover that dirt is removed—and kept from further accumulation. Freed of this gritty, fiber-wearing dirt, your rugs last longer and look newly beautiful.

And you, yourself, are saved endless time and effort by the swift, easy cleaning of Positive Agitation—for The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner, with less expenditure of human energy!



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Does your City Buy Enough Health?

Does your city pay enough to get a competent man to accept the vitally important post of full-time Health Officer? Is your Health Department on duty all day and every day? Can you protect your own health and that of your family in a city which buys only part-time health-protection for its citizens?

HEALTH records show that cities which have able Health Departments and able Health Officers, and that counties with adequate health units, have lowered their deathrates and saved millions of dollars in reducing costs attendant upon unnecessary illness.

Does your own city employ the available scientific methods of preventing the spread of communicable diseases?

Does it inspect and protect milk, regulate health conditions in schools and factories? Does it support health centers which demonstrate educational measures for disease prevention and personal hygiene?

If you live in a city which does not have the full benefit of all modern precautions, you can do a great service by finding out all that should be done and bringing such influence to bear as is necessary to make health conditions in your city what they ought to be.

Your Board of Health and your Health Commissioner may need additional ordinances and appropriations in order to expand their work. Remember—they cannot work without tools! Back them up.

* * * *

A digest of an Annual Report of the Board of Health in a city of 31,000 inhabitants which has an enviable health record will be sent to you without charge. With the report also will be sent a complete set of the Health Ordinances which should be in force in every properly governed city. Address Booklet Dept. 230-G.

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The Kramer Girls

again. Or it seems as if I would. I get awfully dissatisfied, Georgie. Do you suppose I've been out of it too long? Or I might get something in one of the stores, like Annie."

"No. Fiddlesticks! But you'll have to brush up again."

"That's what I thought."

Rose sat flushed and meek. There was the remembrance behind her of Georgie's old ambitions for her, of Chicago, of how Georgie had opposed her marriage. Georgie was too generous—or perhaps had grown too cynical—to refer to that. But Rose felt it. Still, things had turned out as they were. She clung to that secret stubbornness, the little something true and valid in her rebellion, in her choice.

"Oh, kid, I don't know. Sometimes I think women are fools to take things into their hands. Those that get along best are the ones that let somebody else do the work for them. What do they get for their pains?"

Georgie talking like this! Such apostasy Rose had never heard. It frightened her even more than Georgie's appearance. She inwardly protested—she knew too well the other side. But of course Georgie didn't really mean it.

The little bell tinkled.

"Gosh!" Georgie suddenly looked like a guilty child late for a lesson. She got up from the couch and smoothed her hair. "Listen here, Rose— Good afternoon; just a minute, Mrs. Piets—Suppose you take the child and go over to the room. I'll be along in an hour or so. With good luck! We'll both be thinking this thing over. All right, Mrs. Piets."

ROSE obeyed. After the stolid quiet of Dudley, the business section of The Rapids, with the cars, and the colored traffic signals, the stores, and the two policemen, exhilarated her. She wanted to get back. She wanted decent clothes again—all kinds of things; and she wanted to get something for her work. Rose's long reluctance was giving way. She had to keep tight hold of Marjorie Jane, who seemed to go crazy when she got into town, and wanted to stop at every window. Cars were drawn up luxuriously in front of the big new hotel, built on an imposing skyscraper plan; and all the lighted windows, above the bare trees of the little park, gave Rose the old, excited feeling of autumn, when every autumn had meant that she was starting out on a new venture.

"Aren't we going to see Aunt Annie?"

"We can't, now. Yes, we will for a minute."

Rose found that she suddenly wanted to talk to Annie about Georgie. She went into the store where Annie clerked—Hofthaler's, an old-fashioned dry goods store that kept its place among the new department stores because of its settled reputation for reliable goods and courteous clerks. Away down at the silk counter they had a glimpse of Annie's round, comely face—older, of course, and yet actually prettier because Annie dressed better now, had cut her shining fair hair, and wore it curled with the greatest neatness. Annie saw them, and her eyes beamed. They stood back and waited while she finished with a customer.

"Well!"

"Hello, Aunt Annie!"

The children really liked Annie better than they did Georgie. But after Marjorie Jane had given an eager kiss, she danced away. The other clerks—women, most of them, of Annie's age and older; one man in the drapery department—knew Annie's little niece. She was the pet of the whole store.

"Been in to see Georgie yet?"

"I just came from there." Rose was so troubled that she couldn't wait. "What's the matter with her, Annie?"

"Why?" Annie looked startled.

"She seems so sort of—well, in the dumps."

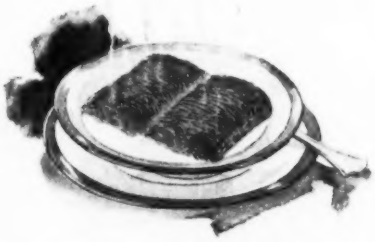
"She gets that way sometimes."

"I never saw her like this, though."

Annie's unconsciousness reassured Rose. And yet, after she left the store, it seemed to her that there had been something knowing

IT'S a wise person who can fool the weather-man all the winter long by refusing to "catch cold". He eats the simple nourishing foods that fortify the body against the germs that prey upon frail human beings. Warmth and strength that resist the cold do not come from overcoats or flannels—they come from foods that make rich blood and supply the elements for building healthy tissues. Shredded Wheat is the ideal food with which to fool the weather-man. Eat it for breakfast with hot milk and you are ready for chilly wind and winter sleet. . . . . .

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY



Shredded Wheat with hot milk is not only warming and satisfying, but supplies a lot of strength without taxing the digestion. Be prepared to resist the cold weather by eating this delicious, nourishing food every day.

SHREDDED WHEAT★

In using advertisements see page 6

South With the Sun to **SAN ANTONIO**

BY rail, motor or plane, follow the sun south to San Antonio, *this* winter, where every day is crammed with new adventures!

Step softly through the portals of ancient Spanish missions into the storied past of San Antonio . . . then out into the brilliant sunshine and explore America's last great frontier—motoring over miles of matchless highways ribboning South and West Texas.

The air is tangy as rare old wine and from the blue Texas sky a beneficent flood of healing sunlight pours over the countryside. U. S. Weather Bureau Records show that for 26 years the sun shines an average of 168.4 hours in January (nearly six hours of each short January day!) February, 166.9 hours; and March 210.4 hours—for spring comes to South Texas with March!

There's all Outdoors to play in . . . miles of bridle paths through the leafy stillness of great parks . . . polo . . . tennis . . . golf . . . fishing . . . and other summer sports all winter.

Follow the sun south to San Antonio and learn anew the joy of living.

For free, illustrated booklet, write Dept. 28, Municipal Information Bureau, Aztec Building, San Antonio, Texas

The Kramer Girls

and secretive in Annie's eyes. She felt oppressed.

The oppression lifted when she entered the girls' room. Here she could take off her hat and coat, settle herself in a big upholstered chair, let Marjorie Jane run about as she pleased. This room, even more than Georgie's office, was Rose's refuge when she came to The Rapids. It had superseded, in the last few years, the old house in Valley Junction as home, even though she always spoke of it as "the girls' room." A big living-room and an alcove bedroom in an old-fashioned house that had once been a "mansion"—but the girls seemed able to give sleeping room to half a dozen and to do almost as much cooking on their little gas plate (set on a marble-topped commode in a tiny closet), as in the big kitchen at home. It was a refuge, as well, for all the shoppers from Valley Junction, who seemed to come to The Rapids in hordes, now that the Kramer girls were there: Mrs. Pickering, Bertha Scholtz, even Mrs. Little who was so fond of Georgie.

It was filled, and over-filled, with the old boarding-house furniture: a huge, dark dresser, old-fashioned chairs, relegated pictures—and yet the warm and generous personalities of the two girls had turned it into something home-like. Their few personal possessions—the big vase filled with autumn leaves, the reading lamps, the cushions from Hofthaler's art counter—were what gave the room its atmosphere. After her bare, little rented house in Dudley it seemed luxurious to Rose. It was warmed and brightened by the memory of the good times she had had here—little suppers on the card table before they all went out to the movies, and long, satisfying talks with the girls, that seemed to straighten out her affairs and give her a sense of ultimate security.

No one in Valley Junction could deny that Georgie and Annie Kramer had done pretty well for themselves since they had left home and struck out on their own account—it would never work, never in this world, people had predicted.

"Those two girls at *their* age! What do they think they're doing?"

Now Georgie, particularly, was regarded in Valley Junction as a successful character.

Rose sat down in a big rocking chair with a tufted seat of green velvet and tried to look at a household magazine. But the little frown between her eyebrows stayed, even when Marjorie Jane, with careful interest, touched its two lines with her small, smooth forefinger.

"Don't, darling. Let mommy alone." Just saying "the dumps" didn't explain the change in Georgie. Oh, dear, must something else happen? Was there going to be still more to worry about? And should she try to get it out of Georgie—or turn away from it, as she tried restlessly now to do, with an impatient turning of the pages of the magazine? If there wasn't refuge even in this room. . . .

"Come!" she said. "Let's go out again. Mommy forgot something."

"What, mommy? What?"

"Oh, something she had to get."

She was so preoccupied that all the way down the street she heard, and yet never clearly enough to answer and end, Marjorie Jane's insistent:

"What, mommy? What? What do we have to get?"

(To be concluded)

Something New for the Fish Course

(Continued from page 85)

Panned Oysters

1 qt. large oysters
4 tablespoonfuls butter
1 teaspoonful salt
2 teaspoonfuls finely grated onion
⅛ teaspoonful paprika
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
1 cupful top milk or thin cream
Toast

Drain the oysters in a colander, removing all the juice. Place the butter in a frying pan until it melts. Add the finely chopped onion, oysters, salt, pepper, and paprika. Cook for ten minutes, or until the oysters curl on the edges. Add the cream and parsley and serve immediately on buttered toast. Serves six. Scallops may be prepared in the same way.

Crabmeat Scallop with Pea Sauce

2 cupfuls canned or fresh crabmeat
1½ cupfuls scalding milk
1 cupful soft bread crumbs
¼ cupful melted butter or margarine
2 tablespoonfuls chopped green pepper
2 canned pimientoes, chopped
1 tablespoonful chopped onion
1 cupful grated American cheese
½ teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful pepper
3 beaten eggs

Pour the scalding milk over the bread-crumbs. Add the crabmeat, melted butter, chopped pimientoes, green pepper and onion, grated cheese, salt, pepper, and beaten eggs. Pour into a large, buttered casserole, set in a pan of hot water, and bake in a slow oven of 350° F. for fifty minutes or until a silver knife inserted in the center of the mixture comes out clean. Serve with

Pea Sauce

2 cupfuls canned peas
1 large slice onion
½ teaspoonful salt
2 peppercorns
2 whole allspice
1 cupful water
1 cupful well-seasoned thin white sauce
2 whole cloves

Combine the peas, onion, salt, peppercorns, cloves, allspice, and water. Cook and simmer twenty minutes. Then press through a sieve. Add the well-seasoned white sauce, heat thoroughiy, and serve. Serves six.

Shrimps à la King

1 seeded green pepper
½ lb. cleaned and sliced mushroom caps
3 tablespoonfuls butter or margarine
1 small onion, chopped fine
1½ teaspoonfuls salt
1 egg
2 cupfuls milk
3 tablespoonfuls chopped pimiento
¼ teaspoonful tabasco
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley
2 cupfuls canned or fresh cooked shrimp
3 tablespoonfuls flour

Cook the shredded green pepper and the mushrooms in the butter for five minutes. Then add the chopped onion, flour, salt, pimientoes, parsley, tabasco and shrimp. Heat gently about two minutes, then add one and one-half cupfuls of milk gradually, while stirring constantly. Continue cooking until thickened. Then add one-half cupful of milk to which the beaten egg has been added. Heat well and serve on toast. This recipe will serve eight persons.

Shrimp and Pineapple Salad

1½ cupfuls canned or fresh cooked shrimps
1 cupful canned or fresh pineapple diced
½ teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful paprika
2 sprigs chives, chopped
6 tablespoonfuls French dressing
Romaine

Combine the shrimp, pineapple, salt, paprika and chives. Chill thoroughly, and just before serving, pour over the French dressing. Toss until well mixed, then arrange on crisp romaine or endive leaves and serve. This is delicious as a Sunday-night supper main dish. Serves six.

CORRECTION

In the recipe for Orange Cream found in the article "The Last Half-Hour," on page 89 of the October Good Housekeeping the quantity of orange juice should read *two cupfuls* instead of one cupful.

In Dad We Trust

(*Continued from page 47*)

Rider Haggard once wrote a story about a last testament which had been tattooed across the shoulders of the heroine. The reading of the will in a crowded courtroom constituted a sensational "big scene" in those days of well-protected epidermis!

No such picturesque case has ever arisen, so far as I know, in real life, but far more casual "last writings" have been accepted by the courts. In England a wooden plank bearing a crudely carved inscription was approved as the last will and testament of a shipwrecked naval officer. And in the Surrogate's office in New York City there hangs a framed death-bed will which had been torn to bits in a delirious moment by the maker, himself, and later pieced together, submitted to the court, and accepted for probate.

Legal phraseology is unimportant so long as the intent is clear. The elaborately drawn testament of Samuel J. Tilden, one of the greatest lawyers of the nineteenth century, failed to hold in the courts, whereas the simple request of a well-to-do Scottish tradesman that his two daughters each receive "their weight in one pound bank notes" was found to be strictly binding. And this in spite of the fact that after the will was drawn, one of the girls, who was doubtless cognizant of its provisions, grew considerably stouter and received nearly $30,000 more than her slimmer and more fashionable sister!

Even rhymed wills are sometimes accepted by the courts. For instance:

"I, William Hockington,
Poet of Pockington,
Do give and bequeath,
As free as I breathe,
To thee, Mary Jarum,
The Queen of my Harum,
My cash and my cattle,
With every chattel,
To have and to hold,
Come heat or come cold,
Sans hindrance or strife,
Though thou art not my wife."

The learned judge read this document through to the last revealing line, noted that it was properly signed and dated, and forthwith admitted it to probate!

In common practise, however, it is just as well not to go in for rhymes or weighing contests. If you wish to be on the safe side, get your husband to make out a list of the property he wishes to leave and the people he wishes to leave it to. With this plainly-stated information before him, a competent lawyer can draw a will in brief time and at small expense.

Insurance Paid to Your Wife

The next thing is the insurance.

Most husbands know enough about inheritance laws to have their policies made out directly to their wives instead of to their estate. By so doing they save expense and make the money immediately available when the need is greatest. But most husbands don't stop to think what is likely to happen to this insurance money once it falls into the widow's pocket-book. If they did think, and did look into the matter, they would know that about ninety percent—on an average—is frittered away in a short time and is of no permanent value for the family's support.

A well-known banker said not long ago that more than one billion dollars is lost each year in the United States in the purchase of worthless stocks and bonds, and a large percentage of this loss is money paid by life insurance companies in lump sums to beneficiaries, mostly widows. He also stated that approximately ninety percent of all payments of $5000 or over are entirely spent or dissipated by the beneficiaries within seven years from the date of payment.

This does not mean that *some* women are not as capable in financial matters as men. At least ten million of them are earning their own living, and many others are handling their own money. Forty-one percent of the national wealth is already in the hands of women. Between 35 percent and 40 percent of the customers of large brokerage houses are women. Nearly 40 percent of the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation, and over 50 percent of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad stockholders are women. There are 50,000 women in Steel alone! But there still exist a large number of women who wish and need expert advice on financial matters.

For instance, my aunt knew nothing of the responsibilities she suddenly had to face. She took the advice of the first broker she met after my uncle's death. He invested her small estate in stocks that were among the first to go down in the war panic. If it weren't for an annuity—which she was later persuaded to accept—she would be penniless today.

Instalment Payments

The insurance companies have tried to reduce this risk by advocating instalment payments instead of lump sums. This is a step forward in safeguarding the future. But suppose there is sickness in the family or, speaking more cheerfully, a wedding. There is no provision in the instalment income plan for such unusual and often unexpected expenses. To meet this additional situation, with which insurance companies can not legally cope, bankers have devised an excellent plan by which you substitute trust company management for insurance company management and obtain the flexibility which you need to take care of family emergencies.

"A life insurance trust," as explained by the manager of one of the largest trust companies, "is simply a plan whereby the proceeds of your life insurance policies, instead of being paid directly to your beneficiary or to your estate, will be paid to the trust company as trustee. The company then assumes the responsibility of administering your wishes as expressed in the terms of the trust. You may, for instance, direct that the income be paid regularly to your wife or other beneficiary and that the principal may be drawn upon to meet expenses resulting from illness, for the education of a son, for his establishment in business, to provide your executor with cash to pay inheritance taxes on the rest of your property, or for any other specified purpose."

In short, you make another will to take care of your insurance.

I mention this insurance trust—insurance will-making is what it really is—not because it is the one and only way to solve the insurance income problem. In many cases, no such elaborate method is necessary. I know one man who has made a satisfactory trust of his own by directing that the income from his policy is to be paid to this wife during her lifetime and thereafter to his college. The point I wish to emphasize is that thought must be given to the disposition of insurance money as well as to the balance of the estate; that, in effect, "wills" must be made covering both things.

Obviously such important steps should be taken in a leisurely, thoughtful manner while the mind is strong and the memory clear. They should not be left to the hectic flurry of a sudden illness or the clouded vision of a last hour.

There is much to be said, too, as to the choice of an executor. Shall it be the wife or a friend or a lawyer or a bank? The bank says that to appoint a wife as the executrix of an estate is to sentence her to days and months of hard, exacting labor for which she may not be particularly fitted. As to the friends and lawyers, it says in effect:

"—Men may come,
And men may go,
But I go on forever."

I am not going into these matters here. The purpose of this article is not to tell how to make

Everyday menus CAN BE PRAISE-WINNERS, TOO!

Just *how* can everyday menus be made more appealing? An occasional fancy dish—yes! But, better still, serve *simple foods* in all kinds of tempting ways!

For example—what a lot you can do with California Limas! Delicious salads, steaming casseroles, intriguing combinations with meat—why, there's no end of alluring Lima dishes. And a cup of dried Limas works wonders when added to *any* soup!

Then, too, it's *so* easy to prepare Limas. There's no peeling, paring or cutting. Just put Limas to soak after breakfast—by mid-afternoon they're *ready to cook!*

And another good thing about Limas: They're *most* healthful! Limas are rich in proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts—and the alkaline-ash* of this matchless year-round vegetable is a most valuable dietetic aid!

When buying Limas, don't forget this: For *highest quality*, insist upon SEASIDE BRAND. They're selected from the finest of California's crop!

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

In the handy little booklet illustrated here you will find dozens of recipes for appealing, easily-prepared Lima dishes, and approved menus for luncheon, dinner and Sunday supper. *It is free!* Address Dept. 133, California Lima Bean Growers Association, Oxnard, California.

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE Limas

Look for this 100-pound SEASIDE bag, before you buy.

famous for their nut-like flavor

*Many common foods have an acid reaction in the body. Acid-ash foods, eaten in excess, cause *Acidosis*. Acidosis leads to many ills; some annoying, some serious. Dietitians endorse Limas because they are nearly twice as high as any other vegetable in *alkalinity* (which neutralizes acidity), and from six to seven times as alkaline as the most popular fruits!

In using advertisements see page 6

In handy size tins—just a cup to the can

Don't confuse this

cooking sauce

with any other tomato product

It's different from all of them—prepared for a different use—not a table condiment at all.

DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce is a *cooking* sauce!—a cooking sauce specially prepared for cooking uses. And there is as much difference between tomato goodness cooked *with* your foods and tomato flavor added afterwards as there is between salt *cooked in* foods and salt added at the table.

With DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce you make tomato flavor a part of the dish itself—yet with none of the extra dishes or bother of blending a sauce of your own!

To macaroni, for instance—or to such everyday foods as stews, beans, gravies and hash—DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce brings much of the fine zest and flavor-appeal for which French and Latin dishes are so justly famous. Steaks, fish, omelets, chops and meat loaf are always better for its rich, savory goodness. And one of the finest things of all is the way it can transform last night's left-overs or less expensive cuts of meat.

Your grocer can supply you

While DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce is as staple almost as pepper and salt with many housewives, its sale in the past has been limited to certain sections of the country. Now, you should be able to get it—*no matter where you live*. Your grocer should have it in stock—or he can get it for you.

Don't wait to get acquainted with this remarkable cooking sauce. Order a half dozen cans. Put it to work in one of your family's favorite dishes. You can't know how much new flavor it will add—until you've actually tried it. Or its economy—until you've seen the handy little 8 ounce cans in which it's packed!

Just remember—it's a *cooking sauce*—a unique, distinctive recipe—the finest sun-ripened tomatoes and spices blended as you'd expect DEL MONTE to blend them for you!

A treasure house for good cooks

You don't really need a recipe for DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce. It fits naturally into any dish that calls for tomato flavor. But for years we have been collecting and testing recipes for unusual dishes made with this sauce and have printed them all in this new book. A postcard will bring it—free! Write today. Address Dept. 242, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

★ DEL MONTE TOMATO SAUCE

for cooking

In Dad We Trust

a will. The man in the bank can tell you that. So can your lawyer friend. They know just how many witnesses your state requires and all that sort of thing. They know your situation, too, or you can tell it to them; and they will advise which of the many good wills you can make is the best will for you.

The main thing is to avoid the chaos which invariably results when there is no will at all: the forced sale, the insistent, greedy relatives, the interminable delay, the devastating expense—and the widow left in the end with only a third of the income her husband *intended* to leave her. The main thing, in short, is to make a will—now!

Shall I Buy a Cooker?

(*Continued from page 83*)

are used for cooking several foods at one time—a chicken, for example, and vegetables and dessert.

There is considerable difference in the sizes of these electric cookers, for some are of the cabinet type and stand on legs, while other small cookers are no larger than a pail and may be carried about by bail handles. Some have switches and some not, but in all the use is essentially the same.

Unlike the other types of cookers we have discussed, these electric cookers, if a range is not available, can be used for baking breads, cakes, and pies, and for roasting meats. When used for baking, the heat is on during most of the cooking period, and the cooker requires much the same attention as the oven of a range having no oven heat control. For longer cooking of pot roasts, Swiss steaks, and the like, the heat is turned off after a certain time period (in the case of one cooker this is done automatically) and cooking continues on the heat stored in the cooker. There is no one rule that applies to all foods, and your success is *absolutely dependent upon simple and adequate directions* which should be given you when you buy the cooker.

Business housekeepers often question us as to the possibility of using the electric cooker over long periods, let us say from morning until late afternoon or night. This is too much to ask of a cooker, for the usual business day is at least 8 hours long, and we can not expect to put a dinner in, in the morning, and have it come out at night as if by magic, deliciously cooked and ready to serve.

For the business woman on part time, on the other hand, the electric cooker offers real help. This housekeeper might leave the house at eight o'clock and return at twelve or one o'clock with a fricassée, stew, or pot roast hot and ready to serve. Of course, the food would have to be cooked for a half hour or so on "high" and the cooker turned to "low" before leaving the house in the morning, but four hours or more of cooking on "low" would not be too much for certain types of food. This method of cooking, then, can be made to give several hours of freedom to any housekeeper for shopping or sport.

These electric cookers adapt themselves particularly well to summer cooking, for the cookers give off very little heat, and with a little imagination in the making up of your menus, meals for four or five people or even more can be prepared. Of course, some of the smaller electric appliances—the toaster, the percolator, and the hot plate—add greatly to the convenience of meal preparation. For the tiny kitchenette, too, or for the home with electricity and no gas, the electric cooker has a definite place. The small pail cookers are convenient for motor trips as they can be carried about with the bail handle. Of course, the food is practically cooked before the current is turned off, but it will remain hot for several hours on the retained heat in the cooker.

Before buying, then, study your own situation and choose the cooker which best fits into your needs and your home.

Alibi

(*Continued from page 93*)

On the slope the rifle was still.

"Johnny," she whimpered, "Oh, Johnny, Johnny!" and, abandoning the torturing slowness of her attempt to drag him, knelt in the mire and strove to lift his flaccid body.

His head dangled limp across her arm. He said from one corner of a mud-stained mouth, "Go away, Cynthia."

She stared into eyes alert and commanding in his motionless face.

"Lay me down," he ordered, "and walk away. He'll think he—got me. If you can possibly register grief as you go, it will—help."

Her arms tightened stubbornly about him. Her speech was clogged with bewilderment.

"You're—he shot you."

"At me," Tower corrected. "He's a rotten shot. Go away, I tell you. If he thinks I'm still alive, he will open up again, Cynthia."

"I think," she said unsteadily, "I'm going to cry. I thought you were—dead."

"Cry," the other invited. "Go ahead. And get out of here, idiot. He's watching us up there on the hillside. If you go, and he thinks I'm dead—"

"He'll come down to make sure," she completed fiercely. "Leave you, Johnny? What'll I have left then? I—I guess I've loved you—ever so long, Johnny Tower."

"I told you," he muttered, "to get out of here. He's watching us, I say."

She stared at the sinister dusk of the slope. There was a roaring in her ears, sibilant, swelling. Drops tapped upon her bare head. Others spattered from her hand. They drummed sharply on her slicker, dully on the wet road. The confused rushing sound swept in upon them immersed them in a soaking, blinding paroxysm of rain that, marching down from Busby, erased the world.

She stared an instant into the gray curtain the shifting shuttles of the downpour had woven between them and the hill, a barrier impenetrable. She scrambled up, clinging to his hand.

"Johnny," she screamed in his ear, "he can't see us. Run."

CHAPTER XVII

THE rain and their stumbling, nightmare flight slackened together. Side by side they sloshed along through the failing drizzle, too breathless to speak, until Cynthia, marking the increasing frequency with which the man looked over his shoulder, panted,

"You don't think he'd follow?"

"I don't know," he replied, peering again into the gathering twilight. "I don't know—anything."

"Who," she asked as though summoning all her courage, "was it?"

"I don't know," he reiterated unhappily. "Obviously the same man who shot Homer. Actually—"

His voice fell away, and only the sound of their squelching boots broke the darkening quiet until he offered in a tone of self-fortification: "Adoniram Doty, perhaps. Crazy with hooch and at war with the whole world."

She caught his hand suddenly. "Ssh," she ordered.

He heard only the ringing of fatigue in his own ears. "Go on," he muttered. "If he's following, I'll wait for him here," and turned toward the roadside brush.

She delayed him.

"I thought," she mused aloud, "that I heard it. I may have— No. Listen. A car. Look."

Lamps flickered through the tree trunks ahead and shone with a growing glare upon the bole of a white birch. He heard with throat-catching relief the beat of a motor. The lights shifted as the machine rounded a curve, shone full upon them, and brakes squealed thinly.

Corporal Haddonfield's wiry voice hailed: "Hi, Mr. Tower. Something to show you."

There was the lilt of triumph in his speech. He surveyed them with irritating self-satisfaction, as they plodded to the door he held open.

"Haven't been scouting for clews, have you?" he asked, fumbling in the door pocket. "I got the answer to this case on the rear seat."

The torch he extracted momentarily lifted Trooper Berry's face from the gloom of the tonneau, shifted and steadied upon savage, protruding eyes, a rapacious nose, sullen lips half lost in a stubble of beard.

"Adoniram Doty," the corporal said complacently. "Caught him this afternoon when he sneaked into his shack. I've got this case by the tail at last."

He permitted the light to dwell upon the evil face of the hillman as though he loved it.

"Confessed?" Tower asked, and Haddonfield mistook the weariness in his voice for disparagement.

"To drilling Holloway? Yes," he answered sharply. "Not to killing Mortimer. He hardly needs to."

He deflected the light to the prisoner's chest, revealing the gray and green plaid of the wrinkled coat he wore.

"Ever see that before?" he asked with ill-concealed glee.

Cynthia stirred suddenly with a rasp of oilskins. "Yes," she acknowledged slowly, "or one like it. It is exactly like the raincoat Mr. Mortimer owned."

"Hah," Haddonfield snorted in satisfaction and snapped off the torch. "We don't even need your identification, Miss Kent. It is the raincoat Mortimer wore. Tailor-made. His name's in the breast pocket. And that murderin' devil claims he found it in the woods."

DOTY snarled unintelligibly and struggled so that his handcuffs clinked.

Berry snapped, "Shut up."

Tower looked up thoughtfully at the darkening sky above the black woodland, and the corporal said with finality:

"So Adoniram cleans up this thing. I don't suppose," he added in faint malice, "you want to take back any of the things you called me, Mr. Tower, eh?"

"Yes," Tower reflected aloud. "Some of them, I guess. And more, Corporal, when you get whoever it was tried to kill me a quarter-hour ago."

"What?" Haddonfield jerked.

He listened with ebbing cock-sureness while the other in a bleak voice told of the ambush laid for him. Gloom deepened while he talked, and mist strands uncoiled in the white path of the headlights. When he ended, the corporal swore briefly and begged the girl's pardon.

"I think so myself," she said with a nervous laugh.

Haddonfield snapped questions, and Tower returned brief replies. At length the policeman reached out to close the car door.

"Right," he said bitterly, as though in some obscure fashion he blamed Tower for postponing final solution. "I'll be back. Our job right now is to shut up this guy where he'll be safe."

He trod on the self-starter. Above the flurry of the wakened engine Tower, suddenly recollecting, called:

"Wait! The covered bridge is gone."

The darkness held a profane silence. The corporal said at last in a mild voice, "I think tomorrow I'll quit police work and learn to be a writer."

"There's a job open," Tower acknowledged. "I was thinking of quitting to become a policeman."

Haddonfield chuckled and twisted the steering wheel. "We'll have to take Adoniram around the long way then," he said to Berry in a martyred voice, and to Cynthia and her escort:

"You folks might as well ride back. You look all in."

He turned the car around. The girl with a sigh of relief climbed in beside him, while

Give it the "TASTE TEST"

As a cereal with milk or in any of the hundred combinations in which Toast is used—

for instance

Cheese delights

Spread Rusks with a generous layer of well-flavored American cheese. The somewhat soft package kind is particularly good. Place a strip of bacon on top of cheese. Place on grill close to heat and broil until bacon is done. An excellent dish for late-at-night suppers (Page 8, Dutch Tea Rusk Recipe Book, sent Free.) Try this dish, and learn why Dutch Tea Rusk has been described as "the Toast Supreme." An old world delicacy, distinctive in flavor and rich in quick energy. Ideal for children.

You must taste "the Toast Supreme" to appreciate its goodness. A delightful surprise to appetites that crave something new and different. Send 20¢ for full size introductory package.

DUTCH TEA RUSK COMPANY
Holland, Michigan

DUTCH TEA RUSK

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DUTCH TEA RUSK COMPANY
Holland, Michigan

☐ Send me special, full-size, introductory package (20¢ enclosed).

☐ Send, free, recipe book, "A hundred ways to serve".

G. H. 2/30

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In using advertisements see page 6

1890 d and r 1930

DAGGETT *and* RAMSDELL

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The girl who inspired them

In the gay nineties the center of fashion whirled around the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street in New York. And thereby hangs one of the most romantic tales in all American business history.

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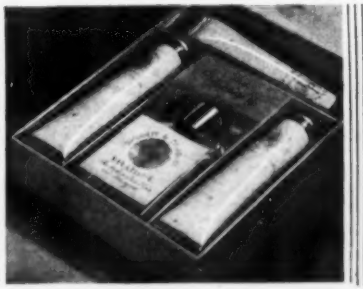

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Alibi

Berry, moving over, made place for Tower in the tonneau. They crept up the grade they recently had descended.

"Nobody in barracks but a desk man," the corporal mourned aloud. "I phoned from Avery's a little while ago. We'll have to jug Adoniram and come back. Might as well move up here and be done with it."

"Eli will sell pretty reasonably, I guess," Tower returned.

He leaned forward and mumbled in Haddonfield's ear,

"This coat Doty's wearing—he says he found it—somewhere near his house?"

"In the woods, near the still," the other replied guardedly. "Clumsy lie, that."

"I'm not so sure," Tower ventured, "that it's any lie at all."

The corporal snorted, and a jeering note crept into his voice. "He found the coat all right and in the woods, but twenty miles from where he says. Listen, Tower: Doty was somewhere around when that plane came down. Mortimer was stunned by the fall. That high-binder on the back seat tried to rob him, and killed him when he revived and resisted. That's plausible, isn't it?"

"Barely," the other conceded. "Anything to show that Mortimer was robbed?"

He broke Haddonfield's indignant silence by querying further.

"Even as big a crook as Adoniram wouldn't kill a man just for a raincoat, would he?"

"All right," the other snapped. "How'd he get it then?"

Tower shrugged. "When you become a writer," he retorted, "and I'm a cop, I'll tell you, maybe."

"Yes, maybe," the corporal jeered. "Next you'll be saying he was out of his mind when he confessed to killing the constable."

"No," Tower admitted thoughtfully. "That's probably true enough — and it simplifies things, too."

"Does it?" Haddonfield snorted. "I don't see it. Doty killed Mortimer, and that's that."

"And whoever shot at me a little while ago is—something else again, eh?" the other persisted.

The corporal craned his neck to glare wrathfully, and at Cynthia's sharp cry swerved the car from the ditch just in time.

"Don't you have a swell party," he accused, "throwing monkey-wrenches into the machinery, eh?"

"Do I?" Tower asked lightly, leaning back in the seat. "Well, perhaps I do, Corporal."

THE mocking indolence in his tone unaccountably stirred a chord of recollection in the girl's mind. Fatigue suddenly was forgotten, as memory, temporarily obliterated by the peril through which she and Tower had passed, came stalking back—the charred handle of the brief case and its damning implication; the grim skeleton of guilt articulated by Gordon Ashley.

Instinct told her that Tower's questions and comments, so cautious, so sardonic, concealed something more dread than curiosity. She felt fearfully that he hid dark knowledge beneath his pretense of indifference. The wretchedness of half-belief in Ashley's charge returned, reinforced by temporary effacement.

At sight of Tower, crouched grotesquely behind that bullet-smitten rockpile, revelation had made her forget all else. As she had run toward him, it had seemed that life, for the first time, possessed coherent purpose. In the triumph of sudden comprehension she had blurted, as she held his head in her arms, what she even then had learned.

She had no regret, but a growing agony reoppressed a spirit no longer armored to endure it—doubt, bewilderment, fear. Her throat ached, and her eyes smarted dryly. She fought back the desire to turn upon him and cry loudly for reassurance. She could not, so troubled was her mind, even formulate secretly the questions that might bring it.

Johnny Tower, once more the satiric, the covertly jeering, the maliciously amused, hiding terror behind a corrosive mockery! Was this he to whom she had stammered desire?

She continued to sit, straight, voiceless, while between her and the white glare of the headlamps through which the wet road flowed from obscurity to obscurity, floated the image of a charred and blistered brief-case handle.

The car emerged from the black, tree-walled tunnel and watery twilight diluted the glare of its lamps. These splashed on the gaunt Avery barns, slid past, and shone upon the hotel driveway. Before it Haddonfield stopped and spoke to Tower with the pleading reluctance of the weary:

"Listen: I've been thinking. Won't do any good for me to come back tonight, will it? It'll be pitch dark in a half-hour."

"I'd like to have a policeman where I can get him," Tower confessed, so candidly that the corporal chuckled.

"We have our uses, eh?" he gloated. "Not entirely brainless, eh, Mr. Tower?"

"I was thinking of my brains," the other returned dryly. "They've been shot at more than enough for one day." He paused and asked reflectively: "You'll be where a phone call will reach you? That'll do, I think."

"Absolutely," Haddonfield promised. "We'll move on then. Berry and I have had a tough twenty-four hours. Call if you want anything."

THE tail light blinked at Cynthia and Tower. They stood silent and watched it out of sight with stiff preoccupation, as though they feared to turn from its ruby glow to the problems it was deserting. Night drew in, and the trail to the Burrow was choked with shadow. In the barn the voices of Avery and Swanson crooned over their milking. A bitter wind came rattling through the trees. Cynthia shivered and turned toward the orange windows of the hotel with a impulse for flight. Tower's grave voice checked her.

"Don't go," he urged. "I've got to talk to you, Cynthia."

"Oh," she hesitated, and he misread the faint dismay in her voice. "Now?"

"Yes," he said tensely and, because she seemed to struggle against the tether of his insistence, added:

"It concerns us both. Not what you think," he added with grim resignation. "I've no wish, alive, to embarrass you with talk about what you said when you thought I was dying."

"Oh, I meant it," she said unhappily. "I'm not welching. Only—" She paused and added like a child, "I'm scared, Johnny."

"You're—engaged to Gordon," he said with clumsy kindness. "That makes it hard."

She could bring no indignation against this falsehood, but only said wretchedly: "No. Aunt Lucy lied to you."

"But you were recently," he persisted.

"Never," she answered in a dull voice. "And now—"

She paused, and her unhappy eyes did not mark his rigid astonishment. She shuddered again.

There was an instant of heavy silence. Then he asked: "What are you holding out on me, Cynthia? What's the matter?"

"What," she retorted, "are you holding out on me?" and through the chill breath of the wind he heard her teeth chatter.

"I'll tell you," he promised, and her heart sank at the tight resolution in his voice. "Only we can't talk here, Cynthia. Will you come down to the Burrow? We can be alone there."

"No," she exclaimed, frightened by recollection. "We— I can't."

He held her shoulders with steady hands, and she saw dimly his mocking, tender smile.

"You're going Victorian," he accused. "Cynthia Kent, the hard-boiled virgin! And now look at her! What's the matter, for heaven's sake?"

Alibi

"We can't," she said unsteadily; "we can't, Johnny. Gordon's down there."

She heard a hissing intake of breath, and her palms sweated clammily. In the tense silence she wondered vaguely if she were going to be sick.

"And what," he asked, each hard word a mallet blow that drove hope lower, "makes you think that Gordon wouldn't care to see us—or me?"

"That's what he's waiting for," she replied miserably. "To see you—" and could keep her secret no longer.

In a woebegone voice she told of the discovery of the brief-case handle and the deductions Ashley had drawn therefrom. Save for a single stifled exclamation, Tower made no comment. He heard her through, so calmly that gradually her voice grew shamed and uncertain. It trailed at last into silence.

He asked, "You believe all this, Cynthia?"

"No," she replied, faltered, and added, "Not any of it, Johnny." She shook her head with an unhappy laugh. "And that's," she confided, "what makes it hard."

"Doesn't it." He agreed and took her arm firmly. "Come on. We're overdue at the Burrow."

His determination cheered her unaccountably.

"Gordon or no Gordon?" she asked, obeying.

"No Gordon, I think," Tower vouchsafed, as they entered the black throat of the wood road.

He said nothing more while they stumbled through mire and over boulders, until at length, on the edge of the clearing where the rock-cleaving tamarack was a straight shadow against the slaty sky, he commented,

"With a world like this, hell seems superfluous," and marched before her to the cabin squatting humble and lightless in the gloom.

CHAPTER XVIII

CYNTHIA KENT closed the door and waited in the warm obscurity while Tower groped his way across the room. He blundered against Deborah's iron tub and cursed beneath his breath. A stovelid clinked, and his face for an instant was revealed by the red glow of the failing fire. He thrust wood into the stove's maw and, restoring the lid, erased himself. So stygian was the forest gloom about the cabin that the windows were at one in darkness with the room's impervious walls. She heard Tower fumble in the chamber's far corner and grunt, then the approaching shuffle of his feet and the scrape of a chair.

"Come and sit down, Cynthia," he invited calmly. "We'll wait, I think."

She went blindly toward the sound, collided with the table, and at last found the chair. His voice rose again from toward the door, and she heard the squeak of cot springs as he sat down.

"We'll wait," he repeated.

"Like this?" she objected. "What for? Aren't you going to light the lamp?"

"No," he returned sharply. "And besides," he added, as though he had already advanced one reason, "it's easier to talk to you in the dark."

"Thanks," she acknowledged, trying to mask growing nervousness with flippancy.

No blackness, she felt, striving vainly to discern even the outline of a window, had ever been so intense.

"I'm not crazy," he assured her. "You'll understand presently."

There was a pause, and then he offered in a mildly contemplative voice:

"So Gordon thinks I killed Mortimer, eh? And you aren't quite—certain, Cynthia?"

Her voice was warm with indignation. "I know you didn't—now. But, Johnny, I can't quite get why—I know. It—it isn't good for any one to be so uncertain about so much, so many things."

"I didn't kill him," Tower returned in a quiet, faintly bereaved tone, "but I know who did."

"Who?" she asked faintly when the silence had become unendurable.

The cot complained again before he replied: "Do you mind if I answer you logically? I mean, go back to the beginning and take you along step by step? You've a mind, Cynthia. They're rare. I'd like to have it—well, test every link of the chain that makes me believe—what I believe. Right?"

"Right," she replied in a steady voice.

"I wish," he complained mildly, "that I dared smoke. However—let's begin at the start. Gordon goes fishing. Mortimer goes to meet him, after arranging to have the plane stop for him on the old golf links. There's a thunderstorm. Mortimer doesn't come back to the hotel to change. Gordon disappears. A plane goes over after the storm. Presumably it has called at the golf course and now flies toward Boston. Eli and Swanson hear it. Gordon comes back after they and Homer start to look for him next morning, and says he has been lost all night."

"He *was* lost," the girl emphasized.

"He was without a doubt," the man returned readily. "That's the setting, isn't it? Complete, before the body—the bodies—were found?"

Cynthia hesitated. "Except—" she began slowly.

"Except," Tower caught her up with intuition, "for your scene with me on the road? Right. But let that go for the present.

"Homer and Eli and Swanson," he continued, working out the problem aloud, "run on those bodies on the hillside beyond Cold River. What do they find? Mortimer, head crushed, lying dead across a rock. Farther up the hill. Hutton, Mortimer's pilot, dead with a fractured skull in his crashed plane. All right. Complication, now. The rock under Mortimer is dry. Homer thinks he was killed before the thunderstorm. But here, not so far away, is the plane that lit on the links after the shower to take Mortimer back to Boston. It must have had a passenger, and Mortimer's hat in the cockpit says it did. If Mortimer jumped when the plane came down, where's the parachute? Where's his raincoat? Where's Gordon who was to have met him? Back home, almost eighteen hours late, with the tale he has been lost. The police—"

HE PAUSED and, invisible, seemed to be listening. The girl heard only the hollow mutter of fire in the stove and the throb of her heart. Tower stirred and went on with lurking acidity:

"The police say Gordon killed Mortimer. To a cop the obvious is the truth. A theory with inconsistencies is better than none. Homer protests. They shut him up. There is the hat in the plane? Forget it, roll it under. Hang the murder on some one. Gordon did it. And then the Dotys confirm Gordon's alibi, proving he couldn't possibly have done it. Homer accomplished that—and got killed."

"Adoniram—" the girl began.

The man's quickening voice caught her up.

"Adoniram," he conceded. "No question. A tough, bad imbecile who blamed the fool police who raided his still on Homer and killed Homer, almost too late."

"What do you mean, 'too late'?" Cynthia asked tensely.

The venom had vanished from Tower's voice when he answered: "That stupid-faced, disreputable constable had brains. He was a good guy, Homer. I liked him a lot. I never knew him thoroughly until they shot him. He was one of the two persons concerned in this case who had ability and imagination."

"Meaning," the girl ventured, her voice straining at the jest, "that you were the other, eh, Johnny?"

"Meaning," Tower retorted soberly, "that Mortimer's murderer was the other."

His solemnity hushed the girl. She heard

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Alibi

the porcupine stir in her tub and the scrape of quills against its side. There was, she appreciated suddenly, half-dreading the breath-held silence, no longer a soft noise of rain on the roof's sounding-board. She shivered despite the growing warmth in the room.

"Let's get back to it," Tower resumed. "Homer, while Haddonfield snarled at him and the rest of us overlooked him, solved this thing. He read what we all read, and alone made any sense out of it. I wish he had told me, before he went to Madison, and yet, if he had, probably I should have laughed at him. Adoniram killed a policeman, Cynthia, when he shot Homer. All I knew was that he had gone to the airport to ask some questions. He told no one else, and I told Gordon. He and I decided, after Homer's death, to dig out the truth while the police were floundering around in circles, so I went to Madison to find out what Homer had been looking for, and Gordon apparently occupied himself in building up a case against me."

He laughed with a trace of bitterness.

The girl asked, as though fighting back a mounting suspicion, "That's not quite fair, is it, Johnny?"

He seemed not to have heard her.

"There," he relinquished, "is the case. Look at its inconsistencies. Make sense out of that apparent insanity, if you can. Mortimer obviously was killed before the thunderstorm, yet his hat is found in the cockpit of a plane that didn't leave Madison until afterward. One of the two parachutes in the plane when it started is gone and has not been found. Mortimer's coat is missing and is discovered tonight on Adoniram who killed Holloway. Gordon is almost arrested as Mortimer's murderer and proves he was miles away when the man was killed. A perfect alibi, and a perfect nightmare out of which Homer alone could ferret truth."

"Please," Cynthia begged as he paused again, "go on."

THE ring of imminent disclosure in his speech had driven from her mind a lurking fear of the darkness, an illogical dread of what would be revealed. Now that the moment of disclosure seemed at hand, she pressed forward to meet it.

"So," Tower resumed composedly, "I went to Madison and found the man Homer had talked to. He had asked only one important question, 'Would a plane with a dead pilot keep on flying?' I didn't know myself. I should never have thought of asking, yet that cherub-faced, back-country—"

He checked his tribute and went on. "As a matter of fact, I found a plane would fly with no living thing on board. Air currents or a pressure on the control-stick by, say, a dead man's body might swing it in a great circle, back almost to its starting place, and eventually, of course, it would crash. That is what Homer went to Madison to find, and by all that's splendid, what a question that was for a town constable to ask!"

There was the trumpet echo of admiration in his voice. In the dark the girl frowned, thought hard, and shook her head.

"I'm lost," she confessed. "You'll have to explain further, Johnny."

His speech was slow and filled with a deadly mildness. "Here is our murderer," he brooded. "Watch what he does. He kills Mortimer in a burst of anger presumably. And then, with the dead man before him, he doesn't break up in panic. Instead, his brain takes hold. There in the woods and the silence, with a storm coming up like an offended deity, his mind works with the complex certainty of a linotype machine, while thunder rips and bangs through those woods. He's good, this murderer. Oh, enormously good.

"He is tall; so was Mortimer. He is tanned; Mortimer was dark. He takes Mortimer's raincoat, perhaps at first only as a protection. Mortimer doesn't need it any more. And then he makes his plan, and when the storm has passed, he takes Mortimer's hat, too, and walks to the covered bridge and up the road and

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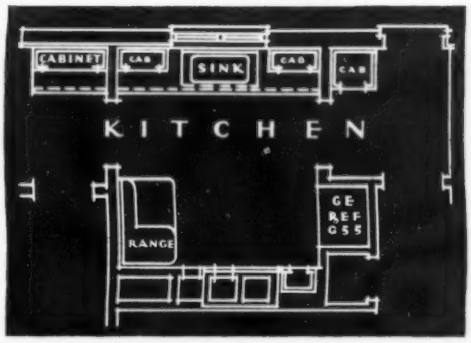

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Alibi

across to the links. It is foggy twilight. He looks like Mortimer in Mortimer's clothes. He waits till the plane comes down.

"His hat is pulled low probably, and his coat collar is turned up, and he speaks in that queer, croaking whisper that was Mortimer's voice. Hutton has no doubt. The murderer climbs in. He sits behind the pilot. He straps on the parachute, and they start for Boston, up into the clouds and then above them. He waits, holding a rock or a club in his hand."

"Oh, please!" Cynthia exclaimed in a stifled tone as Tower's excited voice overran itself, stumbled, and halted an instant.

He went on more quietly, grimly: "There are clouds. It is growing dark. He can not see ground, the murderer, but when he has flown ten minutes or a little more, he kills the pilot.

"With a blow of his rock, or club, he kills the pilot," he emphasized, as the girl gave a thin, hurt cry, "and goes over the side of the plane and down with his parachute into the cloud floor below them.

"And then," Tower pursued more slowly, while a queer, reluctant awe crept into his speech, "the plane with the dead man flies on, but not straight ahead. Instead, it swings. The Dotys heard it pass over to one side of their house and later return, far to the other side. It makes a wide half-circle, that unpiloted plane, and crashes on a hillside not half a mile from where Mortimer's body lies."

THE darkness held a stunned silence, as though even then between them the masterless aircraft had plunged to earth. The man broke it at length.

"Which," he commented gravely, "is an argument supporting those who still acknowledge a retributive deity."

"How," the girl asked at last, "how can you know—all this?"

"When I've finished," the other returned, "you'll know, too. It couldn't have been any other way. Follow the murderer again, Cynthia. He has had to guess where he'll land, and luck fails him here. He drops into the woods. Dark woods, thick woods, wet, foggy. He doesn't know where he is. He doesn't know which is north and which south. He is twenty miles from where Mortimer's body lies. He has an alibi in his hands. And in the wilderness of the forest preserve he can find no one to indorse it! Yet he must, he has to, if this great cleverness his brain has built and his courage carried through—he has both—is not to crumble and fail him. So he stumbles on through the timber, with no idea where he is going, searching, praying for the presence of a house, of a single human being. He has to find some one or his alibi fails—and there is nothing but blackness and trees.

Tower cleared his throat and continued almost sympathetically. "I sweat to think of it. He must have gone through almost enough hell during that search to expiate at least one murder. And then, when he was almost dead with fatigue and mad with tension, he saw a light or else heard a voice. He shouted or crackled through the brush toward it, and the Dotys, working at their still, shot at him.

"It isn't easy, when you have daylight and a reasonably clear conscience, to be shot at and keep your head. I learned that this afternoon. The murderer had neither, and his nerve broke. He fled and in panic threw away the hampering raincoat, or he may have dropped it earlier. In any event, that is how Adoniram happens to be wearing it now. He tells the truth when he says he found it in the woods.

"And yet," he reflected, "those shots that sent the murderer temporarily mad with fright were a disguised mercy, for he saw no living thing thereafter until dawn, and by then he had wandered, lost, so close to the murdered man that he had nullified his alibi. He recovered it when Homer—"

"You mean," Cynthia said with difficulty, "the alibi of—" and could not utter the name.

The fright and defensive incredulity in her

Alibi

voice stung Tower. The cot springs protested, as he leaned forward and in words that rang cold and hard as metal flung his accusation toward her through the blackness:

"I mean the man who knew I was going to the airport; who feared what I might learn there; who planted silly evidence against me here; who prepared a case against me while I was gone; who tried to stop my mouth with a bullet; who took the rifle that is missing from the corner yonder; who let me think you loved him for the protection that gave him; who has a brain and an imagination and an infantile disregard for everything except himself."

The stillness of completion filled the darkness, damning absolute. The girl's voice faltered as she fought against it.

"You've forgotten," she pointed out, "a motive. That's necessary, isn't it? Why should—Gordon kill Mortimer? Do you know why Mortimer came here? Do you know why Gordon went to Cold River to talk to him?"

"I do," Tower acknowledged with a disconcerting promptness. "A new will—blackmail."

"A will," she emphasized, "that he believed cut you off without a nickel, though later he learned—"

Out of the silence the man's voice said slowly, "He never believed—" and suddenly ceased.

"He," Cynthia faltered, "he said—"

"Wait," he interrupted. "Listen!" so tensely that the words sheared her voice away.

"I—," she began again at last, but his answer was sibilant in the darkness.

"Quiet. He's coming."

CHAPTER XIX

THE pounding of Cynthia's heart shook and stifled her. She heard nothing but its tumult in the blackness that pressed in upon her, and then, when it seemed that she must shatter this unbearable silence, there came, louder, swifter even than her hammering pulses, the swish-swish of wet grass against cautious, hurrying feet. A board creaked. She felt the floor beneath her tremble ever so lightly, and some one on tiptoe crossed the porch. The latch clinked. The cool night air blew upon her face as the door swung wide, and against its faint rectangle, barely brighter than this inner darkness, a dim shadow lingered an instant on the threshold.

The quiet, it seemed, was to endure forever. She wondered if it was the thudding of her heartbeats that the intruder heard. And then Tower's voice, hard and keen as a knife, advised:

"You're covered, Gordon. Don't move."

The shadow in the doorway might have been nothing more, so still, so voiceless, it stood. Tower, rising to the groan of relaxing springs, advised,

"Watch him, Corporal," and to the dim figure, "That rifle butt first, please."

Cynthia heard the faint smack of his palm upon wood and his quietly satisfied order:

"There are matches on the table. Light the lamp."

She groped and found them, dropped them from trembling fingers, and heard his reassuring:

"No hurry. There's plenty of time."

The match flared, dazzling her. Blue flame caught the circular lampwick, quickened into yellow, and steadied as the chimney tinkled into place. She looked up fearfully at Tower, rifle on hip, midway between her and the door. He stepped aside and let the weapon's muzzle fall.

"Come in, Gordon," he invited.

Ashley stood, a stiff bas-relief, cut in yellow light against the flat background of blackness, tall, broad of shoulder, with a dead face and motionless eyes, his hands still holding the gesture in which he had surrendered the gun.

"Come in," Tower reiterated more sharply. "Sit down there."

His speech penetrated the big man's stupor of surprise. Gordon blinked, and his eyes, though bewildered, now held a waking incredulity. Obediently he advanced toward the chair. His cousin slammed the door and stood against it, the rifle dangling in the crook of one arm.

"Sit down," he emphasized.

Ashley looked from him to the girl. She stood on the opposite side of the lamp-crowned table, one hand tight on the back of her chair, and the tremulous disbelief that softened her face seemed more difficult to bear than Tower's steady regard. The big man sat down with the precipitate alacrity of a guilty small boy. Blue shadow lurked on his suddenly sickly tan. He moistened his lips almost surreptitiously and asked with a weak defiance,

"What's it all about?"

There was a perceptible tremor in the query. His breath sounded as though he had been running.

"Too bad," Tower returned obliquely, "that you had to hurry so. You couldn't have beaten us here anyway. Haddonfield gave us a lift."

"Where is he?" Gordon demanded. "And what's this all—" But his voice failed.

Tower replied ominously, "He's coming back."

As he spoke, his eyes checked up on the broad room and marked—where shadows lurked, kept at bay by the lamp—a book upside down on the shelf, manuscript arranged with more than usual neatness beside his typewriter.

"A pity," he offered, turning again to his cousin, "that you had your search for nothing, Gordon. I told you you couldn't find it."

He observed the complete bewilderment on Cynthia's face and explained.

"He searched this place for that will before he went out to kill me, Cynthia. That's all. You asked for his motive," he continued after a brief hesitation. "It's better, perhaps, to tell you in Gordon's presence. He killed Mortimer to get that will which left him penniless—and Mortimer didn't have it. He had hidden it before he went to Cold River. A crook who took no chances. Was it in his bag? Gordon stole the bag to see. It was not, and he burned the bag in that stove to throw suspicion on me. But before that he searched Mortimer's room, and I saw him, and between us we knocked the bureau over. I found the will, Cynthia, thumbtacked to the bottom side of a bureau drawer. He's searched this room to find it, and he hasn't. Perhaps, if he had, he might not have gone hunting me. He was afraid of what I had learned, and he wanted the will's hiding-place to die with me."

The numbness of astonishment was fading from Ashley's recently abject body. He twisted under the chill jabbing of his cousin's speech and tried to smile.

"The old fictional imagination," he commented hoarsely to the room at large.

"But," Tower retorted, "based as usual upon fact. May I trouble you," he asked, turning upon Cynthia, "to evict Deborah? Don't touch her, but take the far side of the tub and pour her out. I'm not crazy. Do as I say."

THE girl rendered dazed obedience, shrinking a little from the stove's fierce heat. The dried grass bedding slipped and fell as she tilted the tub, and upon its wave the porcupine emerged unwillingly, hobbled across to a corner of the room, and with her nose thrust into its angle, presented to the world the flaring bouquet of her quills.

"Never mind her," Tower commanded. "There's a blue, folded paper under that hay. Deborah," he explained to Ashley, "has been the watchdog of the treasury. You should have searched her, Gordon."

Cynthia stood up and hesitated, turning the document in her hands. "What shall I do with it?" she asked at last.

"Read it," Tower suggested. "You asked for the motive."

She unfolded the will beside the lamp and,

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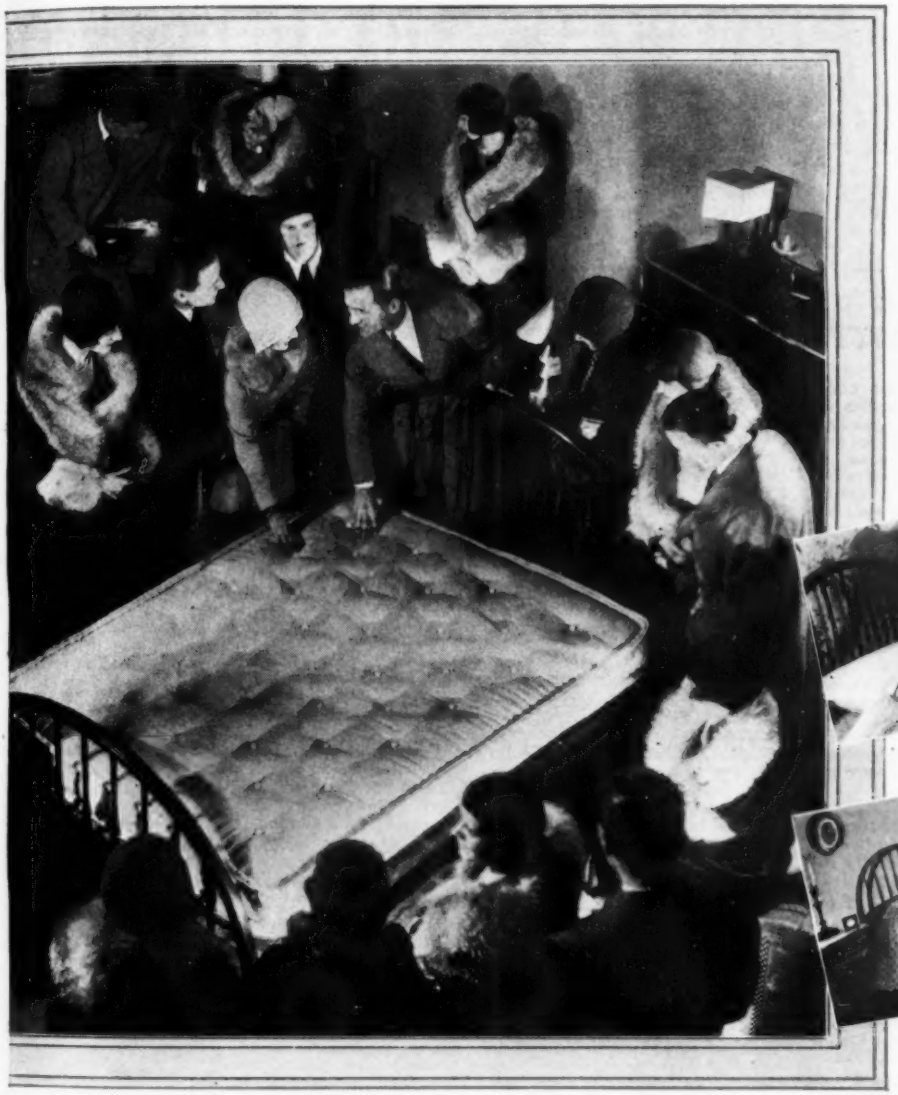

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Alibi

because her arms trembled, muttered impatience and sat down in a chair across the table from Gordon's. Steadying her elbows on her knees, she read. Once, she looked up, and Ashley, observing her with the fixed semblance of a scornful smile, turned away. When she had finished, she refolded the will with a numb deliberation and laid it upon the table.

"When I started for Madison today," the man who blocked the doorway said quietly, "he asked me if I had the will with me."

The girl sat forward, chin resting in her cupped palms, and surveyed the floor before her with a lost expression.

Gordon spoke in the levity of the hopeless: "Give him credit, Cynthia. He has a nice taste for climaxes, Johnny Tower. They may be a shade stereotyped and a little cheap, like his books, but he puts them over. The missing papers, the villain cowering under the rifle muzzle, and the heroine watching virtue triumph over vice with eyes in which a new light—"

"Gordon," the other man broke in, "the state police have found Mortimer's raincoat. Doty, one of your alibi twins, was wearing it. They don't know what it means yet, but they're bound to puzzle it out in time. You've run out your string."

"And that," Ashley acclaimed with a twitching, pallid smile, "is a brand-new line, too. 'Run out your string.' I'm disappointed in you, Johnny. You'd be rejected by the worst editors if you wrote as you talk."

HE STRAIGHTENED up in his chair, looked from the folded blue document to Cynthia, and turned again upon Tower with a challenge in his eyes.

"All right," he said. "Conceding everything, what are you going to do about it?"

"That," Tower returned slowly, "is something I'd rather have Cynthia decide."

The girl looked up as though suddenly wakened from an unhappy dream. Her eyes were dark with doubt. "I decide?" she echoed.

"You," Tower emphasized. He shifted the rifle from arm to arm and continued: "He's my cousin, Cynthia. He's tried to kill me. He has lied and cheated and tried to steal from me. He killed Mortimer—which is amazingly easy for me to forgive him—but he killed Hutton, too, and he brought about the death of Homer, indirectly."

He hesitated while the accustomed sharp self-sufficiency of his face faded into uncertainty, and he gave a helpless gesture in her direction.

"I don't know," he confessed. "I—don't know."

"In which," Gordon intruded as one who reads a chapter heading, "the buck is gladly passed. Cousin," he continued ironically, "you touch me by your consideration. The truth is, however, that you've got nothing on me. Old John Sleuth Tower unravels a mystery. Try to prove in a law court that you've done any such thing. You and your bluff can trundle on merrily to hell. Prove I killed Mortimer. Prove I killed What's-his-name, the pilot. Prove anything. Rot. Turn me over to the police."

He leered with juvenile glee into his kinsman's thoughtful face. For all his bulk he seemed for a moment a little boy offering a dare. Derision faded when from across the table Cynthia offered in level, slow indorsement:

"He's said it, Johnny. Turn him over to the police."

She met Ashley's sudden stare so fiercely that it wavered and fell.

"It's not our business," she went on implacably, "to decide what is to be done with him. We're not detectives or lawyers, either. Let them do their stuff. Why should we head in? Gordon's played the game his own way so far. Let him play the rest of it, himself. Your job's done when you telephone for Haddonfield."

Her chill denunciation revived Ashley like a douse of icewater. Tower started, as his cousin rose from his chair, but the big man only turned and faced the girl, his hand laid upon his heart.

"The oracle," he said with heavy flattery, "speaks winged words of wisdom." His face was twisted into a grin that was more a snarl, and covert menace shone greenly in his lately boyish, candid eyes. "Thank you, Cynthia," he went on, "for the lecture à la Pilate, ostentatious hand-washing, and all that."

His body bowed low in a burlesque of courtly grace, and at its depth his head lifted and turned suddenly. With a mighty puff he extinguished the lamp.

Darkness smote the room like a hammer. The girl cried out sharply in alarm that ended with a shrill note of pain, and Tower, blundering forward, collided with her reeling body. He gripped it and groped back to the door, as the lamp crashed over on the table and thudded in a rain of glass to the floor.

Tower's shoulder blades pressed hard against the portal. Cynthia, clinging to his arm, gasped,

"He's—he's got the will."

"Light up," he ordered. She relinquished her grasp and said at last, above the rasp of her oilskins. "I—I haven't any matches. Give me one."

"None," he returned, heard her step toward the table, caught her arm, and drew her back. "No," he forbade.

The room had relapsed, after its single moment of tumult, into perspectiveless darkness, warm and imminent as a giant muffling hand, increasingly rank with the odor of spilled kerosene. Tower listened with the strained intensity of the blind. He felt, rather than heard, immensely cautious movement, the momentary touch of cloth upon furniture, a stirring board, and then, more clearly, the faint click of metal.

In the stove flame whimpered and was still. The hammer of his rifle, as he cocked it, sounded as shockingly loud as a door-slam. Despite the heat of the chamber Cynthia shivered at his elbow. He offered quite calmly:

"A fool play, Gordon. Might better strike a light."

The brooding obscurity kept its own counsel.

He went on more certainly: "Don't think I'll hesitate to shoot. If you've some crazy idea of stalking me in the darkness, chuck it. Don't! This trigger has an easy pull—as you know."

He paused, faintly disconcerted by the utter stillness that made his threatening voice sound childishly vainglorious. The darkness imperceptibly folded its silence closer about them. He could hear Cynthia's quickened breathing and, spurred by insidious fear, spoke more grimly:

"Gordon—very well, we'll play the game your way. I fire at the first sound I hear. Understand?—I'll presume you do, anyway. Now strut your stuff."

IN THE recurrent silence Tower's mind fretted. He thought of creeping forward to find the matches somewhere on that table, and a vision of the big man waiting in the gloom with a weapon raised to smite him checked the impulse. He swung blindly out through the darkness with the rifle muzzle and touched nothing.

At his elbow Cynthia gasped faintly and drew a quivering breath of the warm, oil-tainted air. He detected approaching panic in the sound and muttered out of one side of his mouth:

"Your nerve's as good as his. Keep it. We can last longer than he—"

Explosion blew his words away. Orange fire blinked in the room's far corner, and on the heels of a crash, sharp in the silence as a lightning bolt, sounded Cynthia's cry of fright. Instinctively he fired from the hip toward the sound.

The spurt of rifle flame flashed upon a contorted face, a great dark figure, looming

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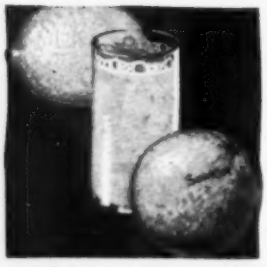

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Alibi

almost at his elbow. He had no time to slam another cartridge home or even swing his gun. It clattered to the floor. He followed it, plunging face down beneath the mighty blow Gordon's fist drove against his jaw.

From far, far away, with a sublime indifference, he heard Cynthia call desperately as the big man gripped her and tore her away from her post; heard the door thunder back against the wall as Ashley pulled it open, and felt the reviving chill of the night air immerse his stunned body. He stirred, drew his knees up under him.

"Cynthia," he managed to cry.

He felt, as he rose to hands and knees and hung there, shaking the dizzy roaring from his ears, the touch of her foot as she groped for him, and her hands fumbling for a hold under his arms.

"Never mind," he told her. "Find a light. I'm—all right."

Tower blinked up at the shaking match flame the girl held, and pulled himself erect.

"And that," he commented foolishly, "is that. Hurt?" he echoed more grimly. "No. I'm getting used to having him knock me out. There's an electric torch on the mantelpiece."

He took it from her hand and turned it upon the squat stove in the corner. "Look," he exclaimed and went forward to pick up an empty and blackened brass cartridge case. "I said," he continued, "the boy had brains. Set that on top of the hot stove and waited till it exploded, and then, when I fired, jumped me. Well?"

With a sudden spasm of recollection she had taken the torch from his hands. Its white beam swept the oil-smeared table and searched frantically about the room.

"Quick," she cried. "Hurry! He's taken it. The will is gone."

"Yes," he agreed, "I imagined it would be."

Cynthia picked up the rifle and wheeled upon him impatiently.

"If you won't protect your own property," she snapped, her face bright with anger, "I'll go alone."

"We'll never catch him," he demurred, but he followed her flight and took the rifle from her hands.

TOGETHER they ran, stumbling and slipping in their haste, toward the hotel. A hundred yards before the trail reached the road, Tower dropped suddenly to a walk.

"Johnny," she called in mingled alarm and anger, but in the glare of the torch she turned upon him he only blinked, shrugged, and shook his head.

"Too late," he panted. "Listen."

Through the stillness of the woods the sound came clearly—the roar and whine of a hastily backed car; the reiterated lock and whirr of rapidly shifted gears.

"Gone," she cried.

"Quite," he agreed and, matching her swift steps, reached the road to see the far trees glow momentarily in the headlamps and catch the last leering wink of the tail light.

"Gone," she repeated with the dulness of the beaten.

The full-throated bellow of the motor, driven with cutout wide, hung barely diminishing in the chill darkness.

"He'll destroy that will before the police catch him," she stormed.

"If they do," he amended.

She wheeled on him, indignant at the indifference in his voice.

"You mean to say," she gasped, "that you'll stand here and let him go? Johnny, you're mad."

The noise of the racing car dwindled into far-away complaint, deep and threatening, like the sound of a river in flood.

"He's going," Tower surrendered, yet he was troubled by some evasive thought awakened by that distant drone, "whether I let him or not. With the accelerator down on the floorboards, too, from the sound. I hope he doesn't smash into my bus— Oh, my God!"

Alibi

"What?" Cynthia asked quickly.

The man spread his hands with a helpless gesture. "He doesn't know," he said in a slow, awed voice, "that the covered bridge is gone."

She caught his hand in both of hers. They stood speechless and close while the last murmur of Ashley's car throbbed and died in the night. Her breath caught in her throat, and she turned to his shoulder like a little child.

"Somehow," he murmured unwillingly, laying his face against her crisp hair, "things are—arranged, Cynthia, by Someone."

FED by the drainage of a hundred square miles of tilted land, Cold River rode through the darkness with a full, hissing gurgle. Its tide still crept inch by inch up the steep road that pitched down to where the covered bridge had stood. Its water filled the deep-scored ruts of a heavy car's passage. It smoothed away with assuaging ripples the rough furrow torn by wheels that at the last minute had locked and would not hold.

Bearing the wreckage of drowned lowland, Cold River marched toward the sea, triumphant, gleeful, playfully passing its burdens from eddy to eddy. Beyond the piers of the covered bridge, at the foot of the rock where Mortimer's body had lain, the thrust of the flood had spawned a whirlpool. Something more flaccid, paler, less buoyant than the rest of the stream's débris, was flung therein by the current's whim and revolved with a horrid solemnity thrice, before the river reached a peremptory arm and whirled it into oblivion.

Slowly Cynthia Kent and John Tower walked toward the bright-windowed hotel, silent, with a sudden strange embarrassment between them. At the foot of the steps he delayed her.

"Does it," he asked, "make so—much difference to you about—the will, Cynthia. I mean, I'm just a bum writer again, not a millionaire."

She spun about and locked her hands behind his neck. "Do you think," she asked fiercely, "that I want a nickel of that money? I love you, Johnny. There, I've practically proposed to you, you old sap."

He kissed her.

They stepped from the driveway into the utter concealment of the porch's shadow. Overhead the sere raincloud split and melted, and there were many stars.

[THE END]

She Knew When She Was Happy

(*Continued from page 25*)

Gambetta. Paper lanterns were hung from balconies. The air was thick with confetti. At last I came to the Church of St. Jean, outside which had been erected a living tree surrounded by fagots. A breathless pause. Far down the street, from the direction of the harbor, came the blare of trumpets. A procession was approaching, led by the mayor in evening dress, crowned by a silk hat like a length of stove-pipe.

He was flanked by firemen bearing *flambeaux* and by soldiers waving banners. On arriving at the church he rapped three times. At the third rap the door flew open, revealing a priest in white robes, attended by acolytes. The priest circled the tree, chanting in Latin to the accompaniment of swaying censers. At the appointed moment he seized a torch and plunged it in the fagots. Flames leaped up and licked the tree to the imminent peril of spectators. Sparks drifted. As the heat grew intense, the crowd surged back. Above the tumult I heard a complaining voice,

"Oh, Harry, why did you bring me?"

Literally I bumped into the Courtneys—or rather they bumped into me. The little lady of the Sud Express was wedged against me.

"There's no need for alarm," I greeted her.

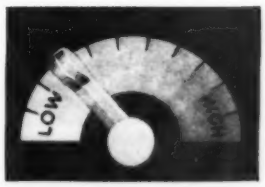
I suppose if her husband had told her that,

CHROMEPLATE

The Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron is now finished in brilliant, non-tarnishing Hotpoint *Chromeplate*. This gives you an amazingly smooth, lustrous, *enduring* ironing surface; and the entire iron will *keep* its gleaming beauty indefinitely.

The finest, fastest, most economical electric iron

Made by Hotpoint



AUTOMATIC Heat Control

Merely set the throttle for the heat you wish, low, high or any heat between, and the iron is automatically *kept* at that temperature while you iron.

PERHAPS you will appreciate most of all that this iron uses less electricity to do an ironing. Or you may like the fact that it is faster, that it irons in less time—and more easily and comfortably.

Or you may prefer it because the accurate heat control protects your garments; for instance, helping silk and rayon fabrics give you longer wear.

Or it may be that you will take greatest pride in the finer ironing it does, with its convenient range of heats adjustable to your every need, its hotter point and beveled edge.

No other iron gives you all of these desirable features; for instance, the Hotpoint CALROD heating element, cast in solid iron, the world's most indestructible heating element; the comfortable Thumb Rest that rests your wrist, arm and shoulder; and all the other features listed at the right.

Hotpoint electric appliances are sold by electric companies and all leading dealers. Ask your nearest one to show you the complete line of Hotpoint irons, at prices ranging from $3.50 to $8.80.

Features of the Hotpoint Super-Automatic

Adjustable Automatic Heat Control
Full Beveled Edge
Famous Thumb Rest
Hotpoint CALROD Element
Hinged Plug Triple Life Cord
Roll-back Heel Stand
Rigid Handle, can't wiggle or wobble
Non-tarnishing HOTPOINT CHROMEPLATE

PRICE $8.80 And the actual tests show that this iron will save you several times its cost each year—in electricity and the value of your time which it saves.

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

A General Electric Organization
5600 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Electric Ranges and Household Electric Heating Appliances

In using advertisements see page 6

MOTHER
protect your baby
from loose pins and buttons

Vanta
Baby Garments
No Pins No Buttons

HOW he laughs and chuckles his delight! Happy Baby, safe from hurts which so often come from pricking pins and buttons that turn edgewise! His Vanta Baby Garments fasten so snugly and comfortably with dainty bows of twistless tape, dressing the precious little body without turning or twisting. Adjustable, as Baby grows, never too tight nor too loose.

MOTHER-LOVE, seeking always the softest, downiest garments, finds Vanta always is ideal, being recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere. Every prescribed weight of knitted fabric, of silk, wool, linen mesh, sase, rayon, cotton, each garment being of highest Vanta Quality, guaranteed non-shrinkable, affording perfect protection at all times.

Originators—Specialists

Almost every improvement in baby dressing has been originated by Vanta Specialists who make only finest Garments and Hosiery for Babies from birth to six years.

Ask your store for the original Vanta Garments. If you cannot get them write EARNSHAW KNITTING CO., Dept. 351 Newton, Mass. In Canada, write to J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.
Dept. 351, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

She Knew When She Was Happy

she wouldn't have believed him. She clung to me, whose protection was so inferior to his, as though I were a tower of strength. I suggested that we should seek refuge at a café in the Place Louis Quartorze, toward which the pressure of the throng was already hurrying us.

Seated at a table beneath the stars, she powdered her nose as a first step toward composure and expressed the opinion that fêtes were silly.

"But there's a symbol behind it all." I attempted to smooth her ruffled feathers. "Every midsummer the Druids used to burn a living youth or maiden to propitiate the gods. Their Christian descendants have substituted a living tree. It's rather fine that a rite vastly older than the Romans should have survived."

"I can't see anything fine in having the clothes stripped from my back. They would have burned me this trip, if you hadn't been at hand to save me."

I turned to her husband.

"What we build today in America we tear down tomorrow. We flatter ourselves that that's progress. It may be, but it's not tender."

"You're quaint," the pretty Elaine chuckled. "My goodness! If you could get a bigger rent for a higher skyscraper, why wouldn't you tear the old one down?"

"I get you," her husband nodded to me. "We're improvement-mad. We improve our homes by crowding into apartment-houses. We improve our families by doing without children. We improve our marriages by changing partners. The past means nothing to us. We can't believe that it can teach us anything."

I recognized the old grievance and switched aside. "What I meant by 'not tender' was that we're in the world for such a little time that it comforts us to think the things we've loved will endure beyond us. If they don't, we're reminded so acutely that we, too, shall vanish."

"Oh, fudge!" The little lady dismissed my sentiment. "What you're really saying is that it must be nice for the blood-thirsty Druids to know that living things are still being tortured."

HER husband signaled to me that it would be wise to select a less controversial topic. We hadn't far to search. Neighboring tables were filling rapidly with the brilliant, over-dressed habitués of the Casino, who had sacrificed baccarat for one night in order to sample romance. Their presence assured our lady that she was doing the correct thing. Money was being spent. Corks were popping. She lifted up the gay face of a boon companion and kept us laughing at her comments.

Meanwhile the burning of the bull had taken place—the bull being a contrivance made of fireworks which, when kindled, charges through the crowd, carried on a man's back. This time I had learned my limitations, and I did not disrupt amiability with historical information. Dancing, which would continue for three days and nights, had commenced. All the omens had been propitious. The living tree had caught fire instantly. The bull's head had been the last part to leave its body; it had soared up far above the trees and house-tops, snorting flame—which meant to the Basque farmers that their crops would be successful and to the Basque fishermen that throughout the year their catches would be heavy. On a raised platform in the middle of the square the municipal band was voicing jubilation. Beneath plane-trees strung with faëry lamps spaces were being cleared by policemen for whirling couples. As a compliment to foreign visitors two-steps were played first. Then waltzes. Politeness satisfied, a hush followed. The band swung into a wilder music. As at a signal, every one rose from their seats, clambering to chairs and tables to view better.

"What now?" Mrs. Courtney appealed to me breathlessly.

"The farandole—the national dance. Only a Basque can perform it properly."

FOR myself I forgot that I was modern. In the open, spreading away to the darkest shadows, wherever the eye rested a man and woman stood facing. They never touched, yet they never separated. Each mimicked with utter exactness all the other's motions and gestures. They side-stepped, circled, snapped their fingers, and improvised, gazing at each other like a pair of game-cocks. It was the drama of courtship—the oldest drama in the world. Pursuit, retreat, hostility, fascination. The man's purpose was to dance the woman to a standstill, and the woman's by outdancing him to elude him.

From somewhere in the darkness on the outskirts a shout started. The shout spread and was caught up. Soon every one about us, balanced on tables, was shouting the same word.

"What are they saying?" Mrs. Courtney's lips framed the question.

I had to shriek to make myself heard. "Chiquita."

"Who's Chiquita?" she shrieked back.

"A woman who knows when she's happy."

She raised her shoulders. It wasn't till afterward that I was certain she had understood my words.

From anywhere, nowhere, urged forward into the full glare of the lamps about the bandstand, bounded a gorgeous creature. A creature of ice and fire. Her white teeth gleamed viciously. Round her small waist was wound a scarlet sash. A scarlet flower dangled from her lips. To the applause which greeted her she curtseyed with mock humility. Behind her came a Basque sailor, swarthy and earringed like a pirate and lithe as a panther. They commenced to dance the farandole—but with what a difference! They reared themselves and crouched, defying the laws of gravitation as though they trod on air. She held out her hands entreatingly, seemed about to faint or stumble, then towered like a fountain forbidding capture. There was the theme of every love-story in her graceful antics. One moment she was unprotected innocence—the next, the courtesan.

WHEN the drama was abruptly ended and we had slumped back, Courtney was the first to speak.

"That was really primitive. If she appreciated her own value, she could make her fortune."

Mrs. Courtney was all excitement. She clutched me with babyish, eager hands.

"Who is she, this Chiquita? What did you mean by saying she's a woman who knows when she is happy?"

"Just that." I met her eyes. "She's the greatest exponent of the farandole in the Basque country—which means in the entire world. A moving-picture concern offered her an enormous sum to go to America on a contract. She refused point-blank. Finally, as an obligement, she allowed them to bring their troupe of artists here to film her."

"For a much less sum?"

"Doubtless."

"But why? A few years' work would have made her rich and independent."

"Because Chiquita has learned the trick of being independent without money."

"She doesn't look a fool," the little woman replied tartly.

"She isn't." I spoke suavely. (Her husband was all ears now.) "I can prove it. There was a high muck-a-muck down in Spain. I won't mention his name. I'll call him His Royal Highness. Well, His Royal Highness got fed up with being a high muck-a-muck. He wanted to cut loose on occasions. France was the handiest playground, so he built a road to the frontier which would enable him to motor to freedom at a reckless pace. When he came, he usually pretended he was incognito and made a bee-line for the baccarat tables. One evening he arrived in time for the Fête of St.

She Knew When She Was Happy

Jean and witnessed it more or less as we are doing. When Chiquita bounded out to dance, he thrust her partner aside and insisted on performing the farandole opposite her. In the middle of it she broke off. 'You don't know how,' she told him. Being His Royal Highness and never before having been thwarted, he became completely her slave. He wanted to make her his mistress and carry her back with him to Spain. Report states that she slapped his face publicly."

"And after that?" Mrs. Courtney prompted ecstatically. One of the best things she did was to imitate ecstasy.

"I realize that I am about to disappoint you," I apologized. "After that, being His Royal Highness who could build roads that he might reach his pleasures more quickly, he left her."

"And never returned?"

"Not to Chiquita."

"You're horrid." She rose to her feet in a mood approaching temper. "You've spoiled my evening. You might have lied."

She swung round on her husband.

"Come, Harry. I'm tired."

We battled our way through the square and passed up the Rue Gambetta, now deserted but still gay with its paper lanterns. At the far end the limousine was standing. She addressed only one remark to me. It was as we reached the church.

"So she was nothing but a boob—and she looked so interesting."

AT PARTING I felt that some amends were due her husband. I had sowed the whirlwind, and he was to reap her irritation.

"I usually take a noon cocktail at the café," I suggested. "If you're over this way, you might look in on me."

It so happened that, for the rest of the time the fête lasted, I was absent visiting a painter in the neighboring village of Ascain. Four days later I drifted into the Place Louis Quatorze and seated myself in my accustomed place at the café. The recent carnival was a memory. The square was empty of revelers. Having consumed three whole nights without sleep, the town was in bed, recovering from its exertions. Confetti lay about in mounds. On the far side of the square, deluged by hot sunshine, an ice-cream vendor was drooping beside her barrow.

I had no sooner entered than I heard myself accosted.

"I've kept my appointment. I've kept it in vain for three days."

Courtney, the sly dog, was at my elbow. I thought I sensed his mission.

"Is that so? Something I can do for you?"

"It's about Chiquita." His face reddened. "What became of her?"

"You mean where is she now?"

"That and a host of questions."

"For instance?"

"My wife and I have had arguments ever since you told us the story. You said that this Chiquita knew when she was happy."

"Depends on your definition of happiness. Her idea of happiness might be your wife's idea of wretchedness."

"I agree with you entirely, but Elaine's terrifically keen to hear the end. She's so keen that every day she's accompanied me here to meet you. She couldn't today. Tomorrow we're returning to Paris *en route* for the U. S. A. She's busy clearing up odds and ends with her Biarritz dressmakers."

I helped myself deliberately to a cigarette. I wasn't in the least convinced as to his motives. As a man none too satisfactorily married, he might have become infatuated by the romantic spectacle of Chiquita chewing the stem of her scarlet flower while she portrayed the extremes of passion. If he was only questing for a vulgar intrigue, I didn't intend to help him. Besides, a virago who had slapped the face of His Royal Highness was likely to slash a less important offender with a dagger.

"What is your wife anxious to learn?" I bowed to the fiction that she was the person chiefly curious.

"She wants to learn what happened after. I'll be frank. Honest women are prone to be sceptical about other women's virtue. The way she figures is that this Chiquita probably started life in penury."

"She did. Her father was drowned before she can remember. Her mother peddled sardines."

"Which means," Courtney took up the running, "that she must often have gone hungry and always have dressed raggedly. Now, here she was in this treacherous Eden to which foreigners like ourselves come every summer, trailing our ostentatious extravagances. Fast women from all Europe follow us to prey on us. They bang about in expensive cars, dress like fashion-plates, bedeck themselves with jewels. They look carefree, never doing a hand's-turn, while the Basque peasant girls, who haven't been given the chance to stumble, toil on without reprieve. Chiquita growing up among these surroundings must have sized life up acutely. Every woman longs for luxury. If Chiquita refused His Royal Highness, it could only have been that she might sell herself for a higher price later, my wife argues."

The man was so earnest that he stirred me.

"Do you believe that?" I questioned.

"I don't know what to believe." He twitched his huge shoulders. "If one woman can't read another, who can? But it was that saying of yours about Chiquita being a woman who knew when she was happy that so puzzled my wife. It puzzles me, too. I never met such a woman; it would be a relief to meet one."

I took compassion on him.

"So we come back to where we started—what constitutes happiness? Money doesn't, nor the possession of fine clothes, nor fame, nor the ability to travel. Happiness is a gift within us—the power to be contented."

"I suppose so," he growled in the tone of one endeavoring to stave off a sermon. "But you've not answered my question—which was, what happened to Chiquita?"

I had been playing for time. I knew Chiquita's habits.

"There's your answer," I pointed.

HE RAISED his eyes and stared across the sun-baked square.

The ice-cream vendor was trundling her barrow toward the harbor. A man gleaming with fish-scales, balancing his catch on his head in a basket, evidently newly landed from his boat, was hurrying to meet her. She allowed her barrow to slide into the gutter and finished her journey at a run. The man lowered his basket to the pavement and threw his arms about her.

"Don't you recognize him?" I prompted. "He's the fisherman who danced opposite her."

Courtney glanced at his watch and offered me his hand.

"Thanks, awfully. I'll be going."

As he moved away, I called after him:

"One thing more. If your wife's interested, you might tell her that they have three children."

On the farther side of the square he hesitated, then strolled in the direction of the harbor. Opposite the barrow he swept off his hat with a gallantry of which I had not thought him capable, and began the usual absurd pantomime of a stranger in a foreign country who can speak nothing but his own language. Chiquita pointed to her wares and then indicated her scarlet mouth. Courtney copied her gestures and nodded. Leaning against the wall the fisherman laughed uproariously. Chiquita joined him—then Courtney. They held their sides and clasped their knees, doubled up by merriment.

Courtney had lost his look of surrender. For a little moment he, too, was happy.

ORDER YOUR *New* FIGURE TODAY *via* DETECTO

YOU can actually make over your own figure if you wish! The Detecto Charm Box, given free with every Detecto scale, contains a simple but effective card-a-day system of diet and exercise—planned by an expert physical culturist—edited by the head dietician of a leading hospital—based upon the necessity for an accurate daily check-up of your weight! The Charm Box also gives special directions for taking off weight in spots—reducing the hips, abdomen, etc., and valuable advice for those who want to gain. Get your Detecto scale and begin immediately to remodel your own figure.

Three models—six colors

Detecto Jr. . . $8.75
weighs up to 250 lbs.

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weighs up to 300 lbs.

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Obtainable at all good stores or direct from the makers—

The Jacobs Bros. Co., Inc.
Dept. 10, 318 Greenwich St., N. Y. C.

Please send me information on safe and sane weight control.

DETECTO
WATCHES YOUR WEIGHT

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

In using advertisements see page 6

Win some of this $4,500 with your knowledge of Drāno!

An "*Experience Contest*"—114 Prizes; three $500 prizes; three $250 prizes; 108 other prizes

The best letters

WIN!

FOR years, men and women in homes like yours have been using Drāno . . . learning what Drāno does, and how it does it . . . discovering, too, many new uses that we have never suspected.

This knowledge . . . it may be something you learned the very first time you used Drāno . . . would be of benefit not only to us, but also to all the other millions who, like yourself, are regular users of Drāno. So to make it worth while for you to tell what you have learned . . . what your experience with Drāno has been . . . we invite you *now* to join with us in this $4,500 "Experience Contest" . . . a contest so simple that all that any contestant is asked to do is write a letter. The 114 prizes will be awarded to the persons whose "experience" letters, in the opinion of the judges, are considered best.

One hundred and fourteen prizes totaling $4,500—certainly opportunity enough for everybody!

Naturally, there are certain things we particularly wish to learn . . . things that would be of most value to all Drāno users, so we have arranged the contest in three events: (1) A "Regular Use" Contest; (2) An "Other Use" Contest; (3) A "New Use" Contest. You will find the details on the opposite page. Read them carefully . . . together with the rules on this page.

Of course, you know that Drāno can be obtained at all good grocery, drug and hardware stores. So just one suggestion by way of preparation for the writing of *your* letter—look through your old magazines containing Drāno advertisements; particularly those from January to November of 1929 in Good Housekeeping, the Ladies' Home Journal and The Woman's Home Companion. And be sure to *read carefully the directions on the* Drāno *can*.

The contest closes at midnight on March 9, 1930—thus you will have until that time to mail your entry. The Drackett Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE RULES

1. You can enter any one, any two, or all three of the contests.

2. Write with pen or typewriter on any paper you prefer, on one side of sheet only—no one letter to be longer than 300 words.

3. You can write one letter for each contest, or more than one, provided each additional letter is confined to a separate use.

4. *Write each letter on a separate sheet of paper.* In the upper left-hand corner of the sheet, *print* the name of the contest for which the letter is being entered. In the upper right-hand corner, *print* your name and address.

5. Mail each letter in a separate envelop, addressed to Experience Contest, The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. Print your name and address on upper left-hand corner of envelop.

6. It is understood your participation in the contest authorizes The Drackett Chemical Company to use your name and your letter in part or in full in its advertising should it so wish.

7. The contest closes March 9, 1930. No letter shall be eligible which bears a postmark later than midnight of that date.

8. In the event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of the prize.

9. Only those persons are eligible who have used Drāno prior to January 20, 1930. Employes of The Drackett Chemical Company and their families can not compete.

10. Read carefully the directions on the can.

THE JUDGES

The winning letters in this contest will be selected by these well-known authorities in the field of home economics—

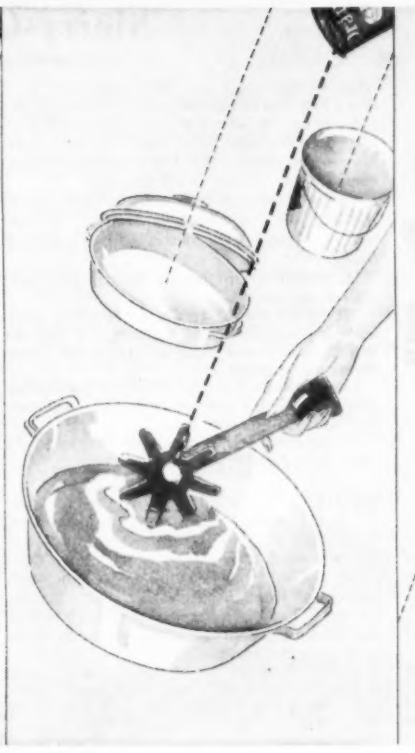
Miss Katharine A. Fisher, *Director* Good Housekeeping Institute

Mrs. Martha C. Peabody, *Household Editor*, Woman's Home Companion

Miss Lita Bane, *Associate Editor* of The Ladies' Home Journal, in charge of The Modern Homemaker

The president of The Drackett Chemical Company

Announcement of the awards will be made in the June issue of the three magazines mentioned above



"*Regular Use*" Contest

1st prize	$500
2nd prize	$250
3rd prize	$200
4th prize	$150
5th prize	$100
One $50 prize	Ten $10 prizes
Two $25 prizes	Twenty $5 prizes

Most home-managers sprinkle a tablespoonful of Drāno once or twice a week—*regularly*—into every drain in the house . . . into the bathtub drain . . . into wash-bowl, laundry tub, ice-box drains . . . into the kitchen sink. Drains in the basement floor . . . drains in the bathroom under the shower . . . drains indoors and out. As a user of Drāno you know what conditions were in your home, before the Drāno routine was adopted . . . probably you've had a score of experiences which would make a highly interesting letter—the kind of a letter that would cause a friend to appreciate Drāno as you appreciate it. No irksome waiting in the laundry on Monday morning . . . no congestion in the bathroom because of a plugged-up wash-bowl . . . no piled-up dishes in the kitchen sink. Aren't these some of the things Drāno is doing in your home since its *regular* use was begun? Tell in your letter about the experience with drains that led to *your* using Drāno. The 38 fine prizes in the "Regular Use" Contest are well worth trying for.

"*Other Use*" Contest

1st prize	$500
2nd prize	$250
3rd prize	$200
4th prize	$150
5th prize	$100
One $50 prize	Ten $10 prizes
Two $25 prizes	Twenty $5 prizes

Of course, Drāno does many things besides cleaning drains. It routs out grease and grime . . . melts away animal and vegetable matter wherever found . . . it is ideal wherever drastic cleaning is required. So, in this "Other Use" Contest, you may tell how you have used Drāno for opening the clogged-up "eyes" of the gas range burner; cleaning and sterilizing the garbage pail; removing the crusted, caked-on rings around the casserole; taking grease and grime from the garage floor; cleaning the burned-on, baked-on grease from roaster, drip-pan and broiler—on a dozen other hard-to-clean objects. Write as you would write to a friend whom you wished to help.

You'll find our booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning," helpful in this "Other Use" Contest. You can obtain a copy from your grocer or druggist, or, if he hasn't it, write to us for a copy. Remember—there are 38 splendid prizes in this contest, too!

"*New Use*" Contest

1st prize	$500
2nd prize	$250
3rd prize	$200
4th prize	$150
5th prize	$100
One $50 prize	Ten $10 prizes
Two $25 prizes	Twenty $5 prizes

In your frequent use of Drāno we are sure you have found ways of putting it to work that we have never thought of. It may even be that you are using Drāno in ways which, while old to you, may be entirely new to us—in other words, you may be using Drāno right now, without realizing it, for what would qualify as a new use. Put what you have learned into the sort of a letter that would make it easy for the reader to use Drāno with equal success for the duties you suggest. The judges will consider as *new* any practical use developed prior to January 20, 1930—that is, practical in the sense that it would be welcomed by many people—not listed in the booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning." You can obtain a copy of this booklet from your grocer or druggist, or, if he hasn't it, write to us for a copy. Certainly the prospective reward is worth a letter—there are 38 generous prizes, with a first of $500!

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

. . . keeps them free-flowing

In using advertisements see page 6

"I Never Expected A Raise So Soon"

"I've Increased Your Salary Because You're Worth It"

"YOU have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Six weeks ago you were only a telephone girl—I can't understand how you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks. Why, a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand for ten months and still make many errors."

"That isn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting? What's that?"

For answer the girl handed the big business man her notebook.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A B C's!"

"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly. *Anyone* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly, too!"

"One boy I know, who studied Speedwriting *in his own home*, took *court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

Two months later Mr. Chapman and all his stenographers were *Speedwriters!*

You Can Do It Too

Tens of thousands have been freed from the drudgery of the old-fashioned methods of learning and writing shorthand by this marvelous new system, which may be written with a pencil or on a typewriter; can be learned at home in a third the time needed to master any other system; is more accurate, and can be written with amazing rapidity.

Mail the coupon tonight. It will bring you an illustrated book full of examples and stories of successful Speedwriters all over the world.

No matter *what* your need for shorthand may be—you can fill that need *better* with Speedwriting.

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Please mail me the FREE book on Speedwriting.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from page 37)

what to do under the circumstances. I—I don't just like to call the police. After all, it's not a felony to jilt a girl. But he does live all alone in a bachelor hotel, and I've tried to get him on the phone—and I don't want to be too conspicuous. What would you do?"

Pascoe leaned against the ancient paneling of the hall and considered. "Maybe," he said faintly, "I could think better if I had a piece of toast?"

He leaned toward her and peered. She said with equanimity:

"It wasn't toast. It was a rye bread sandwich of cucumbers and anchovy. I had tea with it, and I was going to have some cream cheese and currant jelly."

Pascoe moaned softly. The girl tapped her white tooth with one brown finger. She took him all in, all his lank height.

"I suppose," she observed judicially, "I could open another pot of anchovy."

WHILE she was getting hot water for more tea, Pascoe looked around the apartment. It was the top one, he discovered, and from the bow window where her small dining-table stood, she hung out in a bubble over the steep terraces of Russian Hill. All the city lay below her. The big room was hung with orange and brown print curtains and had deep chairs in russet velveteen, and a fireplace of old bricks. A golden Chow lay on the fire mat and looked at him over a haughty nose with beady, black eyes. He got up leisurely and came over to the man. They communed oculariy, male to male. Then, as they heard her stirring in the small kitchen that opened with a pea-green door at the back, the dog moved away dignifiedly and sat down.

Pascoe called companionably through the door, "This is a nice place—lovely view."

She called back: "Yes, I like it. I've been here six months. I hope I don't have to move. I—I had to leave another place because it got so—so noisy."

"Noisy, eh? Bootleggers?"

"No. Memories."

He grunted and looked at her suspiciously as she came in with a fat Chinese teapot and sat down opposite him at the yellow-covered table. She poured out some golden liquid for him into a blue cup and on a carved, round bread-board cut him some slices of crisp-crusted rye bread, which she spread with sweet butter and passed him on the big blade of the butcher knife. She looked up at him seriously.

"His name's Hugo Fenstermacher. He lives at the Prince of Wales Hotel."

Pascoe jumped and slopped some of the scalding tea on his hand. He mopped it off with a bit of yellow linen and scowled at her.

"That fellow! He lives at my hotel. I saw him as I was coming out this morning!" Then: "Gee, I'm terribly sorry! I—I guess I'm a frightful idiot!"

He wrung the yellow napkin into a small ball and threw it on the table. The girl looked at it severely.

At last she said: "I never thought he'd run away. I suspected he was right here in town. Now, what should I do?"

She raised her eyes trustfully to him. Her long, bronze lashes curled back from her eyes, against the delicate tan of her eyelids.

Pascoe said harshly: "You're well out of it, young lady! That fellow leaves his wet bath towels all over the floor of the locker-room!"

He got up and rambled toward the fire. The Chow raised his head and made a humming noise inside his throat. Pascoe stooped and tickled him behind the ears. The dog rolled over and presented the soft fluff of his belly to the man's toe. At the table the girl released a sigh. She took in the dog's abject surrender mournfully.

"Genghiz Khan's supposed to be a one-man dog, all right," she complained, "but I didn't think he'd make it so literal."

Pascoe boasted, "Never saw the dog yet I couldn't tame!"

"Or the woman, I suppose," drawled the girl.

Pascoe shrugged. "I'd better be going. Thank you so much for the luncheon. It was delicious."

He looked about for his coat.

The girl said bitterly: "That's all I get for my good rye bread and cheese! Where's the advice?"

He stared at her, his green eyes blank.

"I couldn't advise you." Then, "I see you're still wearing his ring."

"Certainly!" She twisted the glittering thing till it winked venomously. "It's—it's my consolation."

The man sniffed. "If that's all you need!"

"Well," said the girl, "you don't offer to beat him up, or horsewhip him, or anything!"

He pulled on his coat and growled, "You've been reading cheap fiction!"

She came a step closer. He noticed she used *N'Aimez Que Moi*. It was twenty-seven dollars an ounce. He looked at her simple linen dress and cotton smock and snarled,

"I suppose he's been properly—er—lover-like lately, and all?"

"Oh, yes!" enthusiastically.

"Indeed! No other women involved?"

"I hardly think so," she smirked.

He flung out his coattails irritably. "Well, prob'ly when you think it over, you'll find you've done something to drive him away. I'd—think it over!"

He flirted out the door and started down the dark stairway. He looked back. She stood with the golden aureole of the dog's head at her knee. She bent forward suddenly and shouted, her pink mouth opening wide:

"You wouldn't think it's because I've sold my book, would you? You know, some men can't stand that!"

"Don't be silly!" he yelled back and opened the door with dignity.

IT WAS ten o'clock the next morning when she telephoned. Pascoe was lying in bed. He had been thinking of getting up since six. But after all, there seemed so little to do it for. He had been examining morosely the pattern of rain drippings on the ceiling for the last hour. All bachelor hotels, any woman can tell you, are dark, damp, and unhealthful.

He pulled the instrument toward him languidly. Probably the garage man telling him the new Isotta had arrived. Not that it mattered much. Nothing mattered much, unfortunately, since he had finished his invention and all the money had suddenly rained in upon him. There'd been a time . . . He turned over fretfully and pulled off the receiver.

"Well?"

"I hope you don't mind my calling you up like this," said a voice hesitantly. "I wouldn't, only I have—a—a favor to ask."

He knew her voice at once, so he asked surlily, "Who's speaking, please?"

"Miss Maillard. You remember, you brought my purse back to me."

"Ah, yes! Well, Miss Maillard, what can I do for you?"

She seemed to hesitate, then made a run for it. "I wonder if you'd mind finding out for me," she blurted, "if you-know-who is still at the hotel. I can't get him on the phone, and I want to send some letters and things back and don't want them just lying around there, if he's really not there." She seemed quite run out of breath.

Mr. Pascoe glowered at the wall. "Aren't you acting a little precipitately?" he inquired lugubriously. "After all, give the fellow a chance. He may have some good explanation."

"I have not the slightest doubt of that," she said dryly.

Pascoe flushed. "I presume," he reproved, "it hasn't occurred to you to think over what I said about your possibly being to blame?"

Merry-Go-Round

There was a long silence. The telephone wire buzzed in his ear. He got scared. At last she said in a smothered tone,

"Yes!"

He cried: "You're not crying! You don't care that much!"

She sniveled. "I should think you could at least find out for me if he's there!"

"I will," he promised wildly. "I'll let you know this afternoon!"

He heard her blow her nose.

"I always have my tea about four o'clock," she quavered in a low tone. "Today I was thinking of having Russian toast and quince jam."

She hung up the phone.

James Pascoe sprang out of bed, after he had lifted the blankets and sheet off with one whoosh of his long feet. He rushed to the bathroom and began to strop his razor and sing. Being of a scientific mind, he liked to think all problems had a rational explanation, even the reason his somewhat reedy tenor sounded like Martinelli's in the bathroom. After some experimentation he had decided that, the place being small and concave, it merely involved the old principle of hollering down the rain-barrel.

He stood for a long time under the hot shower, then danced a few mad seconds under the cold. After which it took him fully twenty minutes to choose and don a new brown suit and creamy shirt and to decide upon and knot a tie. Women, he had heard, were particular about such things.

Then he went downstairs, his dark face stern. Mr. Hugo Fenstermacher was sitting on the end of his spine in one of the leather chairs in the lobby. James Pascoe walked up to him straightly.

The tall, young German-American raised his distinguished blond head. He grinned up, his tan face and white teeth amazingly gentle.

Pascoe swallowed and said: "Hyah, Fensty! Have lunch?"

The limber blond unwound himself. "Surest thing you know! Why all the glad rags? You sittin' up an' takin' notice?"

A curious look of pain flashed across his pleasant face.

Pascoe said sourly: "Cut it! Le's go over by the wall. I got something I want to ask you about!"

Fenstermacher followed him guilelessly to the secluded leather booth.

AT FORTY-EIGHT minutes after three, James Pascoe bounded up the last step and stood outside the battered, old, redwood door with Miss Corinthia Maillard's card tacked upon it. He put his thumb firmly on the bell button. Within he heard a skittering and pattering of low heels and the dark, premonitory growling of Genghiz Khan.

She flung the door open. She had on a green linen dress today and a dull, crimson tie. Her smock was the color of ragged robin roses. On a typewriter table behind her stood a gat-toothed machine and a covey of white papers.

"Oh!" she said blankly. Then, "Heavens, it's not four already!"

He glanced at his wrist. "Three fifty-two," he told her precisely. "I could stand out here for eight minutes, if you insist."

She looked doubtfully back at her typewriter. "Oh, well, come in," she sighed, "since you're here."

Mr. Pascoe slunk in; Genghiz Khan gave a superior sniff and stalked away. The young man filtered into a chair by the smoldering fire. The girl busied herself at the typewriter table, gathering up her papers. Her face was absorbed; she had a smear of ink across her tilted nose. She stood tranced for a moment, staring at some words she had written across a sheet. James Pascoe, like all dogs, males, and babies, could not stand it. She had forgotten him; he coughed and rattled the poker.

She lowered the paper, frowning. "That's always the way," she began wrathfully.

Then her face cleared. She smiled. Two shoots of impudent, bronze hair curled out on her pale tan cheeks with their underlying dusky rose.

"I've made a package for you to carry back," she announced suavely. "I presume you found that Hugo's there? Good! The package's full of letters"—she coughed—"a copy of Beaudelaire—he has sweet, mauve tastes, that boy, and—"

"And the ring, I suppose," insisted Pascoe coldly. "Well, if you think you're going to use me like that!"

"Oh, not the ring!" Her eyes were very large and gray under their springing, bronze brows. "Hugo *gave* me that! It wouldn't be—be polite to send that back!"

Pascoe withered her with a stare.

"Either you send that back or—"

She broke in pitifully: "But the one thing I've always wanted was a square-cut emerald! And the first time I get it, you . . ."

Pascoe made a gesture of utter disgust. "Of course, if you don't care to keep your dignity," he began stiffly.

She gave him a look that was two parts elfish malice to one part wide-eyed innocence.

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you," she asked gently, "that dignity, like eggs, may be kept far too long?"

She took her unscrupulous face out of his sight toward the kitchen.

Pascoe rose and stumbled about the big room. There were a few pictures on the walls; one was of a secret little village along the coast of Cornwall. The man turned away from it abruptly, all his dark Cornish blood in his face.

SHE came in then with a big tray; the fat Chinese pot was there and the blue cups with golden dragons on them. There was a great plate of Russian toast and a squat jar of honeyed quince. Pascoe leaped forward and pulled up a low, teak table. They sat opposite each other on the hearth rug. Genghiz Khan, smelling buttered toast, rose negligently and yawned and began to pretend that some weighty affairs of state drew him to the fire.

Pascoe sat staring at his cup. Then he raised his dark eyes to her face. "You've some rather nice pictures in here, haven't you?" he remarked tentatively.

A ripple of stiffness ran over her body, but she agreed airily. "Oh, yes. I'm the daughter of a Greek professor. We were poor, but we never had to do without our lithographs of the Acrop—"

He stopped her tinkling by saying hardily: "I see you have an etching. Tregollyn, isn't it?"

For a moment she did not raise her head from the contemplation of an enormous spoonful of translucent quince she was dropping on her plate. Then she said brazenly: "It is. I went there on my honeymoon."

"Ah!" drawled Pascoe. "So you've been married—before!"

Her face was a smooth, impish blank. "Opinions differ," she said impertinently. "Some might call it that—others might say it was a draw!"

He raised his black brows. "Ah! Did you—enjoy it?"

She giggled. "You can't really say you've enjoyed a ride on a roller coaster, can you? All you can say is: there were some awful swoops and some high glittering moments—and a dizzy head afterward!"

He shook his head judicially. "You haven't got it right. It's more like a ride on a merry-go-round: you ride and ride and where've you been? Right back where you started!"

There were bright blots of color on her cheekbones, but her eyes looked up at him oddly, pleadingly.

"N-not in my case! I'm—I'm a million miles from where I started!"

He stood up so abruptly that the tea-tray

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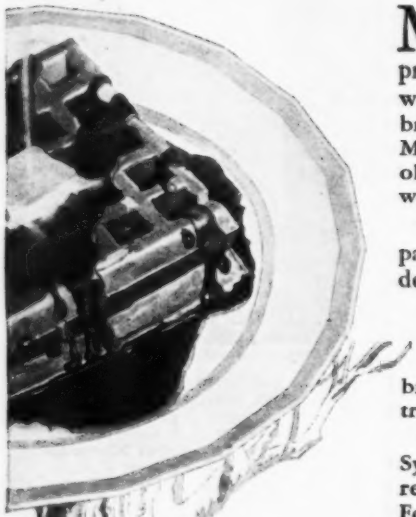

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February 1930 Good Housekeeping

Merry-Go-Round

tilted. She grabbed for it with both slim hands and peered up at him through the smoke of her lashes.

He said evenly, "You've been treating Fensty pretty rottenly, haven't you?"

She collapsed back into her chair. The blood-red smock intensified the sudden creamy pallor of her face. "You know him, then?" she whispered.

"Very well. He was one of the friends I was dining the night we—er—met on the pier."

"Oh!"

The room was very still. Pascoe became conscious of innumerable small things suddenly: the wide couch that still held the careless outline of her body against the cushions; a bowl of Chinese narcissus that drifted their smoky scent into the room; the great golden Chow's black nose that was peering questingly over the edge of the tea tray. The room seemed locked in a single golden moment, static, immortal.

The girl broke it by lowering her hand from her throat. "You've talked with him, then—about me?" she demanded hoarsely.

Pascoe nodded.

"Wh-what did he say?"

Pascoe laughed. It was not a pleasant sound. "He quoted a line of poetry—'O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow!' "

"Oh!" The girl banged on the arm of her chair with one clenched fist.

Genghiz Khan drew back, affronted by the vulgar display.

"I'd better go," said Mr. Pascoe. "Mr. Fenstermacher is coming to call upon you at five. We arranged it. You can make up your mind about your little package of mementoes then!"

The girl was huddled deep in the cushions. Her face looked out at him, small and white. Her eyes were deep lakes.

"Oh!" she gasped again, and he saw that she was laughing. "It's so ridiculously—noble!"

James Pascoe slammed the door before he could see her bury her face in her rose-red sleeve.

HUGO FENSTERMACHER was pounding on Mr. James Pascoe's door at an ungodly hour the next morning.

Mr. Pascoe opened one dark eye. "Well?" he barked.

"You goin' to sleep all day?" inquired Mr. Fenstermacher darkly.

Mr. Pascoe fumbled under his pillow for his watch. It had a simple, round, radium-paint face which had become disgustingly familiar at odd intervals during the night. It was eight o'clock. He made a grampusing noise.

"Meet you in the breakfast bar," announced Mr. Fenstermacher portentously. "Ham and eggs, hot cakes and coffee, as usual, I suppose?"

Mr. Pascoe moaned in horror, but his friend had already vanished down the hallway.

Mr. Fenstermacher was already deep in little pig sausages and scrambled eggs when he arrived. He was absorbing the paper: he insisted on reading aloud bits to Mr. Pascoe, who slipped into the deep leather chair opposite him and began to drink his orange juice in morbid silence.

Mr. Fenstermacher read him Aunt Het's observations on stockingless legs; he imparted a bright morsel of information about California Pete; he recounted the box scores of interminable nines; then, deep in page ten, he yawned:

"See where this feller Bustanoby, the jeweler, is havin' a sale. Closin' out his old jewelry. Saw some swell square-cut emeralds there the other day. You—you ought to sock away some of that ill-gotten dough of yours in some solid investment like that, guy!"

Mr. Pascoe's head came up like a turkey's. Had his glance been X-ray, Mr. Fenstermacher's backbone would have been exposed to the public view. All that was visible of that gentleman, however, to Mr. Pascoe's passionately limited gaze, was the top of his curling blond head and the lobes of two scarlet ears.

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Merry-Go-Round

Mr. Pascoe dropped his head and began to devour with ravening gusto the ham and eggs he had so despised a moment before.

"Well," said Mr. Fenstermacher, "so long!"

He rose, and as he passed Mr. Pascoe, one long arm shot out and fetched a frightful, affectionate blow across the shoulders.

"So long!" coughed Mr. Pascoe.

He watched Mr. Fenstermacher's exit with eyes in which was deep, undying regard. David and Jonathan, by George, thought Mr. Pascoe excitedly; Damon and Pythias! He swallowed two large flapjacks and signaled to a steward.

"Get me a taxi, a time-table and a checkbook, and make it snappy. I got work to do today!"

Nevertheless, it was six-fifteen that evening before he stood once more on the splintering landing outside Miss Maillard's door. He knocked.

After a longish interval she opened it. She was clad in something soft and glittering that dripped from her slim body like golden water. She had slicked back her hair from her brow, so that her face had the pure oval of a child's, but in her small pink ears were swinging two filigree earrings, winking with green stones, which, upon maturer gaze, gave her the appearance of a mildly diabolical Lorelei.

"Oh!" she said. "You again!" She bit her scarlet lip. "I—I was expecting a dinner guest."

Mr. Pascoe put one foot in the door. It is a useful trick. "I have on my dinner clothes," he wheedled, pulling open his dark coat.

She eyed his long black-and-whiteness dubiously. "What I really need is an assistant cook," she complained. She put one round arm against the door and leaned on it.

Mr. Pascoe urged fervently, "I could put a smock on over these, couldn't I?"

"I suppose so," she conceded restlessly.

She withdrew the arm.

MR. PASCOE stepped inside and drew a long breath. Genghiz Khan looked at him from the best chair. The young man thought, sensitively, that he detected a cynical amusement in the dark eyes.

Mr. Pascoe put down some parcels he was carrying. He glanced about the room. The orange and brown curtains were drawn, and brown candles were burning in all the sconces about the room. The small dining table had places set for two on a green cloth. A low pot of gloxinias upheld their purple and cerise cups in the center, and glasses on green stems repeated their exquisite, tubular flare.

Mr. Pascoe said: "I brought some salted cashews. You used—you might like them."

"Um!" Her gray eyes widened. She held out one brown hand.

Mr. Pascoe pulled off his overcoat while she rattled the paper and hunted for a dish. She stood chewing seraphically as she poured them into a green and purple bowl.

"There—there were some of those yellow and brown orchids in Bartelli's window as I came by," offered Mr. Pascoe hesitantly. "I just dropped in and—and bought a few."

She shifted her eyes from the cashews to the long, green box he was proffering.

"Um!" she purred materially.

Mr. Pascoe undid the ribbon. He lifted out a flight of butterflies poised on a delicate green stem. "I'll pin 'em," he offered nobly.

She fronted up to him and stood looking at him while he fastened them to the chiffon strap of her gown. His hands shook. She eyed the phenomenon with a curious, dispassionate interest. Mr. Pascoe backed away as if his knuckles were burned.

"I think," said Miss Maillard stolidly, "I'd better get at the dinner."

"I'll help," babbled Mr. Pascoe. "Where'll I get a smock?"

Her glance wandered a little. "Oh, over there, in that closet."

She vanished into the pea-green kitchen with a soft swish of trailing chiffon.

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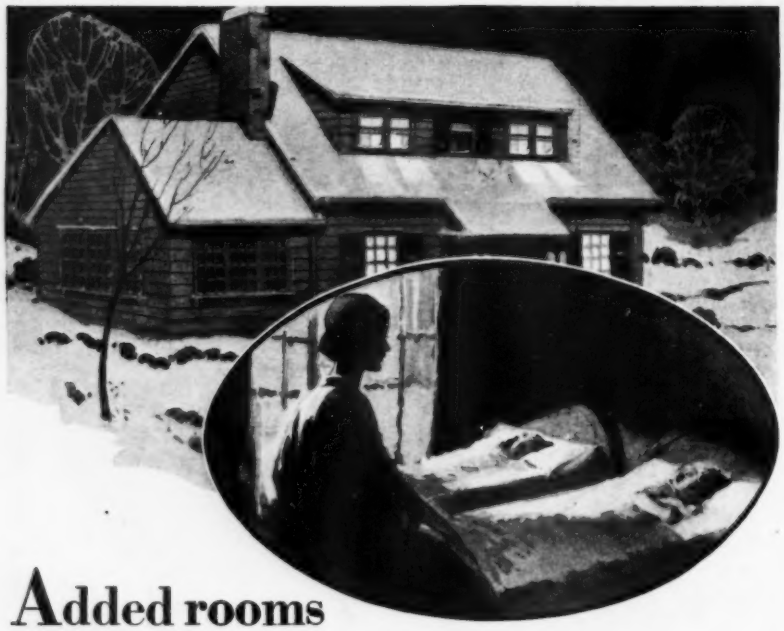

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Here is a remarkable material which takes any finish so beautifully that even experts often mistake paneling of Masonite Presdwood for natural wood. This grainless wood is used by builders and home mechanics, for its beauty, its workability, and its hard, smooth surface. It does not crack or splinter, is highly resistive to moisture, and does not warp when properly handled. It produces beautiful panel effects at moderate cost. A check mark on the coupon brings the complete story of Presdwood.

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Merry-Go-Round

Mr. Pascoe crossed the room toward the brown door in the wall. He stopped to sink his fingers in Genghiz Khan's golden collar. The Chow lolled his black tongue out of the corner of his mouth and grinned. Mr. Pascoe went on to the closet.

He stepped out of it, his face white, his dark eyes terrible. In three strides he was across the room and at the door of the little kitchen. Something in the rush of his coming warned her. She spun and faced him, back to the small stove. Her face went white, too.

"There's a man's coat in that closet," gritted Mr. Pascoe.

"Yes!" said the girl. Her lips scarcely moved.

"It's an old coat!"

"Yes!" she breathed. "I—I keep it there!"

"What for?" Mr. Pascoe's tone went aching around the room like an awful roll of thunder.

The girl's lips twitched into something she thought was a grin. "For—for local color," she chattered.

Mr. Pascoe stepped toward her menacingly. She felt the bar of the stove touch against her back.

"It's my old coat," he told her fiercely. "It's that old suit I had made for our honeymoon at Tregollyn!"

She tried to laugh, but her eyes were gray blurs in her paleness. "C-could I help where you wore it?" she stuttered.

"Why did you break off with Fenstermacher? Answer me!"

He was so close now she was almost bent over backward against the bright row of green pots. She managed to put one hand up to her lips.

"Answer me!"

She croaked, "He found me m-mending a hole in the sleeve of your coat the day we were going to announce our engagement!"

Mr. Pascoe reached out his long arms and saved the green pots from being shoved off on the floor.

QUITE a time later, when Genghiz Khan's cool, philosophical gaze was beginning to disconcert them, Mr. Pascoe said sternly,

"You little devil, I intend to make you pay for the way you've been tormenting me these last three days—pretending you didn't know me!"

She looked up meekly from where she was industriously rearranging the bow of his black tie. "Maybe I didn't," she muttered. "I—I thought you were simply absorbed in that rotten old invention of yours."

"No more than you in those wise-cracking, smart-aleck novels you were always writing," he retorted. "You—you used to make all kinds of fun of m-marriage in them!"

"Well, for heaven's sake!" She sat up sharply. "Anybody'd think you'd invented that, too! Listen, darling: you don't need to jump every time any one steps on the world's sore toe!"

There were bright spots of irritation on each of their faces. Then Pascoe's mouth twitched.

"Did you give Fensty back his ring?" he demanded harshly.

"Yes. But he promised me another!"

"Oh, indeed! Well, maybe if you felt in my pocket . . . Krinthy, Krinthy, I've got our tickets to go back to Tregollyn!"

Something began to splutter and give off aromatic fumes from the small kitchen. Corinthia leaped from his knees and sped toward the stove.

"It's the lobster," she wailed. "I forgot all about it!"

He hurried after her.

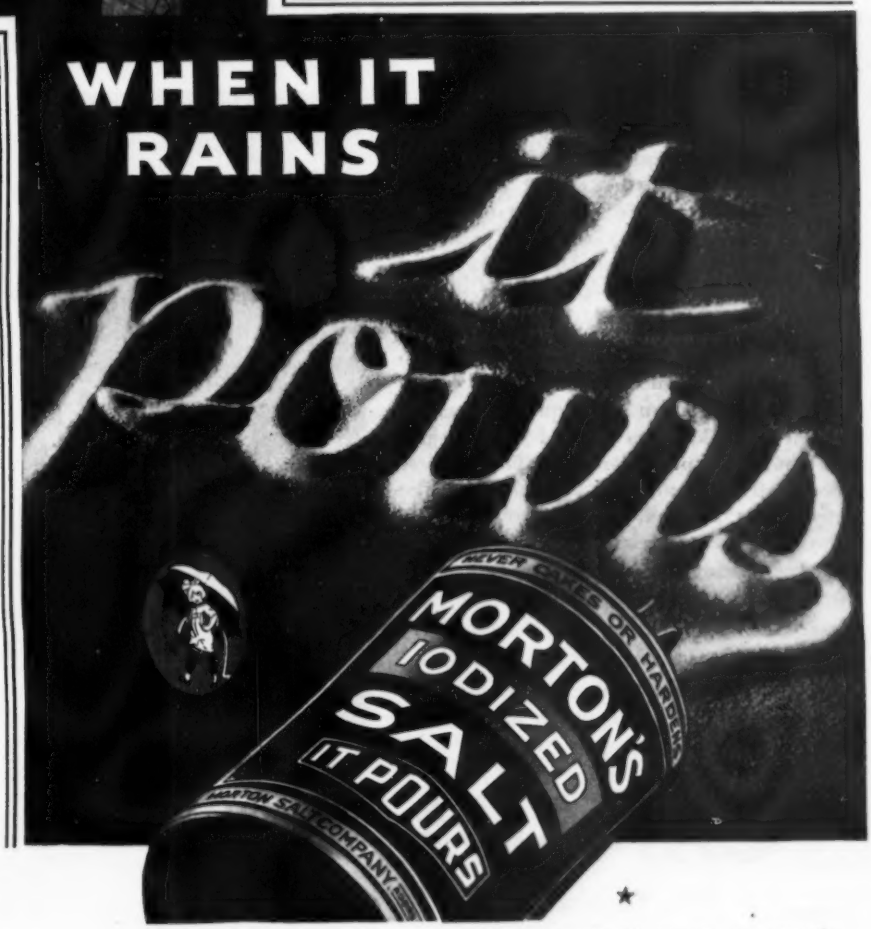
"You didn't cream it, did you?" he thundered husbandly. "Lord, I suppose I'll never have a chance at another like the one you took right out from under my nose the other day! You greedy little pig, you were so eager for it, you even dropped your purse!"

Across the little kitchen she leered at him rosily through a steamy vapor.

"Darling!" she cried. "I'd forgotten you

MORTON'S Iodized Salt isn't one of those timid salts that hide in the salt cellar during thunder-storms. It pours as freely on rainy days as it does when the weather is fine. That's because it's made with cube-shaped crystals which tumble off one another instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of ordinary salts.

Another great advantage of changing to Morton's Iodized Salt is that it protects your youngsters from simple goiter. In taste, looks and cost it's just the same as the salt you're using now. Try it!



IODIZED TO PREVENT GOITER...ALSO PLAIN

★

In using advertisements see page 6

What health, what vigor,

what Sparkle and Zest it brings to Luncheon!

THIS fine old ginger ale adds zest and keenness to luncheon. Its marvelous flavor brings added pleasure to a meal. Its hospitality has graciousness and charm.

But the reason it is the preferred beverage in countless homes is because countless people find that "Canada Dry" makes them more fit; it has the exhilaration of the game well-played; it has the stimulation which comes from vigorous bodily activity.

This quality comes from basic excellence. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root.

Its distinction, its prestige, its matchless excellence, has made "Canada Dry" a favorite in countless homes throughout this country and Canada. Let its wonderful flavor, its zest, its subtle aroma, add distinction and pleasure to your home.

★ "CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

Merry-Go-Round

were so pathetically ignorant! Haven't I always told you that when a woman drops her handkerchief, she's merely old-fashioned, but when she drops her purse, she's desperate and means business?"

Mr. Pascoe desisted just in time to save a coral beauty from incineration under a perfect broiling flame. It was covered with chopped shallots and a touch of garlic, and drenched in a golden sauce of drawn butter and Perigord truffles.

Eggs and Chips

(*Continued from page 78*)

at me. I know it wouldn't be horrible to most people. It just happens that I want something different. I want to go to China—I must go to China."

"Well?"

"Well, I'm going to China, but it has all been darn painful, I can tell you. I wouldn't have gone at all if I hadn't firmly believed that every man must work out his own destiny. Then, too, I believe that when a man wants anything badly *enough*, he should stick to it, no matter what happens, or who is hurt." He was very stern. "Hew to the line, I always say, and let the chips fall where they may!"

Dorothy nodded. "You can't make an omelette," she said dreamily, "without breaking eggs."

"Exactly!" Nick Slade was excited. "I knew you'd understand! I knew it instantly."

"I do."

He leaned forward. "Now do you see why I said you are lucky? You must! Why, only a minute ago I heard your mother saying how glad she was that you were to have your chance for a career. Gosh! Imagine being able to do what you must do, without the feeling that you are a heartless brute! That's what I call real luck!"

"Luck!"

It was Dorothy's turn to be excited. She turned to Nick Slade and almost clutched the sleeve of his dinner coat.

"Before you babble on any further about luck, young man, I want you to listen to me. Just listen to me for about one half-minute!"

He listened to her for about one half-hour in growing amazement. When she had finished, he pushed away his untasted *demi-tasse* and whistled long and softly.

"Well, I'll be everlastingly darned! I thought I was the only person in the world in a fix like this, and—"

She nodded. "Yes, we both seem to be in exactly the same boat. It's a comfort to know it, in a way, although I have an additional situation you have probably escaped."

"Go on."

"Well, after the row was all over, and it was finally decided that you were to go to China, your father probably accepted the inevitable."

"Continue."

"My mother didn't accept it, that's all. She's still trying to make me change my mind, and she's using a method that nearly drives me crazy. She tries to appeal to my sentiment—to my love for her."

"'You are ungrateful,'" Nick Slade mimicked grimly. "'You are selfish and hard.'"

Dorothy gasped. "You, too?"

"Me too, with a vengeance. It's terrible."

"It's worse than that." Just thinking about it made her almost tearful. "It's spoiling all the pleasure of anticipation."

"I know."

"Sometimes it's so bad that I almost think I'll give everything up. Sometimes I think I'd better just stay here in Westcote and marry some stupid bond-salesman, according to Hoyle."

"No!" He was very earnest. "You must never do that. Never! No matter what happens between now and a week from Saturday, you must remember that every man has a right to live his own life. Remember that, and

Eggs and Chips

remember my motto: 'Hew to the line; let the chips fall where they may.'"

She nodded. "I have a motto of my own. It's about having to break eggs—"

"Same thing." He was thoughtful. "Look here, Dorothy Wolcott, why don't you and I stick together?"

"What do you mean?"

"We have only ten days left before we sail. Why don't we meet every afternoon for purposes of morale? Each will be able to bolster the other's faltering spirit. Why don't we do that thing?"

Dorothy looked at him and decided definitely that he was a nice young man.

"I don't know," she said slowly, "why we shouldn't."

They both enjoyed that little dinner party of the Waltons'.

THE next afternoon, when Nick Slade helped Dorothy into his roadster, he noticed that she was pale. He noticed her pallor because it made her seem even more attractive than before.

"Well," he inquired cheerfully as they crunched down the drive, "how are things today? Is the old determination up to scratch?"

She did not answer for so long that he turned to glance at her. She was fumbling with the gloves in her lap.

"I'm not going to Paris," she said in a small, flat voice. "I've decided not to go at all."

He jerked the car to a stop. "You wouldn't mind repeating that, would you?"

"I said I'm not going to Paris—because of mother. She—she's not well."

"Not well? You mean she's sick?"

"Yes." Dorothy continued to pull at the fingers of her gloves. "She has sharp, shooting pains in her chest, and dizzy spells. She had one last night."

"She did?" Nick was still trying to grasp this new situation. "What was the matter with her? What was the cause?"

"I suppose it must be her heart." She looked up at him with wide eyes. "Of course, I can't go away now. If anything should happen—"

"Look here," he said roughly, "don't cry."

"Of course, not." She gulped. "I mean I won't."

"Good." He drummed on the steering wheel for a time with his fingers. Then he put the car into speed. "Before we talk about this any more," he said decisively, "we'll go to a place where we won't be disturbed. I think I know one."

Nick's place was a small clearing in the pines on the side of the hill overlooking Westcote. The view of the village in the valley below them was out of the ordinary, but neither of them looked. Dorothy sat on a flat rock, and Nick stood beside her.

"Now," he said in a business-like manner, "let's hear about these spells. When did they begin? When did she have her first one?"

"Last night, I think, just after we got home from the Waltons'. She almost fainted in the hallway."

"Um. Ever had one before?"

"I—I don't believe so."

"Was she frightened?"

Dorothy drew a sharp little breath. "She says that she has a premonition that she won't live—"

"Don't cry, please."

"I'm not," said Dorothy tearfully.

"All right, then. What did the doctor say?"

"That was the funny part. I wanted to call a doctor immediately, but she wouldn't let me. She said a doctor wouldn't do any good."

"Oh!" He snapped his fingers. "So that's how the land lies!"

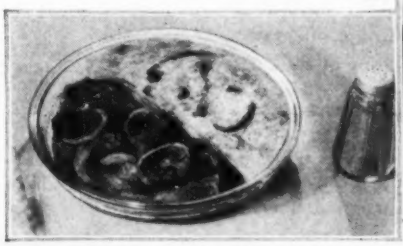
She wiped her eyes and looked up at him. "What do you mean?"

"For heaven's sake," he replied impatiently, "do you mean to say you don't see the game? You wouldn't, of course."

"Game? What game?"

Variety in pies! Even small families can have two different kinds of pie —baked in the Divided Dish. Here we show apple in one section; cranberry in the other. ★

One Dish that does the Work of Two



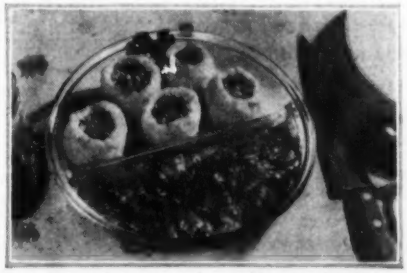
NEW WAY · One Dish!

OLD WAY · Four Dishes!

(Above left) Mutton chops with kidneys; corn creole. Baked and served in the Divided Dish. Only one dish to wash!

(Above) Mutton chops with kidneys, and corn creole cooked and served in the usual way. Two pans and two dishes to wash!

Scalloped chicken in one compartment; baked lyonnaise potatoes in the other. Both baked and served in the same dish—yet neither touches the other, and each retains its own flavor.



You couldn't find a better dish for reheating and serving left-overs. The picture shows sliced meat in gravy in one compartment; potato patties with peas in the other.

A BOON in any busy household! A Pyrex Divided Dish that enables you to bake and serve two different foods—at the same time; in the same dish.

Two vegetables—meat or fish and one vegetable—two kinds of fruit—two kinds of pie. And no dish could be more perfect for reheating and serving left-overs.

You will wonder how you ever got along without the Divided Dish once you have used it. Houseware or china sections of department stores and hardware stores have this dish—price $1.50—and many other Pyrex dishes.

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Prices slightly higher in West and Canada
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In using advertisements see page 6

ARE YOU one of the millions who love coffee.. BUT WHO HAVE HAD TO PASS IT BY?

IF YOU have had to forego the cheer and comfort of coffee because of caffein's effects, then sniff again its tempting fragrance—revel once more in its rich and satisfying flavor.

For the way has been found to remove caffein from coffee and still preserve the flavor and aroma that have made coffee "the beloved beverage." For proof, drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. Sanka Coffee offers you all of coffee's old-time goodness—with none of caffein's penalties.

Coffee—delicious coffee!

Drink Sanka Coffee and you'll discover that caffein never contributed a thing to coffee's rich, full flavor—to its appetizing aroma. You'll discover, too, that caffein doesn't even produce that immediate sense of satisfaction a cup of coffee gives. That comes from the steaming warmth and cheery flavor of the drink itself.

And what a delicious flavor Sanka Coffee brings you! It is a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—nothing but caffein is removed. Judge it on the basis of quality, flavor or aroma, and you will agree with coffee experts that no other blend is finer.

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee

Physicians here and abroad endorse Sanka Coffee wholeheartedly. They recommend it to patients who cannot drink other coffees because caffein affects their sleep, their nerves, or their digestion.

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee—ground or in the bean—in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. Moreover, he sells it on this unconditional money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, simply return what's left in the can and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

Be on drinking terms once more with coffee—get a pound of Sanka Coffee this very day!

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WHEN COFFEE IS SERVED IN THE EVENING, *it's embarrassing for a guest to refuse. Yet it's unpleasant to spend a sleepless night. Spare your guests possible embarrassment by serving Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffein removed.*

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine SANKA COFFEE *Delicious*

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

Eggs and Chips

"Don't you see, Dorothy, that there isn't a thing the matter with your mother? Don't you see that she's just faking this heart-disease stuff so that you'll feel sorry for her and stay home from Paris? Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face!"

"Why, Nick!" She gasped. "What *are* you talking about! Why, I saw her with my own eyes. I saw her—stagger."

"That would be hard to fake, wouldn't it!" He laughed. "I'll bet your mother has never had a pain in her heart in her life."

"Do you honestly think so?" Dorothy was beginning to understand. "Do you really believe—"

"I'm certain. The fact that she wouldn't have a doctor proves it. When people really have heart trouble, they don't waste any time. They get a doctor so fast you can't see them."

THE color was coming back into Dorothy's cheeks. "If I could only be sure!"

"That's easy. Insist on her having a doctor when you get home. Kick up an awful row about it." He laughed again. "You'll find it'll be a long day before she'll see a doctor. That would spoil everything."

She sat up straight. "That's exactly what I'll do! And if she won't have one, why—"

"Why, then you'll go to Paris."

"Yes! And just now I was convinced that I'd have to give everything up. Oh, Nick—"

"You can take it from me it's just part of the old game. Let's forget it and talk about something else." He turned and waved his arm. "Let's talk about dear old Westcote. There she is, all laid out before you."

She looked down into the valley which was bathed in the soft light of afternoon. "It's sort of pretty, isn't it?"

He frowned. "Pretty is exactly the word. Pretty, and neat, and smug, and suburban. See—there's the golf course where all well-bred young men spend their week-ends. And there are the cute little English cottages at fifty thousand a throw. Aren't they darling?"

She smiled. "Oil heat, and bathrooms in colored tile."

"Yes," he agreed gloomily. "Seelyham puppies and baby carriages—pardon me, I should have said prams."

"English prams." Dorothy nodded. "Thousands of English prams."

"Inspiring, isn't it!" Nick was almost bitter. "Great life for people with red blood in their veins!"

"I suppose they like it."

"I suppose they do. Well, after next Saturday they can like it all they choose. You and I will be going places that really matter."

They spent the afternoon in the grove, and when he finally dropped her at the Wolcotts' front door, she turned to him gratefully.

"Thank you," she said simply. "I can't tell you how good you've been for me. I feel like a new woman."

"Nonsense." He smiled into her eyes. "You've been good for me. Shall we do it again tomorrow—same time?"

"Yes. Suppose I take my car and meet you at the same place. That's a nice grove, don't you think?"

They met every day at the grove and discussed many things. They discussed Mrs. Wolcott's persistent refusal to see a doctor and laughed about it. They laughed about Mrs. Wolcott's entire general attitude.

"She tries to persuade herself," said Dorothy with a smile, "that she has no self-interest at all in trying to keep me from going. She pretends she's interested only in me—keeps saying I'll be lonely."

Nick nodded. "You won't, will you?" he asked surprisingly.

"Be lonely? No. Why should I?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. You just seem so sort of—fragile; as though you needed some one to take care of you."

"Really?" Dorothy smiled. "Well, I don't."

"I suppose not."

They considered Westcote in the valley below them. Suddenly Dorothy pointed. "I don't care what you say," she asserted almost defiantly, "it *is* pretty."

"Yes." He nodded. "It's—it's sort of peaceful."

As the remaining days became fewer—and they became fewer rapidly—the discussions in the grove became less spirited. Dorothy supposed it was because they had talked about their careers and their families until the subjects were exhausted. At any rate they began to sit quietly side by side on the big rock, just staring down into the valley.

At last Nick asked a surprising question. "Does your mother have any more of those attacks?"

Dorothy smiled. "I think not. I haven't heard about any."

"It's too bad," he frowned, "that she wouldn't have a doctor."

"Why, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't know." He kicked at the pine needles with the toe of his shoe. "It would just settle everything, that's all, so that you could go away with a clear mind."

She gasped. "Why, Nick! You frighten me! Do you really think—"

He seemed angry with himself. "I don't think anything," he said abruptly. "I'm just a darn fool, that's all. Forget it!"

There was another long pause. Then Dorothy glanced at Nick and stirred restlessly. "I'm afraid I must be going."

He did not answer at first. "Only three more days," he observed slowly, "and then you and I will be waving at each other as we go down the harbor."

"Yes."

He continued to tease the pine needles with his foot. "We'll be a long way apart, when you're in France and I'm in China."

"Yes."

He frowned. "Of course, we can write from time to time—just to bolster up each other's morale."

"Yes." She was thoughtful. "I suppose letters take a long time going all that distance."

"I suppose so."

There was another interval of silence, and then Dorothy got to her feet. "Well—"

"I'll miss not seeing you," said Nick doggedly.

"I'll miss not seeing you, too."

He looked up at her and seemed about to speak. Then he shook his head and sighed. "Same time tomorrow?"

She seemed to hesitate. "I—I think so."

THE next morning she telephoned him and said that she would not be able to keep the appointment.

"I have a headache," she said hurriedly. "A terrible headache."

The wires hummed. "That's a shame."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, too." His voice was husky. "If you should happen to feel better, call me, will you? I'll be around the house all day."

"All right, but I'm afraid I won't feel better."

At noon she phoned to inform him that her headache was better, and they agreed to meet at the usual time.

When she appeared at the grove, Nick noticed that she was pale. He also noticed that pallor did not impair her beauty.

"How's the head?" he asked gently.

She did not look at him.

"It's better, thanks."

He laughed quietly. "You never had a headache, of course."

"Yes, yes!" Her chin came up in a startled way. "Yes, I did! Why—"

"No." Nick was quite calm. "You never had a headache at all."

He looked up at her quizzically.

"What's happening to us, Dorothy?"

"Nothing!" She took a quick step backward,

Teach children safety

Skidding cars are a menace!

Teach children to be extra cautious at stop lights. In snowy weather skidding accidents are plentiful—regardless of balloon tires and four wheel brakes. You can't be sure that a car isn't going to skid at a sudden stop on snow or wet pavement unless it has WEED Chains on its tires. Tell your children not to cross until the cars have come to a stop.

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Use WEED Chains for safety. Be sure you get genuine WEED Chains. The connecting hooks are enameled red, and are stamped with the name "WEED".

Any garage or filling station attendant will be glad to put on your chains for you. So carry WEED Chains in your car always, ready for emergency.

for safety and traction

WEED CHAINS

In using advertisements see page 6

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Rugs woven in many colors for as little as 25 cents *sq. ft.*

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45 pounds will make a rug 9 x 12 ft. for as little as.... **$22.95**

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Here's a real thrill in economy! TRY IT! You risk nothing.

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In using advertisements see page 6

Save your Hands!

MODERN HANDS are busy hands! What have yours been doing today? . . . Never mind—*Frostilla* will save them from looking "over-used."

Whether they are Outdoor hands, Office hands, or Housekeeping hands, you can keep them soft, white and young under the soothing touch of this famous lotion.

***Frostilla's* scientific ingredients have the happy faculty of overcoming the pranks of wind, wet, and weather. Your face, your lips, your neck, your arms will all be thankful for a gentle application. If, perhaps, you have been negligent in *protecting* your skin, remember it is never too late for *Frostilla* to *restore* lost loveliness.**

And so, whatever your hands are going to do next, reach for *Frostilla* first. Massage in a few drops—then go play or work . . . *Frostilla* will save your hands!

Large, generous-quantity boudoir bottles of Frostilla are 50c and $1 at all drug and dept. stores in the U.S. and Canada. Better class 5-and-10c stores offer a handy 10c size. Mail orders filled on receipt of price.

Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y. & Toronto, Can. (Sales Representative Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 54 Street, New York City)

FROSTILLA
SAVES YOUR SKIN

Eggs and Chips

as though she were about to run. "Absolutely nothing! What could? We're just helping each other out until Saturday, that's all."

He smiled at her almost sadly.

"So nothing is happening to us."

"Nothing," she asserted breathlessly, and turned away. "I really must be going—right away."

He let her go until she had almost reached her car. Then he called to her and scrambled to his feet.

They stood there for some time in the shadow of the pines, merely looking into each other's eyes. Then Nick shook his head.

"You're right, Dorothy," he said slowly. "Nothing is happening to us. Nothing is happening to us, because—"

"I know!" said Dorothy desperately. "I—"

"Because," continued Nick as though there had been no interruption, "something has already happened to us. Do you see?"

"No!" Her eyes were wide and frightened.

"Yes!"

His contradiction was gentle, but at the same time he stepped forward and took her in his arms.

AFTER a time he became aware that she was sobbing against his shoulder. He gave her a little shake.

"What's the matter?"

"I knew it!" Her voice sounded small and forlorn. "I *knew* I shouldn't meet you this afternoon."

"Meeting me this afternoon had nothing to do with anything." He refused to release her. "The fact is, you never should have met me at all—or I you."

"Oh, Nick! I—I'm so utterly miserable!"

He bent his head. "Do you love me, Dorothy?"

"Yes." He could feel her nod. "Isn't it terrible!"

"Me, too," he said gravely. "Isn't it just fierce?"

They went back to the flat rock to talk things over. Dorothy said there was no use, but Nick insisted. He said the only thing to do was to consider things in a logical manner. They held each other's hands and considered silently for a while. Then they laughed in unison.

"Aren't we a great pair?" Dorothy demanded.

"We're just dandy! I can't imagine any two people being dandier!"

"Oh, Nick!" She was almost wailing. "What *are* we going to do?"

"That's what we must decide. We must decide quickly and logically." He frowned. "I suppose we might wait until we both come back."

"Four years? Four whole years?"

Nick groaned. "Four whole eternities!"

Dorothy sighed. "I suppose I might go to China with you."

"Nothing doing." Nick shook his head gloomily. "The company won't allow it. A man isn't permitted to take a wife on his first trip out."

"How completely silly!"

"Isn't it, though!"

She shrugged. "Well, that's that."

"Yes." He frowned darkly. "Of course, it wouldn't make sense if I went to Paris with you."

"Absolutely none. Can you picture it?"

"Well, then, what's the alternative?"

"There isn't any. Unless—unless we both stay here in Westcote."

"And give up our careers?"

Dorothy laughed. "We might buy a darling little English cottage for fifty thousand dollars, including oil heat and colored tiles!"

"And play golf over the week-ends!"

"And raise Seelyham puppies, and—"

"What's the use of talking this way?" He made a large gesture of despair. "I absolutely refuse to allow you to give up your career."

"My career doesn't matter, but I won't have you ruin your life for me. I won't have it, that's all."

They stared at each other helplessly. "Tell me, Nick," said Dorothy gently. "Do you really love me—so very much?"

"I love you—terribly."

She nodded. "I'm in the same boat."

Nick groaned. "It's all a frightful mess, isn't it."

"It's worse than a mess. It's just plain—"

"Right!" He put his arm about her and drew her close. "I know exactly what you mean."

They sat staring down at Westcote, which was very beautiful in the valley—and very peaceful.

THERE was a moon that night, which was precisely as it should have been. It made the grove seem beautiful and ghostly. It was, however, no help to Nick Slade's impatience.

The moment Dorothy appeared, he made her sit down beside him on the flat rock. Then he proceeded to ask questions.

"Well," said Nick abruptly, "did you tell them?"

"I told them, all right."

He grunted. "I think I know what you mean. I told my family, too."

"Oh, Nick—"

"How did you tell them? Did you break it gently, or did you blurt it right out the way I did?"

"I blurted. I just said: 'Nick Slade and I are engaged. He isn't going to China, and I'm not going to Paris. We're going to be married and stay right here in Westcote.'"

"Whew! That was right on the nose! How did they take it?"

"Oh, Nick, it was frightful!"

"Don't tell me. I know. I thought the roof was going to blow right off the Slade mansion!"

Dorothy sat up straight in her indignation. "Honestly, Nick, I can't understand it. I can see father's point, because he *had* gone to a lot of trouble to arrange things. Lots of things had been paid for, too. I expected him to raise Cain, and I wasn't disappointed. But what really amazed me was mother."

"What was the matter with her?"

"She was worse than dad, if you can believe it! She said I was trying to make her seem ridiculous. Said that she'd told everybody I was going to Paris, and that she'd been so proud when she thought I was going to have a career. I think she's still raving."

"What was the upshot?"

"The upshot, according to my family, is that I'm sailing for Paris on Saturday!"

"I know. My father says that if I won't get on the boat of my own free will, he'll tie me up and put me there!"

"Isn't it disgusting? Mother has been shouting her head off for me to stay here and be married, and now the minute I say I'll do it, she's furious. How can people be so inconsistent?"

"It's appalling, when you think of it. They seem to forget that every individual has the right to work out his own destiny."

"What's going to happen?"

"I don't know." He put his arm about her. "I only know that nothing can take you from me now. If a man wants anything badly enough, he can have it. I want you, and I'm going to have you. We're going to be married and live right here in Westcote."

"Oh, Nick." She sighed and put her head on his shoulder. "It will be terrible. They'll be perfectly furious!"

"Never mind." He kissed her gently and gazed out at the lights of the village in the moonlit valley. "I can't help how furious they'll be. Hew to the line, I always say, and let the chips—"

"Yes." Dorothy felt comforted somehow, and strong. "You can't make an omelette, Nick, dear, without breaking eggs!" she asserted.

Quaker Farina

—*on every baby's diet list*... now brings one full hour of sunshine's health in every dish

READ the little folders that leading child specialists put in the hands of mothers. On practically every one you'll see "Farina."

This creamy, inner-part-of-the-wheat cereal is so easy for little stomachs to digest . . . so nourishing . . . that it has been advised as "the first solid food for baby" for over 50 years.

And this same delicious Quaker Farina continues to be the child's favorite up through busy school years. Its body-building protein . . . its energizing carbohydrate . . . make it the ideal cereal to promote healthy growth.

Now, by exposure to certain powerful rays like those of the sun, every dish of Quaker Farina gains and can pass on to your child the identical bone-building, growth-producing effect that children get from a sun bath.

A single dish of this nourishing hot breakfast food equals in sun-vitamin effect one full hour of exposure to summer sunshine!

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The Steenbock Process of Irradiation, developed at the University of Wisconsin, is the method used to give Quaker Farina its "sun" vitamin content. This method has been proved reliable by countless tests over a four-year period.

Start at once to give your children this vital new health protection. We'll send your first package absolutely free. Or you'll find Quaker Farina containing the "sun" vitamin at your grocer's. No change in taste. No change in price. For free package, use the coupon.

WARNING: Don't be confused. The mere fact that grain is grown in the sunlight does not give cereals the "sun" vitamin. The husk keeps out the invisible rays from the heart of the grain. Only cereals marked "Irradiated Steenbock Process," are guaranteed to have the "sun" vitamin stored there by ultra-violet rays. The only two such cereals are *Quaker Farina* and *Muffets*, the new wholewheat biscuit. The Quaker Oats Company has been granted the sole right to irradiate cereals by the Steenbock method.

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Quaker Farina *Heart of the Wheat*

In using advertisements see page 6

"Now...my housework is really enjoyable

Thanks to this easier, speedier way of electric cleaning"

Two cleaners for about the price of one

SPIC-SPAN ONLY $14.50

SOME WOMEN love housework... others find it not so interesting ...but all agree that here is a new method which lightens work tremendously...The Premier Electric Cleaning Unit makes housecleaning really pleasant.

Two things make this possible. First, the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit does away with ordinary attachments. Second, it provides a large cleaner for the rugs and carpets plus an additional handy cleaner, the Spic-Span, to speed up the little cleaning tasks.

The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds...plugs into any electric socket...cleans and freshens clothes, mattresses, closets, without fussing with attachments! Comes with a deodorizer that applies moth repellent, and with a special blower that banishes dust from those hard-to-reach corners.

For the small home or apartment the Spic-Span plus the Premier Junior is recommended as the most modern cleaning unit. For the larger home the Spic-Span and the Premier Duplex offer superior cleaning efficiency. If you wish, you may purchase the Spic-Span separately. Write or 'phone your Premier dealer today for a free demonstration.

*Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 302, Cleveland, Ohio

Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto. Foreign distributors, International General Electric Company, Inc.

The Sieve of the Gods

(Continued from page 45)

"Perhaps to keep company with Jean Raoul who sneaked out at midnight," answered Laval.

Steve lowered his fork. He leaned forward across the table. "The two have gone to Lac Seul?" he asked hoarsely.

"To carry food to old Saunders—if you can believe them," nodded Laval. "Their hearts have grown big suddenly."

"Hearts?" cried Steve, shoving back his chair and rising to his feet. "They have no hearts at all. They are like two wolves."

"They'll be away from here a while—that's something," exclaimed Charlie Mahan, a pale-faced little chap who had lost twenty dollars to Hennessey the day before.

The man had cheated him. He knew that, but had not dared say so.

If the object of this brief conversation had been to distract Stevenson's attention from the potatoes and another plate of steaming hot biscuit which Rosie brought in, the ruse was successful. He rose from the table and, crossing to the stove, held his hands, grown suddenly cold, over the hot covers.

"Don't let a little thing like that spoil your breakfast," said Laval. "I'll miss my guess if both of 'em ain't back in three days. They can't make it."

THAT might be true of two ordinary men inspired only by ordinary motives. But Jean Raoul and Hennessey were not ordinary men. Whatever else you might say of them, they knew their woods, they knew their dogs, and each, in his way, was a fighter. There were stories enough about them both which proved this much, even after admitting that their own versions of these yarns were two-thirds lies. Give Raoul a woman as the stake and give Hennessey a chance to lay his thieving fingers on a stack of furs, and each was capable of anything. If old man Saunders was dead, it would go hard with the girl whichever one reached her—and no witnesses. It would be better if both reached her, but that would not happen. Neither Raoul nor Hennessey would allow that. So the prayers of every decent man must go to Hennessey. He would at least let the girl alone, provided he could get his loot.

The devil of it was that nothing could be done now. Nothing could have been done at the start to prevent them from leaving. The law, even in the hands of the Northwest Mounted, can not stop a man from packing his sled and going where he wishes. It can not take into account what may happen even on suspicion. A man is presumed innocent until proved guilty—though the proof may come too late. Wait until spring and both men would be over the border and then—what would it amount to if twenty mounted police rode up to the empty cabin on Lac Seul?

Five minutes later Steve was in the home of Doctor Brière—a small story-and-a-half white house on the main street.

"Well," said the doctor, "you look better this morning. I was worried—"

"You told Father Dubec to pray for those two?" asked Steve.

"But yes."

"You'd better tell him to pray double."

"Eh?"

"You know Raoul?"

"Yes," frowned Brière.

"You know Hennessey?"

Brière frowned again. "Yes."

"Both are on the way to Lac Seul."

"In this snow! For what, in God's name?"

"It is easy to guess."

Brière considered a moment, his black eyes flashing below his shaggy, white brows. Had he been twenty years younger—but no, not even then would it have been possible to cover that distance in such weather. It was not possible for any one. It was this which brought him consolation. "*Bien*," he exclaimed with a shrug of his shoulders, "the world can spare those two wolves."

The Sieve of the Gods

"Wolves travel where men can not," growled Steve.

But Brière shook his wise old head and refused to be excited. "Wait and you will see," said he.

With beetled brows and locked jaws Steve stumbled out of the house, disappointed and bitter. These old men were always ready to wait and see—no matter what, in the end, they did see. But in this case nothing would be left to see if either of these wolves crawled his way through. Nothing. The distance was too great; the intervening time too long. If the thawing snows in the spring revealed a few charred timbers—and nothing more—who was to fix the blame on either of these men, provided they were ever found?

That was the question Steve put to Laval, to Red Mike, and to a half-dozen others—to every one he met that morning, growing the while more wild-eyed and dry-lipped. And their answer to him was always,

"Well, what can any one do about it?"

But their answer to one another was:

"The boy is mad with love. He is more a fool than ever."

Only one saw straight, and that was Rosie, who since the death of George Barras, ten years before, had run what she chose to call the "Pension St. Joseph." Coming in from the kitchen to set the table for dinner at twelve o'clock, she found young Stevenson sitting beside the box stove with his head in his hands. She had been slight and black-haired once, but she was now the shape of one of her own dumplings, her hair streaked with gray. But her eyes were still black—and still had fire in them. She did not stop her work of putting into place the heavy white dishes, the thick cups and saucers, the battered knives, forks, and spoons, but she spoke above the clatter which she made.

"My boy, you are thinking of Mary Saunders," she said.

"Yes. If I had dogs and a sled—"

"You have legs and a heart. Is that not so?" she demanded.

For a second Steve met her eyes and then turned away from them with a flush. "Brière and the others tell me—" he began.

"What does your heart tell you?" she snapped.

He sprang to his feet. "That I should go! Nothing else."

"Then what have we?" asked Rosie, pausing a moment. "A dirty heart that says to Raoul —Go. And he goes. A greedy heart that says to Hennessey—Go. And he goes. A heart full of love that says—Go."

She sought again the eyes of young Stevenson, found them, and added simply,

"She is a fine girl—that Mary Saunders."

Steve was on his feet. His shoulders were squared. His head was thrown back. His eyes were afire. "I'm going," he said.

She came to his side. "It is a long journey. Eat and rest today. Sleep tonight. At dawn I will have a breakfast for you. It would be a pity if the good God can not tell one heart from another."

THE trail left by Raoul was followed by Hennessey; the trail deepened by Hennessey, with his sledge and six dogs, was followed by Stevenson. He picked it up easily enough, for the air in the last twenty-four hours had been as still as ice. Swinging along on snowshoes, carrying his rifle free in his hand, with a pack as heavy with food as he dared make it, he was out of the village after a hot breakfast and a blessing from Rosie, before the sun was more than a pink promise in the eastern sky. The air was so sharp it pierced his nostrils like menthol. It froze his breath to his beard, turning it white. It even clawed his throat as he breathed it. But it could not reach his heart. That was safe enough from the cold, at any rate.

Yet from the very beginning he had to discipline that heart like an over-eager lead dog.

Isn't there some one in your home who loves good coffee . . .

but fears to drink it at night?

Is there always a missing cup at your dinner table? Does some one have to pass up coffee? Then try the coffee that lets you sleep. It's particularly welcome for evening parties.

COFFEE is America's national beverage. Its cheer makes every meal more enjoyable.

Yet at dinner—chief of family gatherings, where coffee adds so much to pleasure—thousands never drink it for fear that it will keep them awake. And many who are fond of its flavor do not drink it at all.

No longer need you practice denial! . . . Rich, pure coffee is now available to every person who has been forced to give up coffee-drinking. For today, in the making of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee, the caffeine is being removed from the world's choicest coffee beans. And so skilfully is the caffeine extracted, that not one bit of coffee's priceless flavor is lost!

Is some one missing coffee at your house? Surprise him tonight. Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee. Make it just as you make any other coffee. He can drink all he wants. It will not keep him awake or affect nerves in the slightest degree. And how much more pleasant than substitutes that can never satisfy the true coffee lover!

Kaffee Hag was the first caffeine-free coffee. Now Kellogg, after years of experiment, has wonderfully improved the blend. Today there is no finer coffee to be found. Ask your dealer for Kellogg's Kaffee Hag *in its new vacuum can.*

We'll send you a sample. . . . For 10c, to cover postage, etc., we will mail you a 10-cup sample of this great caffeine-free coffee. Try it *at night.* Flavor! Aroma! Cheer! And restful sleep!

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Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

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★ Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

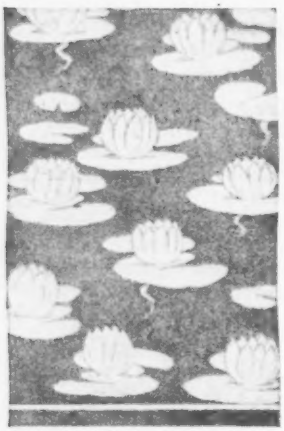
In using advertisements see page 6

Mrs. Lardner's bath is colorful with flowered paper, turquoise woodwork and gay "Waterlily" towels

for MRS. RING LARDNER

Elizabeth Peacock designed this new Martex towel . . .

WATERLILY



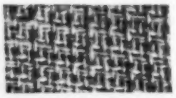
"Waterlily," the latest of the famous Martex towels designed by well known artists and decorators

ELIZABETH PEACOCK'S extraordinary flair for color, her sensitiveness to personality and backgrounds, have made her the favorite decorator of a brilliant artistic and literary set.

Mrs. Ring Lardner's house, for example, is informal, roomy, colorful, quite suited to her original, delightful family.

For her bathroom, Mrs. Peacock chose a brilliant color scheme, and designed the new Martex towel "Waterlily" especially for it. It is a modern all-over pastel flower pattern —simple, delightfully unusual. It gives the final smart touch to this fresh, inviting room.

You can give *your* bathroom distinction with the "Waterlily" towel in your favorite shade. Martex towels are soft and fine, yet the special Martex underweave gives them a close, firm texture that lasts almost forever. Martex colors are absolutely fast.



Underweave of ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open and weak

Underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong and durable

Ask for Martex towels at linen shops and department stores all over the country. Write us for FREE booklet, "Famous Artists Designed These Martex Towels." Wellington, Sears & Co., Dept. 502, 77 Franklin St., New York, N. Y.

MARTEX

TOWELS WASH CLOTHS BATH MATS

The Sieve of the Gods

Had he let it have its own way, it would have urged him on to the point of exhaustion before he had gone ten miles. Every stride he made was one stride nearer Mary Saunders, and that in itself was enough to drive him to the limit. That was true even though he expected from her at the end nothing more than a gracious smile and perhaps a warm clasp of the hand. Queer how from one girl, that was enough, and how from another everything was not enough. He did not understand.

But, moving toward her, she warmed his blood like—no, not like whisky. A stiff drink warmed him, too, but in a different way. It burned like a quick fire of pine cones and lasted no longer, leaving him colder than before. But this other—this heat from the blue-gray eyes of Mary—sank in like sun rays from a clear sky, and stayed. It made him glow all over, not merely in the pit of his stomach. It put life into him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. It made him want to run.

But he must not run. He must not even hurry. He must move carefully, evenly, moderately. He must not listen to that singing heart of his, but to his calculating brain, which warned him that this was no short race to be won by the swift. It was to be a long, long grind with victory or defeat decided on the last ounce of strength. His heart was his engine—an engine which could not be replaced with spare parts like Father Dubec's old car. Nor was the load it was carrying relieved, as with Raoul and Hennessey, by sturdy dogs and a sled. He was his own dog team and his own sled.

So he swung along at a steady, even pace that made him look like a hunter on a holiday. The weather favored the illusion, for as the sun climbed high in the sky it warmed his back and filled the air with dazzling brilliance. The pines into which he soon plunged were immovable and friendly. It might have been a Christmas scene. Only the sled tracks made by Hennessey's team reminded him of what lay ahead. Before the day was done, he passed the spot where the man had camped the night before. He spat on the place and hurried on.

At deep dusk he stopped near a frozen brook, and gathered dead pine boughs, and kindled a fire. He cut small fir branches for a bed on the snow and piled these near the blaze. Only then could he eat, curbing his hunger to a tenth of what he needed. There was still one other danger—timber wolves. But he must take his chance with those. His instinct would rouse him if they prowled near him, and he could shoot before they did much damage. His knapsack was more in danger than his body. He used this for a pillow.

A dozen times that night he was awakened by the cold and by suspicious crackles in the brush, and finally rose, stiff and hungry. But he could not complain, for there was still no wind. He made himself a cup of coffee, ate a slice of bread, a mouthful of dried beef, and was on his way again at dawn.

NOT until the fourth day did he begin to feel the strain to the aching point. The sky was overcast that morning, and the wind, shifting into the northeast, began to blow. At that point he was nearing Lake Beauchamp, which lay two-thirds of the distance to Lac Seul. Hennessey was still following the trail left by Raoul, and he was still following the trail left by Hennessey. For four days in succession he had passed their separate camping sites of the night before, spat on them, and hurried forward. The trail was becoming fresher now, for at one place he had made a substantial gain, the two tracks having made a sharp detour to the left, while he had kept straight on, picking them up some distance further on. What the explanation was for this change of direction he did not know. It looked almost as though Raoul, in advance, had received some intimation that he was being followed and hoped by this move either to conceal his destination or to swing in behind his pursuer.

How Lovely Teeth are best protected

against destructive, germ-laden film

FREE... *a 10-day tube of Pepsodent to try*

Within a few days you will see a change in teeth's appearance. You will find greater protection against decay.

DECAY or pyorrhea threaten nine mouths out of ten. Germs cause decay. Germs and tartar are considered by many authorities the chief causes of pyorrhea. The best way to remove these germs from teeth is to remove the film that holds them. The scientific way to do that effectively is by Pepsodent.

Most common dental ills now laid to germs

Authorities believe that the majority of dental troubles are caused by bacterial infection. They have found that germs are present in tooth decay; in trench mouth; and in other serious tooth and gum diseases.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with the teeth.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film.

Remove film a different way

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film, dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine, creamy paste prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. You can see the difference in results before your free tube is empty. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far

greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

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Only one tube to a family 3360

In using advertisements see page 6

CONTINENTAL NETS
suit any room setting

One of the nine window treatments presented to leading decorators at the Scranton Style Show held in the Hotel Biltmore, New York City.

CONTINENTAL nets are suited to a room as typically early American in feeling as the one shown above. Their simplicity of line and design commends their use in *any* room scheme.

Net is so practical, too. It wears and hangs so well . . . launders so well . . . stays fresh so long. The New Scranton Continental Nets combine all these advantages with a sophisticated note so sought for today. Send your name with 10c to Dept. 211, Scranton Lace Company, Scranton, Pa., for new booklet, "Design at the Windows." It suggests unlimited possibilities for draping your windows.

Continental Weave—No. 18857—50 inches wide, Ecru and Sun Tan colors. Other Continental designs may be had in panels and pairs. In Ecru, White, Natural and Sun Tan shades. At the better department stores, everywhere.

SCRANTON
DRAPERY FABRICS

February 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Sieve of the Gods

Evidently he had failed in both ruses. Hennessey kept at his heels.

Steve was not particularly interested except for the advantage this gave him. He had never expected to pass either of them, hoping at most to reach the Saunders camp a day behind. He must never be tempted to sacrifice endurance to speed. With snow in the air it became more than ever necessary to keep this in mind. His leg muscles were beginning to protest, partly, as he knew, because he had not been able to eat enough. Those others, with dogs to haul their provisions, would not suffer in this way.

When a man is tired, hungry, and alone, he thinks strange things. It was at this point that Steve had the curious notion that Mary Saunders was calling to him. He heard her voice distinctly—not as a shout, but more like a whisper quite close.

"Steady, Steve," she said.

He stopped in his tracks and listened. But now he heard just the sighing of the wind in the pine tops—a sigh full of threat. He looked to the right, to the left, and to the rear. His eyes saw only the white snow and the tree trunks. Tightening his lips, he moved on.

"What have we?" Rosie had said. "A dirty heart that says to Raoul—Go. And he goes. A greedy heart that says to Hennessey—Go. And he goes."

The words came to Steve and filled him with bitterness. They were still going—going toward Mary Saunders. With dogs and food in plenty, they would keep on going as fast as, if not faster than, he. The snow did not care who won. The trees did not care. The north wind did not care. God did not care, no matter how hard Father Dubec might pray. If He did, He'd do something about it, wouldn't He? Instead of that He sent the snow which had already begun to beat in Steve's face. That meant a heavier pull on his legs; it meant a new advantage to the other two with their sleds.

ON THE fifth day well beyond Lake Beauchamp, his ears caught in the distance a rifle shot—a dull report muffled by the storm. He stopped in his tracks to listen, but a silence like that of a granite tomb closed in upon him. The deepening snow, soft as eiderdown, smothered every sound.

Steve moved on more cautiously, his eyes straight ahead. Perhaps Hennessey had brought down a deer, and if so he would be delayed while he cut up his game and fed his dogs.

A half-hour later he heard Hennessey's gruff voice in sharp commands to his team and, swinging to the left, approached, with his rifle cocked, against the wind. The man had stopped and was evidently repacking his sled. Another sled stood beside his own; another sled and another pack of dogs. But there was no other driver. Sprawled in the snow, a little to one side, Raoul lay dead with a bullet through his back.

Steve caught his breath and half raised his rifle, as he realized now the full meaning of that muffled shot. The greedy heart had overtaken the dirty heart and murdered for loot as mercilessly as he would have shot a fox for his hide. And that by the code of the woods made Hennessey an outlaw, and every man who met him an unofficial member of the Mounted. A pressure of the trigger would give Steve food, dogs, sleds, and leave him only the elements to fight on his road to Mary Saunders. Hennessey under the circumstances would not have hesitated—but he was not Hennessey. It might be necessary later to kill—he would do it if the safety of the girl required it—but that point had not been reached yet. The gods had struck once; perhaps they would strike again. The prayers of Father Dubec had a long way to go, and the heavy storm may have delayed them.

Steve backed away and after a wide circle again picked up the trail made by Hennessey. From now on he must keep closer than ever to this man; first, because the tracks were filling

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE
"No doctor would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

A $25 VISIT TO A SKIN SPECIALIST

If you paid a specialist to examine your skin he would tell you this simple truth:

Superficial cleansing is the cause of most skin defects. To look young it is not enough to remove surface dirt: only when the pores are cleansed to their depth every day does the skin stay fine-textured and smooth.

Medical authorities recognize this. Any doctor of standing always uses a liquid solvent for thorough antiseptic cleansing. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores—dissolves out the deepest dirt—cleanses the skin of the oily mixture of grease from the outside and bodily soil from within—leaves no tiny clogging particles of sediment.

For the first time, pore-deep liquid cleansing is available for the daily use of American women. Ambrosia, a pure, sunlit liquid gently and thoroughly cleanses the skin. No wax to clog the pores, no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. Even a skin coarsened by neglect soon becomes naturally fine with daily pore-deep liquid cleansing.

If the skin is dry it will be softened by a smooth facial cream, but only after every particle of soil has been removed by liquid Ambrosia. Correct treatments for each type of skin, endorsed by New York's leading dermatologist, given in the booklet with every Ambrosia bottle. At all important department stores, drug stores and specialty shops, $1, $1.75, $3. Write for generous free sample.

HINZE AMBROSIA INC., DEPT. 2-E, 114 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

★ AMBROSIA the pore-deep cleanser

created by a chemist to the French court . . . named by the beautiful Empress Eugenie . . for twenty-seven years made only to the private order of America's most notable women . .

In using advertisements see page 6

inconspicuous

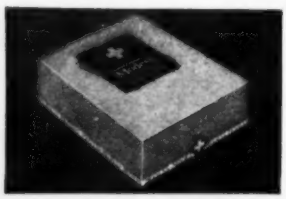
AMAZING PROOF THAT MODESS IS BETTER

For six months we have been publishing this offer to millions of women: "Try one box of Modess. If you do not decide that it is finer in every way than the kind you have been using, we will refund purchase price." During those months thousands of boxes of Modess have been purchased, but as we write this only two women have asked us to return their money.

The remarkable qualities which cause women to prefer Modess were developed by a unique method. Trained nurses were employed to interview women and learn what they really wanted.

They wanted softness. So an entirely new substance was invented for the disposable filler. It is as soft and downy as the finest cotton, yet has great absorbency and is truly disposable.

They complained of chafing edges and stiffness. The sides of Modess are smoothly rounded, and it has a yielding pliancy which assures greater comfort and the inconspicuousness so necessary with modern gowns.



Then a fluffy film of absorbent cotton was meshed with the gauze, imparting a velvety surface. The ends of Modess are rounded to conform.

We know that you will prefer Modess to anything else you have used. This is our offer: Buy one box. Unless you are convinced that Modess is better, tear off front of box, write on it your name, address and the price, and mail to us. We will refund the amount you paid.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

The Sieve of the Gods

more rapidly, and, second, because he must always be near enough to shoot if his own strength showed signs of giving out completely.

Within two hours Hennessey made his camp for the night. But there was no rest for Steve. He dared not build a fire of his own for fear a change of wind would reveal him. That meant keeping awake, for to sleep would be to freeze.

It was a hideous night; a night of constant wakefulness, when his heavy eyes demanded sleep; a night of constant weariness, when his tired legs demanded rest. As quietly as a gray wolf he moved back and forth in the darkness, wasting his reserve. It would have been so easy to lie down on the snow as upon a white sheet and close his eyes. He was too exhausted to feel the cold. He would have been warm enough and snug enough, if only he would let himself go. But he would not wake up again. He did not care even about that—except for Mary. It was this thought and this alone that made him jerk up his head every time it sagged, made him continue his stride every time his knees gave way.

The night was a month long, but it broke finally. Again the smell of Hennessey's fire was wafted through the pines. He was warm and would eat well. It did not seem right. It did not seem just. He could make everything right and just with a single shot—and did not.

It was the sixth day out—ten miles to Lac Seul and ten flat miles across the ice to the cabin. He was not sure that he could make it. He was young but there is a limit even to youth. He stumbled along blindly and muttered as he stumbled. But before he fell—before he fell finally—he must see that Hennessey did not go on. That was the thought that gripped him now. He would not shoot before, but he would shoot then.

HE WAS roused by a rifle shot which came not two hundred yards away, from behind a heavy clump of trees into which the trail had turned after a sharp swing to the left. Instinctively Steve dropped flat, never doubting but that a second shot would follow, this time better aimed. His brain numb with fatigue, he had allowed himself to be taken by surprise. He was helpless, caught out there in the open.

Yet, strangely enough, no second shot followed. Around the turn he heard the snarling barks of fighting dogs. But no voice spoke to quiet them. There were sharp yelps of pain followed by maddened growls, the creak of straining leather as they sought escape from their harness, but no attempt to check them.

With his breath coming short, Steve slowly made his feet again, his rifle cocked. Slowly he edged off the trail to the left, still expecting a challenge. Neither voice nor rifle responded from the ambuscade. It began to appear as though whatever Hennessey had shot at, it was not at him. But neither was it probable that the man had troubled about game with Raoul's sled now his own. The sifting snow made time more important than fresh meat.

Steve paused long enough to steady himself and then cautiously advanced from tree to tree, closer to the pack which had apparently gone mad. Finally through an opening in the branches he saw an overturned sled and a tangle of dogs struggling in carmine snow. To one side Hennessey lay sprawled out with his hand still on the rifle barrel which he had drawn toward him—killed by his own gun as the trigger, caught on a twig, had sent a bullet through his heart. The man must have been dumb with weariness to be guilty of so stupid an act.

Breaking through, Steve shouted a command to the dogs, who in response to this new voice stopped their fighting and faced him stiffly with the hair on their backs bristling. He picked a heavy whip from the ground and cut across the backs of the leaders to establish his authority. Cowering, they sank to the ground, their tongues lolling from their mouths.

Stooping, but still on his guard, he groped for Hennessey's pulse. It was as dead as the pulse of Raoul. With a sense of awe Steve

You can regain your waistline without sacrificing comfort

NOW that the mode is emphasizing the natural waistline—or the lack of one—there is a real danger to the health in trying to wear a corset that digs into the diaphragm and causes acute discomfort. Not only is this type of corsetry unscientific but it may do lasting injury to the health in preventing deep breathing.

For many years Spencer designers have specialized in creating garments to overcome all the faults of a woman's figure. No garment is ever designed until a careful study has been made of the individual by a corsetiere trained in analyzing the lines of the figure. The garment then created will not only restore a youthful waistline, reduce the hips and improve the posture, but it will also be perfectly comfortable.

SPENCER CORSETS are sold only through SPENCER CORSETIERES never in stores

Call the Spencer Corsetiere for a free figure study

Wherever you live a Spencer Corsetiere will come to your home and make an analysis of your figure. This will not obligate you in any way and you may learn some interesting facts about how to safeguard your youthful appearance. Look in the telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere". If you do not find a corsetiere living near you, send us the coupon below. Write to The Berger Brothers Company, New Haven, Conn. In Canada: Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Rock Island, Quebec. In Great Britain: Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 96 Regent St., London, W. I.

SPENCER

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CORSETS, GIRDLES, BRASSIERES, BELTS, SURGICAL CORSETS

Anne Spencer, c/o The Berger Brothers Co. Feb., 1930
139 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.
(In Canada: Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Rock Island, Quebec.
In Great Britain: Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 96 Regent St., London, W. I.)
Please send me a free copy of your interesting illustrated booklet, "The Way to Youthful Grace."

Name .....
Street .....
Town ..... State .....

Do you want to make money?
Anne Spencer will tell you how to build a prosperous business in your community. You will receive all necessary training. Check square on the right. . . . ☐

WE CREATE A DESIGN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

In using advertisements see page 6

These four watchmen guard your child's health

DAY AND NIGHT!

RAISING a child, as every mother knows, is no eight-hour job. Each complete day should bring him growth, health, a contented mind—a victory over disease.

Some of the most insidious diseases of childhood are those caused by vitamin-deficiency. General lowering of resistance—due especially to the common cold—nervous disorders, rickets, soft teeth, scurvy...each is associated with lack of vitamins.

Think of the vitamins as policemen of our bodies. They guard against disease and promote normal growth. But when children are finicky with their foods, it is difficult to be certain that they are getting enough vitamins from their meals. Often the discovery comes too late.

Fortunately, medical science has developed a simple food combination which is known to carry all four vitamins. A leading biological chemist has proved that Maltine With Cod Liver Oil —added to orange juice in adequate dosage—*provides a sufficient quantity of all four vitamins (A, B, C, D) to promote health.*

Seventy per cent of this preparation is Maltine, a concentrated extract of malted barley, wheat and oats—rich in Vitamin B. The rest is pure vitamin-tested cod liver oil (a bountiful source of Vitamins A and D). Taken in orange juice (Vitamin C), this preparation gives your child adequate protection against vitamin-deficiency. Keep a bottle nearby in the kitchen cabinet, and stir it in with your child's morning orange juice.

Send for a free copy of the booklet, "The Doctor Talks About Vitamins." In simple language it tells you the important facts about the four necessary vitamins. The Maltine Company, 20 Vesey Street, New York. Established 1875.

The A B C's of Vitamins

A "OFFICER A" *is essential to normal growth and helps protect against certain infections, especially those that attack the respiratory system. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is a recognized rich source of Vitamin A.*

B "OFFICER B" *is most essential. Lack of Vitamin B results in loss of appetite, a cessation of growth, and the appearance of certain nervous disorders. Vitamin B is found in abundance in Maltine With Cod Liver Oil.*

C "OFFICER C" *prevents scurvy. Orange juice is everywhere recognized as very rich in Vitamin C. That's why we recommend this policeman.*

D "OFFICER D" *is also necessary. A deficiency of Vitamin D causes rickets, that weakener of child bones. Sound teeth depend upon it. It is meager or lacking in all our ordinary foods. Maltine With Cod Liver Oil is rich in Vitamin D.*

Maltine

WITH COD LIVER OIL

Accepted by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association

The Sieve of the Gods

straightened himself, turned his back on the stiffening figure, removed his cap, and faced the trail that led to St. Joseph and to Father Dubec. The good God, it seemed, had cared which heart won through.

"It's all right, Father," muttered Steve. "You needn't bother any more."

The road to Mary Saunders was clear, except for the snow, and he could manage that alone—could have managed it, as he felt now, had it been five times as deep.

MARY SAUNDERS, alone in the cabin at Lac Seul—alone for five days after she had buried the body of her father in the snow—stared out the window across the blank glare of the level surface that stretched to the blue horizon line and beyond. She was not looking for anything, not waiting for anything. That time had passed. She was not even praying for anything. That time, too, had passed. Until a few days ago she had kept up her vigil, but after this last storm there was no use. Perhaps it was even better this way. Had Dr. Brière come, he could not have done anything. Had Steve come with him—she had thought of that as a possibility—

Her young cheeks flushed crimson. In the anguish of those first few nights alone, she had awakened to find herself calling his name—the first man's name, except her father's, she had ever spoken in just that way. Yet she had no right to expect so much of him. He had already ventured much—perhaps too much. It was not even certain that he had got back to St. Joseph's. She caught her breath every time she thought of this. Her slim body trembled.

She had been idly watching a speck on the horizon. If one looked long enough, one saw many odd things out there. But always they vanished. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. It was still there. She rubbed away the frost on the window pane to make a larger opening and, looking once more, saw that the speck had grown in size. But still she refused to hope. Besides, in every speck there was quite as much to fear as to hope for. She glanced at the door to be sure it was barred, and crossing the room brought back her father's rifle. It was always loaded.

Now the enlarged speck was moving. In another few minutes she could make out that it was a sled followed by the figure of a man. She threw on a heavy coat, cocked her rifle, and went out, her mouth set. She did not yet know whether to be glad or afraid.

Nor did she know for certain until Steve stumbled up the slope, a bit unsteady, but able to keep his feet, and moved straight on with a wan smile toward the leveled muzzle of her rifle. Then with a little cry she dropped the gun and ran to meet him, as out of breath as he was.

"I told Brière," he said as though this was all he had come for. "I told him, but he wouldn't start."

"So you came alone?" she exclaimed.

He hesitated a moment. "There were Raoul and Hennessey—"

She made as though to reach for her rifle again. She knew those two.

"They are back there—in the snow," he reassured her.

A question still remained in her troubled eyes.

"They are dead, but I did not kill them," he explained. "There was no need. Father Dubec prayed."

"You are cold and hungry and tired," said Mary Saunders. "Come."

She led the way to the cabin.

STEVENSON, against orders, was up at daybreak. The girl, from her bunk in the next room, heard him kindle the fire in the kitchen stove, a chore of which she was glad enough to be relieved with the temperature in the cabin well below zero. Her father had always done this, and for a moment the noise of the clattering covers made her forget that he had gone.

Cold Reason Applied to Cold-Rooms

Cold rooms don't save any money...and they don't save any lives, either...Nobody can compute what they cost in human suffering and loss...and nobody who is sensible to the ever-present danger of cold rooms will put up with them.

Do not jeopardize the health of your loved ones...do not defer their living comfort and your own...install a radiator heating plant...it's the only kind of heating that assures a steady, even temperature in every room.

And get the best while you are getting it...an "All-American" Heating Plant. It cuts down the fuel cost of heat. Cuts out the medical cost of cold. Burns hard or soft coal, coke, oil or gas. The only thing it doesn't burn is money.

And you don't have to wait until you can pay for it...we'll do the waiting...a little down and a little monthly solves the problem...On the opposite page you can get an approximate idea of the price. Mail the coupon and let us give you the details.

AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

The Sieve of the Gods

But only for a moment. That was a different sort of man out there now, a younger man and, in a way, a strange man.

She shrank deeper beneath the blankets, her breath coming faster. She had neglected last night to do two things she had always done since her father's death; to stand her father's rifle at the head of her bunk within easy reach, and to bar her door. She had not realized how quickly this youth of twenty would snap back to normal. While he was prostrate, she had forgotten his age.

Instinctively she threw aside the covers and stole to the door. Then with flushed cheeks she tiptoed back without touching the bar—ashamed of herself. She was not afraid of Steve. It was not decent of her to mistrust him. Had that been Raoul out there—she shuddered; or Hennessey—she felt her fists tighten. Or any other man on earth, old or young—she gave a little gasp.

Here was a fact to think about a moment. Perhaps not being afraid was something to be afraid of. Her father had warned her often enough always to be on guard, and what, up to now, she herself had seen of men gave her further warning. The best of them were to be watched when a girl had to depend upon herself. A hundred miles of deep snow had been no protection against those other two—the two that now lay buried beneath the snow of these last few days; the snow that now locked her in here with this third.

She heard him fill the kettle from the pail of spring water and place it on the stove. She called to him, her voice none too steady.

"You ought not be around in the cold," she warned. "Get back to bed."

"I'm all right, Mary," he answered. "You stay where you are till the room gets warm."

She snuggled the blankets to her chin. It was nice to have some one think of her to that extent, nice to be able to wait until the frost was out of the air. But this made her still more conscious of herself as a woman, more conscious of what might lie ahead. It was queer that he had been willing to start without dogs or sled in the face of the winter storms. She herself had considered making the attempt in the opposite direction, but had shrunk from it as an impossibility.

Steve was still shuffling around, and soon the aroma of coffee greeted her. It was a friendly fragrance—a chummy, home-like fragrance. It made her glow all over and brought her out of bed. She dressed in the dark and stopped long enough, even in the cold room, to comb her long, black hair back from her forehead and twist it into an orderly pug. If her fingers trembled somewhat, that was not because she was afraid.

WHEN she came out, he was standing with his hands over the hot covers as her father used to do. He looked up at her with a smile which showed white teeth.

"Mornin'," he greeted her. "It's stopped snowin'."

The windows were so frosted she could not see through them. That shut her in all the tighter. The sun was not yet up, and there was only the silver dawnlight in the room.

"Why didn't you light a candle?" she asked.

"No need," he said. "Besides—you may want them before spring."

"Me?"

She spoke quickly in response to an uneasy note in his voice.

"Mary," he said, "I've been thinkin' I'd better start back right off. Looks like we might get a spell of fair weather now."

The sun was beginning to pierce the frosted panes, lighting the room through the ice crystals so that she could see the grim set of his lips. She stood rigid a moment and then suddenly relaxed, holding her numb fingers over the stove.

"You—you think you can make it?" she asked.

"I can try," he answered. "There ain't

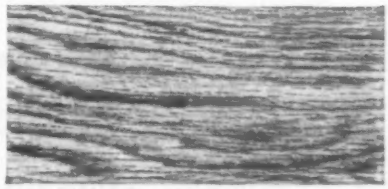
So Many Home Owners Have Found OAK FLOORING *Comparatively Inexpensive*

OAK FLOORS are fine floors. Highly polished, beautifully grained, friendly and cheerful, they add a tone to any house. So *many* home owners have been surprised at the low cost of equipping a house throughout with the gleaming warmth of floors of oak!

For Oak Flooring *is* comparatively inexpensive. It costs little more than floors of softer woods that quickly wear and need replacement! And it's hard to realize that Oak Flooring *does* cost less than carpets or manufactured flooring substitutes! Today, many are remodeling their houses with Oak Flooring, laying it right over the old worn floors—at little cost—and not only adding tremendously to the beauty of their homes, but actually increasing their values should they ever wish to rent or sell! For floors of oak, upstairs and down, transform a house!

Perhaps *you* would like to know more about this fascinating flooring. Write for the free, informative, illustrated booklet, "The Story of Oak Floors." Have your contractor, retail lumber dealer, or architect give you an estimate on oak floors for your home. Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of the United States, 1232 Builders' Building, Chicago.

THIS MASTER TRADE-MARK is stamped on the under side of all Oak Flooring produced by members of the Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of the United States. It is complete protection for you. Every piece is air-seasoned and kiln-dried, then thoroughly inspected and accurately graded, insuring uniformly high quality.



There is beauty and character in the natural grain of OAK that lesser materials can never hope to express.

In using advertisements see page 6

ONLY VOSS WASHERS Have this Feature

The Floating Agitator -

—which cleans by the Hand Washing Method

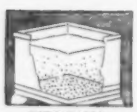
YOU WASH IN THE SUDS AT THE TOP

ONLY owners of VOSS washers can enjoy the advantages of the Floating Agitator—a patented device which brings to the mechanical washer all the gentle thoroughness of the *hand washing method.*

Study the three illustrations. They show clearly why the Floating Agitator provides an ideal method of washing. Note that the Floating Agitator washes at the top of the water just as you do when washing by hand. It rests lightly and gently on the clothes, swishing them through the clean sudsy water at the top, while the dirt falls to the bottom.

THE VOSS AGITATOR WASHES IN THE SUDS AT THE TOP

Thus dainty silks, fine linens and woolens are washed as safely as though done by your own hands, and the heaviest, dirtiest garments are washed cleanly and quickly.



DIRT FALLS TO THE BOTTOM

In addition, VOSS washers have a compact beauty of line and coloring; all mechanism safely enclosed—and every other worth-while feature of a modern washer.

Other Voss Features

BALLOON WRINGER ROLLERS—will not break buttons.

LIFE-TIME COPPER TUB —nickeled inside to make cleaning easy.

SEALED MECHANISM—running in oil bath.

4 TIMKEN ROLLER BEARINGS—and 5 Moraine oil retaining bearings.

G. E. MOTOR

ELECTRIC ROTARY IRONER ATTACHMENT
(*Optional with Voss Washers*)
With this attachment, priced $49.50, your Voss Washer becomes an efficient electric rotary ironer.

See the VOSS in action at your dealer's.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

"Washing Machine Builders Since 1876"

VOSS

VOSS BROS. MFG. CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

The Sieve of the Gods

nothin' else to do. There ain't no need of me here now, and besides—"

His face grew flushed as he thought of the gossip at St. Joseph that would always center about the girl if he did not go. She understood.

"You're safe here, with food enough to last till spring; safer than you would be tryin' to get out," he ran on. "If it snows any more, you wouldn't have a chance—even with the dogs to help."

She met his clear blue eyes.

"Nor you," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders and tried to brush aside this somber truth with a brave smile.

"No sense in two riskin' it."

That was correct, as she well knew. If she kept her health, and that was something she never had to worry about, she'd get through the winter here by herself. At any rate that was a safer gamble than fighting cold and snow in the open—safer for her and safer for him. Two would necessarily travel more slowly than one. She must take this into account.

She tried to do this—tried so hard with her heart acting queer that she swayed. Steve was at her side in two swift steps.

"Mary," he cried with his big arm around her waist. "What's the matter?"

Never before had he touched her by so much as the tip of his finger. The feel of her strong, young body made him dizzy. In a way this was an answer to his question.

"I'll stay," she said excitedly, sobbing like a frightened child. "Don't mind me. Please don't mind me."

He drew her closer, and then he could no longer check his wayward tongue.

"Mary, I love you," he whispered close to her ear—though had he shouted the words none but she would have heard. "Mary, dear, that's why I came, though I wasn't goin' to let any one know—not even you. I reckoned I'd keep those other two from hurtin' you and then go home. Because I'm not good enough—"

She turned in his arms to lift her face to his.

"If you hadn't been as good as you are, you wouldn't have got through," she said simply.

"Then—you love me a little?"

"A little," she answered. "But when we get back to St. Joseph, I'll tell you how much more."

"But if we don't get back—?"

"We can't help getting back now," she said.

WHEN Mary Saunders and Carl Stevenson, wan and haggard, leg-weary and frost-bitten, but with the light of the winter stars in their sunken eyes, staggered into the snow-bound village of St. Joseph, there were only three people in the town who understood how this journey was possible; Father Dubec, Dr. Brière, and Rosie. Even these three gave, each, a different reason.

"It was a blessed miracle," declared Father Dubec.

"It was youth," said Doctor Brière.

"It was love," smiled Rosie.

For aught any one knows, all of them may have been right. At any rate, both Mary and Steve, married a week later in the village church, were ready to accept these explanations or any others which left them undisturbed.

Smart Patterns

(*Continued from page 74*)

are finished in the same way, while the discreetly flaring skirt adds movement to the whole. The belt is adjustable.

In the center of the page two maternity dresses are illustrated. They may be made to your order in various fabrics and in any color. Concealed tucks allow for all the necessary expansion, and they may be replaced later on so that the dress can be used for another season. The lines are most concealing, and the styles are youthful.

DID YOU KNOW THERE'S A NEW LAUNDRY SOAP THAT SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER THAN THEY CAN BE SCRUBBED?
WHY, MARY, THAT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE!

AND

Read what women all over the country say:

"I have done my last gray, dingy wash!" says Mrs. W. E. Stockton of 2324 Scotten Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. "How white and clean Rinso makes the clothes!"

"Rinso makes such creamy, cleansing suds in our hard water—the dirt just *soaks* out," writes Mrs. A.C. Pitts, 3260 Gough St., San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. John McCrossin of 218 West 20th St., New York, N. Y., says, "There's no scrubbing to wear out the clothes—they last much longer now." And Mrs. Frank Penny of 4412 Sheridan Road, Chicago, says, "The Rinso way is wonderfully easy on my hands. They're scarcely in hot suds at all."

Millions use Rinso. Thousands write us letters like these.

The whitest washes in America are not scrubbed—not boiled

. . . washed snowy by these safe, active suds!

You see them on the line everywhere! Snowy-white and sparkling in the sun. So sweet and clean you can *smell* their freshness!

And these whitest washes in America are just *soaked* clean. Not scrubbed. Not boiled. Just soaked in famous Rinso suds. No wonder clothes last much longer!

All you need on washday

Even in the hardest water, Rinso is all you need for the week's wash. No bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners—just Rinso. Its thick, creamy, *lasting* suds loosen dirt. See how much *whiter* clothes come from tub or washer. See how your hands are spared.

And Rinso is so economical! Granulated, *compact,* one cupful gives more suds than two cupfuls of lightweight, puffed-up soaps.

Great in washers, too

The makers of 38 leading washers recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter clothes. Get the BIG household package and follow the easy directions for best results. Use Rinso for dishes, too—for pots and pans —and for all cleaning!

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

THE GRANULATED SOAP FOR TUB OR WASHER

In using advertisements see page 6

"*Please* tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

How to make oily hair behave

Dear Miss Carroll: My curly hair used to be the envy of my permanent-waved, marcelled friends. But now it is oily and lifeless —not nicely straight, but simply in strings. And I'm wondering whether I'm doomed to wear a hat constantly. And why not . . . when I used to hear, "You've the most beautiful hair I've ever seen!"—Mrs. H. G., Ebensburg, Pa.

H. G. Please, please, don't adopt that close-fitting little hat you've threatened to wear. Your poor scalp probably needs most, plenty of fresh air and sunshine!

Don't get panicky. With patience and the proper treatment, I'm sure you can revive the true beauty of your hair. You see, relaxed oil glands simply won't take correction quickly. But this is the way to help them reform—

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, every time a glance at the mirror hurts your pride. Yes, even if at the beginning this means a shampoo every third or fourth day! For Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo *is a special shampoo for oily hair* . . . fresh, healthful pine tar and vegetable oils are combined with an antiseptic *astringent* which coaxes the lazy oil glands to tighten up and behave themselves!

Make your finger tips help too! . . . with light, lively massages that bring the warm blood into your scalp. And, perhaps, discuss your diet with your physician—you may be a bit too fond of rich foods!

What to do for dull dry hair

My dear Miss Carroll: Do I *have* to brush my hair one hundred strokes a day? I don't want to—because after months of training, I can coax a fairly good wave into it. And I'm not anxious to brush it out!

My hair is naturally dry, sort of a straw heap, very thick and coarse. And I don't think it has the gloss it should have. It seems to be "all ends" over my head.—Miss V. W., South Bend, Ind.

The idea of calling your hair a "straw heap," when probably it merely needs a simple treatment to make it shining and smooth! First, I'm going to ask you to use a shampoo made especially for dry hair—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It's a smooth, golden liquid that makes a wonderfully soothing, fragrant lather . . . and besides olive and vegetable oils, it contains *glycerine*—just enough to make your hair more lustrous and tractable!

Then you must do something to stimulate your scalp and those under-active oil glands. If you won't use a brush—though I strongly advise it—will you try massage? Prop your elbows on your dressing table, and drop your head until your temples are cupped by your palms. Then make nice little merry-go-rounds of your finger tips —but gently and slowly.

Relief from dandruff — out of the pines

Dear Jean Carroll: I have red-brown hair that's about a yard long. It used to be very thick, but now I have so much dandruff that my hair comes out in combfuls. I intend to enter college next term, so I'd like my hair to look its best. You see, my eyes and hair are nearly the same color!—Miss S. C., Lynchburg, Va.

Oh! I can just see that head of gay lovely hair! You must get right to work to thwart those pernicious little dandruff germs! The very best way to do it is by scrupulous cleanliness—shampoo, shampoo, shampoo! Yes, every time tell-tale white flakes appear you should wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Soap . . . doctors have recommended this soap for years as a splendid treatment for dandruff.

Between those tonicking piney shampoos, remember to brush and brush your hair! And don't forget that brushes and combs can carry these persistent dandruff germs . . . wash them every day! Be faithful to this treatment, and your hair *will* respond!

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—*radio talks* by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m. (Eastern Standard Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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Kings of Winter

(*Continued from page 33*)

perhaps the most perfect of all the forms of life. Only in winter the great rough-legged hawk, a magnificent, stately prince of the air, visits our fields and forests. It is in winter that the big red-tailed hawk is most abundant, and it is then that he is seen at his best, soaring in solitary grandeur high above the snow-mantled hills. Only in cold weather may we hope to see, in most parts of the East, the golden eagle, most celebrated of all birds, since the earliest period of human history the symbol of war and of victorious valor; and not until all the upper North is sheathed in its armor of ice do the great Northern bald eagles arrive, the largest and most powerful birds of prey to be found in the United States.

The "Kings of Winter," therefore, we may appropriately call them, even though there are some among the hawks and eagles that are not lovers of the cold: and there could be no better time than now, when the winter winds are blowing and the ice has its grip on the earth, to go forth in search of these regal birds, unquestionably the most interesting of their race. There is something in us, something deep and universal, that responds instantly to the spectacle of a swift hawk in action. It is an instinct, a feeling which goes back to a far distant time when man, too, was a hunter whose life depended upon his swiftness, strength and skill. Yet, although no other birds are so alluring to the observer, there is probably no other order of birds concerning which the average man or woman is so ignorant or of which so many false tales are told.

This is due largely to our failure to realize that there are hawks and hawks—that, far from being all much alike, hawks vary widely in appearance and habits. The very best way to begin an acquaintance with our North American hawks is to understand at the outset that, with a few exceptions, they fall naturally into four groups, as follows:

Broad-winged hawks, or Buteos.
Short-winged hawks, or Accipiters.
Long-winged hawks, or falcons.
Giant hawks, or eagles.

Each of these groups or clans has its own clearly-marked physical and mental characteristics. By their wings and tails you shall know them. The Buteos have wide, large wings and wide, rather short tails. The Accipiters have short, rounded wings and long tails. The falcons have long, pointed wings and long tails. The eagles resemble the Buteos closely in form, but are much larger, and their wings are longer and wider towards the tips.

That is a compact practical "key" to the hawks, covering all the species likely to be met with except two, the marsh hawk and the osprey. It will help the observer in identifying those that he sees—at least, it will help him assign his hawk to the group to which it belongs. But something more is necessary if we are to obtain in advance some idea of the strong and widely differing personalities of these splendid birds and really know them as they deserve to be known.

The Buteo Clan

The most familiar among them, the ones most often seen and most easily studied, are the Buteos: burly-bodied hawks, most of them of large size, with large, ample wings and broad, short tails, their forms denoting power rather than speed. There are six species of the Buteo clan which may be regarded as important: and of these by far the most abundant and best known are the red-tailed and red-shouldered hawks—commonly and unjustly called "hen hawks"—and the much smaller broad-winged hawk. These three are typical Buteos, squarely-built birds, buoyant and stately, yet appearing rather slow in the air. They feed mainly upon such humble prey as rodents, snakes, and insects and are, therefore, among the most beneficial of birds to the farmer.

That is, on the whole, in spite of the economic

Kings of Winter

value of the Buteos, rather an uninspiring description. But it is not complete; these big hawks have another claim upon us—an even stronger claim, many will think, than the practical good they do by destroying innumerable enemies of the growing crops. Though far excelled by other hawks in daring and physical prowess, they are, with the exception of the eagles, the stateliest soarers of all their strong-winged kind; and because of their habit of soaring at great heights, perhaps for hours at a time, they are the most conspicuous of the hawks and the most important of all in the visible panorama of nature. Hudson, deploring the slaughter of the larger birds of prey throughout the greater part of England, expresses beautifully the effect of the great soarers upon the mind of the beholder:

"For who that has ever looked at nature in other regions where this perpetual hideous war of extermination against all noble feathered life is not carried on, does not miss the great soaring bird in the scene, floating at ease on broad vans, or rising heavenwards in vast and ever vaster circles? . . . The soaring figure reveals to sight and mind the immensity and glory of the visible world. Without it the blue sky can never seem sublime. But the great soaring bird is nowhere in our lonely sky, and, missing it, we remember the reason of its absence."

More than any other birds except the eagles, which are comparatively rare, the big, ample-winged hawks of the Buteo clan, sailing on high on widespread, motionless pinions, widen and magnify the vast and splendid arch of the heavens. More often than any others, over most of the United States, they impart to us that sense of nature's grandeur and sublimity without which we can not even begin to be dimly aware of the wonder and majesty of the world in which we live: and for that reason, even if there were nothing else to commend them to us, they should be cherished and preserved.

The largest of the more familiar Buteos and the one which, in the minds of most bird-lovers, typifies most admirably the stateliness and dignity of these great birds is the big red-tailed hawk. He is a little larger than the red-shoulder and more powerfully built; and, seen on high, he is a nobler soarer, while his contrasting dark and light markings and rich chestnut-red tail are handsomer than the red-shoulder's streaks and bars. But there is another Buteo even larger and more impressive than the red-tail—the great rough-legged hawk whose true home is the Far North; and of all the hawks of this clan, the rough-leg can most properly be given a place among the Kings of Winter, since it is only after winter has descended that he may be seen south of the Canadian line.

Traveling Southward

When cold weather comes in the Hudsonian zone from Northwestern Alaska to Northeastern Labrador, the rough-legged hawks of all that vast region gather in flocks which later coalesce to form a mighty host. Rising to a great height in the air, they set their course southward toward the United States. They travel, it is believed, at such tremendous altitudes that over the greater part of Canada they pass unseen and unsuspected. But one watching for them might see them; and what a sight that would be, what a revelation of the wildness and relentless power of oncoming winter!

To the physical eye they would appear as mere specks—speck after speck, dotting the whole face of the heavens as far as one's vision extended: but the eye of the mind would see them as they are—a far-flung army of great, stately, fierce-eyed birds, true kinsmen of the eagles, dark gray-brown above, and white with spots and bars of black or gray below. Seeing them thus in their hundreds, sailing on and on through the thin upper air with scarcely a beat of their broad pinions, a

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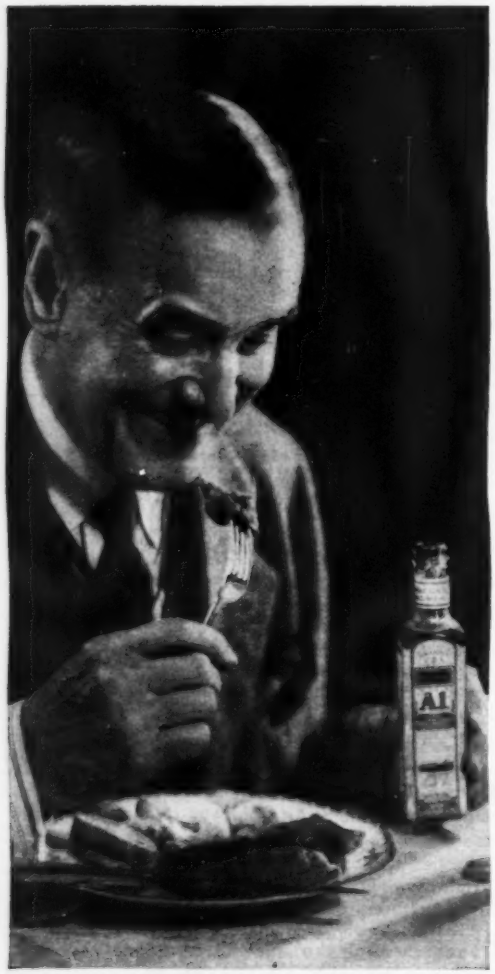

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A1 SAUCE

Kings of Winter

thousand or perhaps ten thousand feet above the earth, one might picture them as the advance guard of Winter, his foremost phalanx of warriors, sweeping irresistibly onward to the conquest of half the world.

In sharp contrast with the burly-bodied, slow-moving, high-soaring Buteos are the hawks of the second group, the Accipiters. In these the body is slender rather than burly; the wings, though fairly wide, are shorter in proportion to the size of the bird; the tail is very long. At a glance one sees that these rakish, keen-looking, long-bodied hawks are built for speed; and, as a matter of fact, the hawks of the Accipiter clan are among the most dashing and able of all the birds of prey.

They are rangers of the forest and the forest-edges, exceedingly swift for short distances, marvelously skilful at pursuing their victims through the intricacies of the woods. Unlike the Buteos, they are seldom seen soaring in the high air, but do most of their hunting close to the ground, their flight consisting of three or four quick wing-beats, then a long, rapid glide. Nearly always they strike their quarry on the ground or on a perch. They are birds of the woods, but where poultry is available they make quick sallies into the open, and they are by far the most destructive of all hawks to the farmer. There are three kinds of Accipiters in the United States, the goshawk, the Cooper's hawk, and the sharp-shinned hawk, and these three are responsible for nearly all the damage done by hawks on farms and game preserves in this country.

The Swift Accipiters

The Accipiters, then, from the farmer's point of view, are unmitigated villains; and their guilt, perhaps, appears all the blacker because the harm they do is generally attributed to the innocent Buteos. In spite of their sins, however—or perhaps because of them—something remains to be said for these bold, high-spirited brigands. We do not live by bread alone. Beauty and courage, swiftness and strength mean something to us; and we shall find these qualities in high degree in the hawks of the Accipiter clan. Especially is this true of the largest and strongest of them, the goshawk, one of the deadliest, handsomest, bravest birds of prey in the world.

None will dispute the goshawk's title to a place among the Kings of Winter. A big hawk, longer but less bulky than the red-tail; broad-shouldered, compact, yet clean of build; blue-gray above, with a coal-black crown, and white or silver-gray below, with narrow black or slate-gray bars; proud and resolute of mien, with brilliant orange eyes through which the fierce spirit of the fiery-hearted warrior gleams at times like points of living flame—the goshawk ranks second to none in martial beauty and in fearlessness.

It is fortunate, perhaps, that during most of the year this most savage of all feathered killers is a rare sight in our woods. Only when the snow comes do the goshawks appear in large numbers, winging down from the desolate Canadian plains and the cold northern coniferous forests, where they breed, to prey upon the ruffed grouse, pheasants, and rabbits of the Northern United States. Sometimes, at intervals of from seven to ten years, great invasions of goshawks occur, due to a failure of the food supply in the upper North, and these winters are seasons of terror for all the wild things upon which the fierce gray hunters are able to work their will.

Many tales are told of the goshawk's strength and boldness; sometimes he has been known to attack man himself. When Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the famous naturalist, presumed to interrupt a goshawk which was killing a hen, the hawk rose into the air and darted furiously at his face. On another occasion a goshawk pursued its terrified quarry into the kitchen of a farmhouse, followed it through the kitchen into a bedroom, and killed it under the bed. More than once, collectors,

Kings of Winter

attempting to rob the nests of goshawks, have found themselves in serious danger. E. H. Forbush, in his fine work, "The Birds of Massachusetts," tells of a nest robber whose cap was snatched from his head and his cotton shirt torn to shreds by a female goshawk—among nearly all the hawks the female is larger and stronger than the male. Another collector, climbing a tree to reach a goshawk's nest, was struck with such force by the dauntless bird that for a moment he was dazed, his forehead having been laid open from eye to ear.

Beauty and courage, swiftness and strength—all these the goshawk has; and in less degree his smaller but far more abundant kinsmen, the Cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks, are distinguished by the same qualities. Thus the whole accipitrine clan, however bitterly man may resent their warfare against him, are undeniably a race of thoroughbreds. Yet there are finer hawks than the Accipiters, hawks which excel even the goshawk himself, not in courage perhaps—for there is probably no braver creature alive than that gray hunter—but in other attributes no less essential in the ideal bird of prey.

It is as though Nature, having made the goshawk, recognized one defect in her work. Beautiful he was and dauntless, powerful, swift in attack, superbly armed with his terrible long, curved talons; yet he was not and never could be master of the high air.

Nature had made that impossible when she gave him his short wings. Those wings and that long rudder-like tail were perfect for a forest-hunter. They enabled him to dash with lightning speed through the intricate passages of the woods, following every twist and turn of his intended victim, overtaking it at last and pinning it down and tearing out its life with his trenchant claws. But up into the blue spaces high above the woods the goshawk could not rise with swiftness and ease. There, because of his comparatively short wings, he would be at a disadvantage, and the dwellers in the high air would laugh at him and easily elude his efforts to strike them in mid-career.

So Nature let the goshawk remain as he was—the supreme hunter of the lower levels, the consummate forest bird of prey, the deadliest destroyer of all ground-game; and for the lordship of the high air she built, upon a different plan, another race of hawks, the falcons. She gave them hard, muscular bodies, strong feet and talons, a tail not quite so long as that of an Accipiter, courage equal to that of the goshawk himself; and, most important of all, she gave them long, pointed wings, far longer than an Accipiter's pinions, and skill to use them more perfectly than any other creature of the air. When she had completed her work, she smiled with satisfaction, for she saw that the mystical Power back of her, of which she was, after all, only the willing instrument, had done a great thing. A masterpiece of creation had been born.

Falcons

The falcons are, by common consent, ranked as Nature's supreme achievement among birds of prey. By most naturalists they are regarded as the most perfect of all birds, perhaps the most admirably constructed of all living creatures. Seeing them in their power and pride, in the full exercise of the superb physical faculties with which they are endowed, the mind is filled anew with the immeasurable wonder of life. For here, to the seeing eye and the thinking mind, is one of life's most impressive miracles: a being so excellent in all its parts, so balanced, so symmetrical, so completely master of its element, and, withal, so beautiful with the kind of beauty that only physical perfection can give, that it seems to be built not of common clay but of something finer: of fire and air, of courage and swiftness, of eagerness and ardor and the invisible energy that is in the lightning and the wind.

The falcons, then—there are more than

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1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 tablespoonfuls cold water — ½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoonful butter — ½ teaspoonful paprika
Yolks of two eggs — Few grains cayenne
3 tablespoonfuls sugar — ¾ cup milk
2 tablespoonfuls canned pineapple juice
1 cup prepared fruit — ¼ cup mild vinegar
1 cup heavy cream

Soak gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Whip egg yolks and salt, add gradually vinegar, sugar, butter, cayenne and pineapple juice. Whip lightly. Heat milk in double boiler and gradually add the above mixture. Add soaked gelatine and when mixture thickens, remove from fire. Whip occasionally while cooling, and when beginning to set, add whipped cream and the fruit cut in small pieces (oranges, cherries, canned pineapple, grapefruit, pears or any desired fruit). Turn into wet mold and when firm, remove to bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise to which has been added a few spoonfuls whipped cream or the beaten white of egg.

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PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — ½ pint heavy cream
¼ cup scalded milk — ¼ cup milk
½ cup sugar — ½ cup cooked prunes, cut in pieces
Whites of two eggs — ½ cup chopped figs — Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk, and add sugar. Pour into a bowl, set in pan containing ice water, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, heavy cream, diluted with milk and beaten until stiff, prunes and figs. Turn into a wet mold, the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla).

KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

CHICKEN MOUSSE
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — ½ cup cold cooked chicken
Yolks of three eggs — ½ cup almonds
¾ teaspoonful salt — ½ teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful paprika — Few grains cayenne
1 cup hot chicken stock — 1 cup heavy cream

Beat yolks of eggs slightly, add salt, paprika, and chicken stock slowly. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens; then add gelatine, which has soaked in cold water five minutes. When gelatine has dissolved, add finely chopped chicken, and if desired, chopped almonds. Season highly with salt and a few grains of cayenne. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in cream beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold and chill. Remove to platter and garnish top with lemon slices cut in fancy shapes and sprinkled with chopped parsley, and garnish around base of mold with slices of tomatoes if desired.

Note: Serve as a meat course.

KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

RICE BAVARIAN CREAM
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — 1 cup cooked rice
¼ cup sugar — 1 cup cream, or evaporated milk
¼ teaspoonful salt — 1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add to hot cooked rice and sugar, salt and vanilla. Beat well, cool, and when it begins to thicken, add whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Turn into wet mold or pile in individual glasses. Serve with a fruit or a chocolate sauce.

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Beat three tablespoonfuls cocoa or dissolved chocolate into the rice before adding cream.

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Kings of Winter

fifty species, scattered all over the earth—are the proudest aristocrats of their race: and the one among them that stands first—the great white gyrfalcon of the Far North, largest, most powerful, and perhaps swiftest of the whole falcon clan—ranks highest, except the eagles, among our Kings of Winter and may be considered monarch of all the hawks of the world.

He is a monarch, however, seldom to be seen here in the United States. His home is the Arctic wilderness chiefly beyond the limit of trees, and there are few authentic records of his occurrence south of the Canadian border. Yet it is possible—even probable—that in cold winters he comes to our Northern states more often than we realize—that sometimes unknown to us, his ghostly form passes high overhead, invisible in the white mist of snow, swift as the north wind itself.

Thus there is always for the Northern bird-lover the *hope* that some day he may see this most splendid of all the Kings of Winter, this shining warrior of the Arctic, whose white feather-mail is flecked and barred with slate-gray like the snow and rock of his native land; and the same thing is true of the white gyrfalcon's noble kinsmen, the black and gray gyrfalcons, also birds of the upper North rarely observed within our borders. The finest member of the falcon clan that the average bird-lover may reasonably *expect* to see is the duck hawk, the American form of the peregrine falcon, probably the most famous of all birds except the eagle himself.

"The Sport of Kings"

The hawks of the falcon kind are all birds of the open. Their distinguishing feature, the character by which they can best be recognized in the field, is the long, pointed wing, reaching, when the bird is at rest, almost to the tip of the tail. The best of them are unequaled masters of the air. It was the birds of this clan which in the days of chivalry made falconry "the sport of kings"; and of all the hawks used in falconry the gyrfalcons and the peregrine were valued most highly not only for their unsurpassed courage, skill, and speed, but also because of the spectacular manner in which they made their kill.

The burly broad-winged hawks of the Buteo clan drop from a tree or post upon a rat or rabbit. They were despised by the falconer, who called them "ignoble hawks" and considered them of no value for the chase. The short-winged, long-tailed Accipiters are hunters of ground-game or of game that rises not far above the ground. Only one of them, the goshawk, ranked high in falconry. This bird, although it was a "short-wing" and therefore used chiefly by the yeomanry, was so effective a hunter that it was much esteemed. The most prized of all, the favorites of nobles and princes, were the "long-wings," the true falcons, because they disdained ground-game and were hunters of the upper air, striking their prey in mid-flight, perhaps hundreds or even thousands of feet above the earth.

Whatever may be thought of falconry as a sport—and the lover of wild birds in general can never wholly reconcile himself to the idea of pursuing them to the death with fierce birds of prey—the spectacle of the wild peregrine in action is one of the most thrilling in the whole drama of nature. Not so large as the great northern gyrfalcons and therefore somewhat less powerful, the peregrine is almost if not quite as swift as they; by some naturalists he is believed to be swifter. He can overtake in straight-away flight even the fastest of our birds. He can, apparently without effort (being past-master of the science of winds), bound almost straight upward hundreds of feet almost in the winking of an eyelash; he can drop from that far height with such amazing velocity that the eye can scarcely follow his arrowy descent, while the sound of his downward rush is like that made by a rocket.

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The richest child is poor without Musical Training

Earn Money At Home with Private Kindergarten

YOU can earn a handsome income every month in your own home operating a Private Kindergarten. We show you exactly how, from beginning to end. No previous experience necessary.

New Profession for Women

Mothers everywhere are delighted with the opportunity to send children to private school before they are old enough for public schools. Wonderful for children too. You can become financially independent in this permanent, pleasant, new profession.

Write for Free Book Let us send you the facts about our Home-Study Course in Kindergartening. An ideal profession for women of any age. Our instruction shows how to get pupils, how and what to teach, how to conduct Kindergarten. Write now for free book. Address

School of Modern Kindergarten Training, Inc.
22 Searle Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

Makes Toast Faster Than You Can Eat It!

Automatically . . . and every slice perfect

IF you haven't a Toastmaster, you can't know what completely automatic toasting means—

In speedier toasting, in easier toasting, in better toast.

Toast at the amazing speed of a slice each minute—every slice browned to perfection—and absolutely without watching, turning or burning.

This is due to *completely automatic toasting*—automatic even to ejecting the toast and turning off current when through.

• • •

All Toastmasters now Chromium-Plated —No Advance in Price

★ TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

Only Toastmaster brings you these final features of speedy, complete automatic toasting—you can't get them in any other toaster made. Compare it with any other toaster claiming "automatic" features. It will change your previous ideas of what a toaster should be . . . you will see why over 500,000 homes prefer it to any other toaster known.

No Watching—No Turning or Waste

All you do is put in a slice of bread, set a lever at the exact shade of toast you want—and forget it. In a few seconds there's a POP!—and the toast, just as you wanted it, is discharged from the toaster and current turned off.

By toasting both sides at once, all the flavor is sealed in. Toast moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside.

You don't watch the toast—you don't turn it—you can't burn it. Everything is done automatically for you, even to turning off the current.

That's why the speedy Toastmaster is unique among toasters—why, in justice to yourself, you should see one before buying any toaster. More people buy this amazing Toastmaster than all other toasters, at its price or near its price, combined. On sale at all stores in the U. S. and Canada. 230R

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 No. Second Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
A Division of the
McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

In using advertisements see page 6

Along Chicago's

ULTRA-SMART GOLD COAST

Miss Marcia Van Patten pauses in her secretarial duties in connection with an important debut at the Blackstone, to point out the Mark of Genuine Engraving on invitations she is about to address

19

Social Secretaries

appreciate the **SAFEGUARD** *afforded by this easily remembered emblem*

Brilliant and accomplished, these secretaries fill a strategic role in Chicago Society. To them is entrusted the duty of compiling guest lists, ordering and sending out invitations for the dinners and dances of the city's most exclusive set. In matters of good form, they dare not make a mistake. Thus they invariably rely upon the Mark of Genuine Engraving on all formal announcements and invitations, to insure quality beyond reproach. You, too, will welcome this protection against inferior imitations. Look for it when you order greeting cards, formal announcements and stationery.

Genuine Engraving

ENGRAVED STATIONERY MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

Children's Style Book FREE

PICTURES everything to outfit babies and children up to 12 years of age. Complete layettes, dresses, as low as 49 cents; coats from $1.98 to $9.98; rompers, shoes, sweaters, everything a baby or boy or girl wears in the newest styles. All at low prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Style Book Free. *Write today.*

Lane Bryant *Address Dept. 13 1590-A.S. at Fifth Ave.* **New York**

SNUGGLE RUG- *for Baby*

SOFT, pure wool in pink, blue or tan—matching satin trimming—round set-in bottom to give kicking room for little feet. Put Baby into it—then zip the Talon slide fastener and Baby is protected from cold and draughts and kicked-off covers. A gift to make both Baby and Mother happy.

Write for circular and name of nearest dealer.

SNUGGLE RUG COMPANY
221 N. Seventh St., Goshen, Ind.

Kings of Winter

blue-winged teal, one of the fleetest of all living things, is quickly overhauled in direct chase and struck down as by a bolt from the blue. So fearless is he that he frequently attacks game much larger than himself. Commander Donald MacMillan saw a peregrine drop like a comet from the sky and knock down a blue goose. Audubon tells of one that killed a great snowy owl which had rashly carried off one of the falcon's nestlings. Another observer, John Fairbanks, witnessed an aerial combat near Mount Tom, Massachusetts, in which a peregrine plunged from above upon a soaring red-shouldered hawk, splitting open the big Buteo's skull and felling him to the ground.

A dark falcon, of proud and fearless bearing, gray-blue above, cream buff below with dusky streaks and bars (immature birds are browner), the peregrine may be known by his long wings and tail, his black crown, the black face-marks or "mustaches" which seem to enhance the fierceness and haughtiness of his countenance. He breeds on high rocky cliffs from Alaska and Baffin Land to the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina; and over the southern part of his range he is more abundant in winter than in summer, while farther north the opposite is true. Though nowhere common, he may be seen anywhere at any time; sometimes he even makes his temporary abode in large cities and, establishing his watch-tower on some tall building, preys at will upon the pigeons frequenting the streets and parks below.

From the brave, powerful peregrine, that thunderbolt of the bird-world, to the two other falcons found in most parts of the United States is a sharp drop indeed.

The little sparrow hawk, pretty as he is, reveals few of the martial qualities which distinguish the larger members of his clan. Though in build and structure he is a true falcon, in his manner of life he has degenerated, feeding mainly upon small ground-game, such as mice and insects, and only occasionally taking a small bird upon the wing. The pigeon hawk, scarcely longer than the sparrow hawk but more sturdily built, is too small to approach the peregrine in impressiveness or to emulate the latter's spectacular exploits; yet he is a dashing little falcon, bold and swift, a miniature peregrine in shape and coloring except that the black mustache is not so strongly marked. Like all the falcons, except the sparrow hawk, he preys mainly or largely upon other birds; but, with all his boldness, he lacks the strength to do serious damage on farms or game preserves where his larger relative is sometimes a scourge.

Harrier and Osprey

Leaving the falcons, it seems best, before considering the eagles, to take brief note of two abundant hawks which belong in none of the four great hawk clans: namely, the marsh hawk or harrier and the osprey.

The marsh hawk, a slender, graceful bird of slow and somewhat gull-like flight, is a haunter of marshes and grassy meadows; an "ignoble hawk," hunting close to the ground, and lacking the fire and dash of the Accipiters which he somewhat resembles. The male is a beautiful silver-gray with black-tipped wings, while the female and immature birds are brown; and in any plumage the marsh hawk may be known by the conspicuous white mark on the back just forward of the tail. The osprey is, on all accounts, a finer bird. Dark-brown above, mainly white below, with very long and rather narrow wings, he is a stately sight in the high air where he sails and circles, watching the water below for the fish upon which he feeds. Suddenly he halts in mid-flight, then shoots downward, striking the surface with a splash. Rising, his strong wings lift him easily into the air, and, with the fish held head-foremost in his claws, he begins his journey towards the big tree-top nest where his young are awaiting him.

"... BUT THE CLEAR BEAUTY OF THE ENGLISH OUTSHINES THEM ALL"

"All the lovely women of the world seem to be gathered here on the Lido . . . languorous, dark Castilian beauties, and Viennese, with their vivacious charm . . . American women, superbly poised and sure. But I know you would agree that the clear beauty of the English outshines them all. . . . Complexions as fair as a May morning, as radiant as this southern sun."—From the letters of an Englishman abroad.

This Soap, This Cream, This Powder Preserve that Radiant English Beauty

PERHAPS you have envied the clear, fresh beauty of the English woman's flawless skin . . . have wondered that she could preserve this radiance long past her early youth.

But she has no complexion secrets. She uses one soap, Yardley's English Lavender, mild and fragrant as the English morning. One cream, Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse and freshen and protect. And one powder, Yardley's again, so finely blended that it only heightens the natural glow of her coloring.

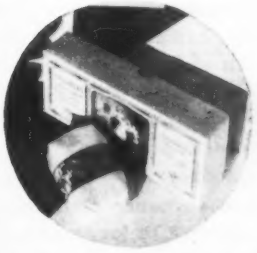
These three Yardley products make up her beauty treatment. Yardley's soap is for her bath and for the initial cleansing of her face. English Complexion Cream completes the cleansing, sinking deep into the pores to loosen every defiant particle of dust. This versatile cream is also her freshening cream at night and her powder foundation in the morning. Most remarkable of all, it can be washed away in clear, cold water! The slight invisible film it leaves becomes the perfect base for Yardley's English Lavender Powder, a lovely, caressing powder made in four subtle tints, to blend with every skin.

Since 1770, Yardley toiletries have contributed to the loveliness of English gentlewomen. And today they are waiting *for you* in your own closest store. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Yardley's English Complexion Cream to cleanse, freshen and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed jar, $1.50.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.



Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, or 35c a cake. Guest size, 20c a cake. Bath size, 50c a cake.

Yardley's English Lavender*

"The Lovable Fragrance"

In using advertisements see page 6

Modern WALLPAPER *can modernize a room*

THE consensus of opinion among decorators today is that modern wallpapers have arrived.

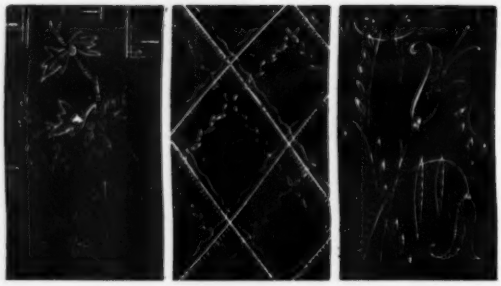
With their advent, walls have taken on a new importance, almost a stellar role. No longer do they merely enclose a room—they give it character, life, brilliance—they date it . . . Modern walls can carry conventional furniture with them into the new day—if papers are cleverly chosen for line, color and feeling.

Because each room is a special problem—because wallpapers often look different in large areas than they do in small samples—because the proportions of a room, its exposure, its uses are all so important—because sunfast papers are now obtainable if one knows where to look for them . . . The Wallpaper Association has established a Consulting Decorators' Bureau the services of which are yours for the asking . . . In addition, two booklets have been prepared —"How to Modernize Your Home" and "Which Wallpaper and Why."

February 1930 Good Housekeeping

The

WALLPAPER



ASSOCIATION of UNITED STATES
10 E. 40 ST., N. Y. C.

Send 50 cents for both the booklets mentioned above and 50 large-sized samples of actual wallpapers.

Kings of Winter

Larger than the osprey or the largest of the big Buteos, grander soarers than either, by far the most majestic of all the denizens of the blue, and of all birds the most celebrated in song and legend, the eagles are the mightiest of the feathered race, the acknowledged sovereigns of the air.

Swift, but less swift than the falcons; brave, but not so recklessly fearless as the peregrine or the goshawk; masters of the unstable element in which they have their being, yet lacking something of the marvelous finesse of the much smaller long-winged hawks, the eagles are generally ranked below the latter in the scale of physical development. They are, to all intents and purposes, giant hawks of great bulk and formidable armament, resembling in some ways the broad-winged Buteos and in other ways the falcons. Because of their size and strength, the grandeur of their flight, the terrific power of their onset, and the glamour of tradition which surrounds them, they stand first among our Kings of Winter and, though less admirable in certain respects than some of their smaller kinsmen, remain now, as in all ages, the most splendid and inspiring of birds.

Eagles

There are two species of eagles inhabiting the United States, the golden eagle and the bald or American eagle. It is in winter that the golden eagle is most likely to be seen east of the Mississippi, for it breeds now chiefly in the mountains of the West; and while the bald eagle, over most of its wide range, is no more characteristic of winter than of summer, it is in winter that the largest and finest bald eagles come to us, members of an Arctic race differing from the native bald eagle only in its greater size.

These huge Northern balds sometimes measure eight feet from wing-tip to wing-tip and are the mightiest of all our birds of prey. They are true lovers of the cold and even in the severest weather never wander much farther southward than Montana, the Great Lakes country, New York and New England. The native bald eagle, however, only slightly smaller than the Northern bald and indistinguishable from the latter in the field, inhabits the whole United States and breeds in suitable places throughout most of its range.

There is not space here for an extended account of the eagles. To do them justice a book would be required, and even then much would remain unsaid, for the eagle belongs as much to the poet as to the naturalist. Look for him always and count that day a great one when you see him soaring in the high air under the gray winter sky—the mighty monarch of birds, the grandest of all feathered creatures, despite all that his detractors, foolishly measuring him by human standards, have alleged.

You may know him by his great size, by the incomparable majesty of his unhurried flight, by the length, width and flatness of his ample wings, by the shape of his head which appears longer than that of most hawks or vultures. If his head, neck, and tail are white, you will know that he is an adult bald eagle, the symbol of American sovereignty and freedom. If he appears all over of a more or less uniform dark color, he may be either an immature bald eagle which has not yet acquired the white plumage of head, neck and tail, or an adult golden eagle, a wanderer from the West. If he is a dark bird with dark head and white tail having a broad dark band near the tip, he is an immature golden eagle in the "ring-tail" plumage in which that splendid bird is handsomest.

These, then, ending with the greatest and most stately, are our Kings of Winter; birds which, above all others, typify wildness and freedom and, for that reason, stir us as no other birds can. We have waged war against them—a foolish, indiscriminate war which now has been carried so far that their numbers have

A BOLD DESIGN
for a youthful room

A Scranton Lustre Spread is the key to this gay, youthful room . . . particularly suited to the young girl. Obtainable in her favorite shade, it will withstand Youth's careless treatment.

Send your name with ten cents for a colorful booklet showing Scranton Lustre Spreads and color schemes for every type of room. The Scranton Lace Co., Dept. 203, Scranton, Pa.

Continental Lustre Spread No. 2900. 72 and 90 inches by 108 inches. In blue, rose, gold, green, orchid and ivory.

SCRANTON
LUSTRE SPREADS

"Sno-White" the Kitchen of COLORFUL BEAUTY

Easy to Acquire

Ask your dealer to show you the famous Sno-White Breakfast Suites, Tables and Cabinets, or send for our beautiful catalog and learn how easy it is to have an adorable Sno-White kitchen.

None Better

Sno-White tables, cabinets, chairs are the last word in stylish excellence. Mechanically superior with improved dove-tailed construction of drawers, hardwood sides and guides. Outstanding in beauty of color, gracefulness of design, durability of construction.

Send for this Book

Our catalog shows over 50 different Sno-White pieces in six different color schemes . . . write for it.

The Kompass & Stoll Co.
Dept. 20
Niles : Michigan

FREE.. The Secret of Beautiful Floors!

AWAY with old-fashioned floor-waxing methods . . . with their sticky, dirt-catching "false lustre". Stop hiding your floors under layers of embedded, ground-in dirt and gummy polishes.

Permanent "new-floor" beauty is now yours! The amazing Floorola method, startlingly new and different, burnishes your floors to a brilliant beauty. The new Floorola automatically applies Floorola-wax directly to the floor from containers within the brushes. This vital feature, exclusive with Floorola, eliminates all hand labor!

ONLY with Floorola can you obtain the superlative characteristics of the marvelous, revolutionizing Floorola finish.

Visit your dealer for convincing demonstration and write us for new booklet, "The Secret of Beautiful Floors." The Floorola Corporation, Dept. B-403, York, Penn.

In using advertisements see page 6

They know what you *mean* if you ask for Percale Sheets

But it's better to say "Wamsutta" . . . and get what you *want*

WHEN you ask for Percale Sheets in the bed furnishings department of any of the leading stores in the United States they know what you mean, ordinarily, at least.

For Wamsutta Percale has been the trade name of "the finest of cottons" ever since the Wamsutta Mills wove the first piece of Percale sheeting to match a fine cotton dress fabric brought back from Paris by a certain Mrs. S____.

Since that time, generations of smart, thrifty housewives have sought out Wamsutta sheets for their unmatched smoothness and beauty.

Some of you even go abroad, don't you, and make the mistake of asking for Percale Sheets in London and Paris where percale means something entirely different?

You can't buy them abroad or anything that will equal Wamsutta for smoothness and long wear. But your favorite department store down town has a full stock of Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases in many different styles and colors and ColorWoven border designs.

Ask for Wamsutta, and since there is *only one* Wamsutta quality, there can never be any mistake as to what you want.

RIDLEY WATTS & CO.
Selling Agents
44 Leonard St. New York

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

WAMSUTTA MILLS
Founded 1846
New Bedford, Mass.

Kings of Winter

been sadly reduced. Yet only a few of them, the Accipiters, do us material injury; a few others, such as the peregrine falcon, the golden eagle, and the marsh hawk, are occasionally inimical to man's activities; by far the greatest number, including all the broad-winged Buteos, are his staunch and helpful friends.

To the true lover of earth they have another appeal. For every man and woman to whom nature's wildness is her most potent charm, the proud, strong, fiery-hearted birds of prey must ever be the most interesting of all the feathered race. More eloquently than any other they speak to us of that which lies deepest in nature's heart and in our own hearts, too; that primal joy in strength and speed, in courage and all the virile virtues of the warrior and the hunter, beside which, when some crisis or danger impends, all other qualities seem of little worth.

The gray, flame-eyed goshawk, like a lithe winged panther, darting along the shadowy aisles of the woods; the swift falcon flashing meteor-like across the heavens in pursuit of his fleeing quarry and plunging, a living lightning-bolt from the clouds, upon his prey; the proud eagle soaring on high, then folding his mighty wings to launch himself downward in stupendous onset—the mere thought of these things, the picture that they make in the mind, is worth more to us than gold. When they are gone, all these strong wild hunters, when they are never more to be seen in the sky, and our hens and pheasants are safe, we shall, perhaps, realize what we have lost.

First Comes Mother

(*Continued from page 27*)

her young people to habits of helpfulness and self-reliance at home, such would have been their natural attitude at school and among their friends.

Children should also be trained by their mothers to handle their school work with courage and independence. A mother should help her children rarely and only then as a good teacher, stimulating their initiative and ability instead of encouraging them to lean on her. If Bobby whines night after night: "Mother, I can't do my arithmetic. Will you help me?" and mother yields continually to his requests, she is helping him to become a clinging vine and thwarting the work of the teacher. Far better have a frank talk with the teacher and work out the problem together. In any case beware of discouraging the child and giving him the disastrous impression that his work is too hard for him to master. Also, if there is among Bobbie's sisters and brothers a child prominent because he is handsome or strong or clever, the mother should always be careful not to make comparisons to Bobbie's detriment. "Why aren't you as quick as Joan?" "Look how sweet and pretty Mary always is," are unwise expressions for a mother to use. They succeed only in filling Bobby with a sense of inferiority, stubbornness, or antagonism. On the contrary, he should be shown that if he feels unequal to his brothers and sisters, if he is afraid of his teachers and his parents, he limits and thwarts himself in every direction. Mother must help him never to lose confidence in himself and the future.

For the same reason, if she is a wise mother, she will never boast of her own success, show that she thinks she is better educated than her husband or more clever and understanding. Children are quick to perceive this attitude on the part of mothers, and the effect is disastrous. Either Bobby gains the tendency to boast, or he shrinks into his shell from an increased sense of inadequacy. If parents realized how sensitive their children are to each impression in the home, they would be careful to see that every relation—toward each other, the children, grandparents on both sides, servants—is adjusted as normally as possible.

What a mistake mothers make too, when

First Comes Mother

they try to force authority! How much wiser to give advice and explanations which will be accepted willingly if the mother has established from the beginning a good social relation between herself and her child. "Because I want it," "You have to obey if I speak," "Children should be silent," "You must not be present when grown folks want to talk," "Go out, I have to speak to father," and similar expressions should be avoided because they are humiliating to the child and awaken stubbornness and antagonism. The same mistake is often made if a mother stresses too much the necessity of right behavior in particular instances. We are all eager to establish right habits in our children with regard to eating, excretions, cleanliness, punctuality, table manners, sleep. But an earnest mother sometimes lays down too many rules for Bobby and Joan, talks a great deal about them, and deplores the mistakes and carelessness of her children. Bobby and Joan are immediately placed on the defensive and filled with resentment and antagonism. "Mother's too bossy and cross; I'm not going to pay any attention to what she says," they say under their breath. Instead of wanting to cooperate with Mother, as they would have done had she been less authoritative and fearful, their minds are filled with plans to block the carrying out of her schedule. If she is wise, she will not be too tense and dictatorial about the formation of any particular habit.

When Ambition Begins

Children begin early to talk about what they want to be later in life. One of the most important functions of a wise mother is to watch the chief interest of her child and, if it is a worth-while interest, promote it into constructive channels. Sometimes it will be the profession of the father developed in the imagination of the child to a higher level. For instance, if father is a teacher, Bobby aspires to be a university professor. If father is a coachman, son would like to be a pilot. If father is a carpenter, Bobby wants to be an architect. Always there is the tendency to go higher. If mother is a dressmaker, Joan is apt to long to be a film star and wear expensive clothes. If father and mother are not successful, you will find the children usually seeking some occupation or profession other than those their parents follow. And in many cases, if the father is successful and prominent, his son wants to pursue a different career. Unless there are obvious reasons—such as physical handicaps—why the boy can not follow his father's footsteps, this unwillingness to enter the same profession as his father's is due to lack of courage. In case the boy is interested in his father's career and would like to emulate it except that he fears he can not succeed as his father has, it is the function of the mother to instill courage and confidence in him, showing him that he is equal to situations as they present themselves. Of course, if children have been trained early to independence of thought and action, this bolstering up of the boy's courage will not be so necessary.

Choices made by young people on the latter basis of freedom and interest are apt to result in successful and satisfying work. Never is it wise to force a child into a profession which he does not wish to enter, and a wise mother will stand firmly against such a procedure. Many times I have found great difficulties in the later lives of persons who were urged in their youth to take up the career of perhaps a minister, a teacher, or a lawyer, when they wanted to follow carpentering, music, engineering, or something else. The mother should begin early to encourage the child to express his ideas about what he desires to be. She will understand, of course, that children sometimes choose out of a superficial knowledge or because they misunderstand the facts of the case. But these difficulties can be avoided if she gives her youngster a chance to look deeper into the real circumstances of his chosen occupation.

KEEP YOUR TEETH WHITE

DO THIS TWICE A DAY

3. *Pick up Baking Soda on the moistened brush—as much as the brush will hold.*

1. *Place a little Arm & Hammer Baking Soda in the palm of the left hand. Use patented box opening.*

4. *Brush the outer surfaces of teeth, using up and down motion—not crosswise.*

2. *Moisten the tooth brush—either in a glass of water or by holding under the faucet.*

5. *Finally, brush inside of teeth thoroughly, still using the up and down motion.*

Baking Soda both for cleaning teeth and as a mouth wash, used twice a day as the illustrations suggest, keeps teeth healthily white, free from unsightly film and discolorations.

Baking Soda not only cleans teeth, but also protects them. Being alkaline in reaction, it neutralizes the mouth acids that cause decay. The Baking Soda on your tooth brush dissolves in the moisture of your mouth and works its way between the teeth, into every hidden crevice, arresting decay at its source.

For an effective and inexpensive wash to use after brushing the teeth, dissolve a teaspoonful of Baking Soda in a glass of cool water. Due to its antacid properties this wash has a remarkably freshening effect on the mouth.

You can buy Baking Soda at any grocery store for a few cents a package. Always ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. ★ The two are identical, both being pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

Business Established in the Year 1846

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.

80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.

[Please print name and address]

C-21

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

In using advertisements see page 6

Choice Bran *so necessary* Every Morning

. . . *made palatable with* Figs *from California*

Fig Bran *retails at 15c, and* **ZO** *at the same price. Sold by Health Food Centers and by leading grocery and department stores.*

PHYSICIANS recommend the eating of bran as a beneficial morning habit. Intelligent people everywhere follow this advice with splendid results.

Why not serve in your home the same bran used by a great sanitarium. Fig Bran is not ordinary bran, but is the choicest flakes of carefully selected, sterilized bran. It is scientifically processed with sun-kissed California figs. It is bran in its most delightful form, consisting of two of Nature's most effective laxative foods—figs and bran.

Fig Bran is more than merely a "breakfast bran." It is enriched with Vitamin B and Food Iron, making it a blood and bone builder as well as a supplementary food of high efficiency. Certainly, no ordinary bran can be so effective. Serve Fig Bran alone or with other cereals. Try it with equal parts of ZO for a dietetically perfect breakfast food.

A Crunchy, Breakfast Treat!

ZO is the vitamin breakfast food. It is rich in food essentials lacking in average meals. If freely used, one may dismiss anxiety about food salts and vitamins. ZO contains three times as much Food Iron *for rosy cheeks* as does spinach . . . . nine times as much Vitamin B. *for growth* as does tomatoes . . . . and is rich in Food Lime for *strong, white teeth and sturdy bones.*

BATTLE CREEK
SANITARIUM
HEALTH FOODS
for Everybody

Free Advice on Healthful Living The Battle Creek Food Co. manufactures the dietetic discoveries of a Great Sanitarium. The Company's profits endow a non-sectarian, co-educational institution—Battle Creek College. The Company also maintains a staff of Medical Dieticians, Sanitarium trained, who give FREE carefully considered scientific answers to your questions on diet. The famous diet book, "Healthful Living," is sent free upon request. Address THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO., Dept. 222, Battle Creek, Mich.

Be a Nurse

Learn at Home

STUDY in spare time to be a nurse. Many earn $30-$35 a week. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 29 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 55 years. Money-back agreement.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 582, 421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____

City _____ State _____

OPENS or closes by one simple movement. Stands perfectly rigid. Large ironing surface.

A quality product in every detail; made to last a lifetime.

Our folder G will interest you. Write for it today.

The BICKNELL Folding Ironing Table

I. E. BICKNELL LUMBER CO. Worcester, Mass.

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Positions Open in Residential, Apartment and Resort Hotels, Clubs, Private Schools, Sorority Houses, Coffee Shops, Tea Rooms, and Steamships.

LEARN to be a hotel hostess. Splendid salaries, fine living, luxurious surroundings for women of all ages in this fascinating profession. Previous experience unnecessary. Our easy method of special instruction qualifies you for a splendid position and good salary. Nation-wide Employment Service Free of extra cost. Lewis students everywhere are winning success in this new profession for women. One student writes: "I am hostess and manager of an apartment house in a fashionable section—salary $3,600 a year, with a beautiful apartment for my girls and self." Write today for Free Book. "*YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY.*"

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. CB-2412 Washington, D. C.
The Original and Only School of its Kind in the World

First Comes Mother

His own good sense will tell him whether he wishes to pursue it or not.

In our culture girls unfortunately can not make so wide a choice of professions as boys. In my experience I have found that chiefly they want in the beginning to be actresses, dancers, or teachers. If they are successful in other ways, in housekeeping, in making hats and dresses, and are not discouraged by the mother's attitude toward her home life, they often develop ability and interest in these occupations. Sometimes they see their goal in a business career. Sometimes they picture their future in being married and having children. Especially is a girl inclined this way if the mother plays a domineering rôle in the family. The child feels the necessity of escape, of building up her own home in which she can rule and her word will be law. To be married and have a family is an excellent goal, but a child should not long for that goal and seek it merely because of the domination of her own mother.

Mothers Should Encourage Initiative

Mothers should realize how far-reaching their attitudes and actions are upon the lives of their children. After talking to hundreds of women about their children, I have come to the conclusion that mothers should not only encourage their girls to pursue the careers in which they are intrinsically interested, but they should also do all they can to lift from the minds of their daughters the dangerous superstition that they can not work as well and successfully as their brothers if they are rightly trained and equipped.

I am always a little uneasy when I see a boy or girl of fourteen who does not know what he is interested in nor what work would please him later on. Adolescence is the normal age at which young people usually begin to decide their future careers. It makes small difference that the boy or girl may change his mind, turning to another trade or profession. The important thing in youth, as later on, is to have a concrete goal. If a child has no specific aim for himself, it is probably because he shrinks from contact with his fellow beings in whom he has no interest. His whole universe has been his home and mother. The thought of spending his life among people outside his tiny circle discourages him, and his indifference is manifested in the lack of choice of a profession, trade or business. But if his mother has given Bobby a basic sense of independence and equality from the beginning—if, instead of allowing him to have only her companionship, she has encouraged him to play with other children and develop interests in his enlarging world—this situation will nine times out of ten not arise. He will be eager to identify himself with the outside world by means of his concrete goal, his desire to be a bricklayer, a mechanic, an artist, a lawyer. Hence the importance of mothers encouraging initiative and interest in their children from infancy.

This early training or the lack of it has an effect on almost all types of children. Sometimes I have found youngsters well equipped for school and doing good work in their studies. So long as they were favored by the teacher and recognized by the other students, everything went along smoothly. They were heroes in their own eyes and those of others. But outside of school, when they tried to adjust themselves to their social environment, things were different. Not meeting with the same interest and approbation from an indifferent public, such children have become unhappy, have sometimes broken down, developing a neurosis or psychosis, becoming criminals or drunkards in despair because the prominent rôle they played in school was not repeated in the outside world. Other children not so clever in school, but independent thinkers due to early training at home, often stand the test of life much more successfully than more brilliantly equipped young people. So you need not wonder when you hear some one say:

"She Was Alarmingly Underweight for Her Age

—*Now in 3 Weeks She's Gained 3½ Pounds!"*—

A Discovery From Switzerland That May Make Your Child Over

Not a Medicine, But the Most Delicious Food-Drink Known

Please Accept 3-Day Supply To Try

My 4½-year-old daughter was alarmingly underweight for her age, following an attack of mumps.
I naturally tried to give her milk to build her up but she refused it because she disliked the taste so much.
Then I began giving her Ovaltine at every meal for 3 weeks and now she's gained 3½ pounds. Now she asks at every meal for her mug of Ovaltine.
—Mrs. Harold Pitts, 1006 G. Ave. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

WATCH WEIGHT INCREASE A POUND A WEEK—NERVOUSNESS DISAPPEAR

THE special test offer made here is to enable mothers to *try* this new creation from Switzerland *before purchasing a regular supply.*

New to America, but old to Europe, its use has spread over 54 different nations of the world. Over 20,000 doctors are advising it.

It throws a new light on the problem of the underweight or nervous child. Weight increases of a pound a week are common to it. *Nervousness is frequently curbed in a few days.*

"I Got My Children to Drink Twice the Milk They Used To"

My little boy and girl would not drink the amount of milk the doctor said they should have. I tried every way I knew to coax them to drink their milk without success. They were nervous, underweight, and irritable and I was worried.

Then a friend advised me to try Ovaltine—to put it in the children's milk and give it to them hot or cold.

I did this and noticed an improvement at once. That's how I got my children to drink twice the milk they used to, in the face of the fact that a week ago I couldn't even coax them to drink enough. And they are so much more healthy.

—Mrs. C. A. Schumaker,
20th Ave. & 14th St., Fulton, Illinois

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine—that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate. A scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Ovaltine may make your child over—try it.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine *Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

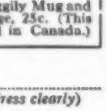
**(Note)* *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER CO.
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Dept. M-9.

Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

SPECIAL OFFER



Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

Name .....
(Please print name and address clearly)
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....
(One package to a person) 688R

★ **OVALTINE**
The Swiss Food-Drink C

In using advertisements see page 6

Prices are Lower — and We Pay Postage

Slenderizing Fashions for Stout Women and Misses
The New Styles at New Low Prices and We Pay Postage
Lane Bryant
39th Street at Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

The New Slenderizing Styles *for* Stout Women *and* Misses

This New Style Book is Yours FREE!

STYLES have changed! And to you this is good news, indeed—for the new styles are more becoming to all stout women. The new mode *favors* the fuller figure and the new lowered hemline is definitely more slenderizing. This Style Book shows you the Fashion changes—tells the new Style Story. And one copy of this Book is yours FREE.

The New Styles at New Low Prices

Your whole new costume may just as well come from the heart of Fifth Avenue and yet bring to you a big saving in price. Lane Bryant serves America's most exclusive shoppers—those best informed on style. And through our greater buying power, our prices go lower and lower and bring you larger savings.

Lane Bryant Sizes

Lane Bryant is the world's Largest Producer of styles for stout women. These garments are not merely larger sizes—they are slenderizing styles, correctly proportioned, with plenty of room at arms, bust and hips. Every woman of full figure should see for herself the new beauty, the personal charm that comes with these styles.

All of these advantages may now be yours. Our new Style Book brings our stores right to your door—for we pay postage on every purchase made by mail. There are for you new delights in Dresses, Coats, Hats, Shoes, Corsets, Underwear—if you write for this book today.

Lane Bryant

Dept. 12, FIFTH AVE. and 39th STREET, NEW YORK

Stores: New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis

How is Little Betty's Appetite?

Children Who Lose Appetite May Be Constipated

It's natural for a child to be more or less hungry all the time and to eat well. When appetite lags, look to the child's bowels. Many times a child who refuses to eat and acts pettish is a victim of constipation.

When the use of a laxative for your child is prescribed, be ready with Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Physicians recommend castor oil as a laxative and Kellogg's is castor oil with the objectionable features eliminated. It's simply pure, fresh castor oil, full-strength, with the old castor oil taste and odor removed by super-refining. It moves the bowels gently, but *thoroughly*, leaving no residue as do ordinary laxatives and without upsetting the stomach or causing after-nausea. It also exercises a healing effect upon the mucus membrane of the bowels, which is always desirable after a good purging. Children take Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil willingly.

★ Kellogg's is never sold in bulk, but always in the original *refinery-sealed* bottle which always comes in a carton. Both bottle and carton bear the full Kellogg label. Accept nothing else to be sure it is the genuin Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Walter Janvier, Inc., 121 Varick Street, New York City.

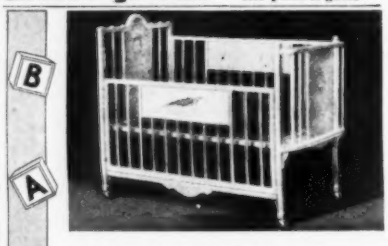
Advertisement

CORNS

and tender toes—relieved in 1 minute by these thin, soothing, healing pads. Safe! *At all drug, shoe and dept. stores.*

★ *Dr Scholl's* **Zino-pads**

Put one on—the pain is gone



"LITTLE KING"

—A New Nursry-Craft Crib

MADE to show your sleeping baby at his best. Five delicate colors, to match any room. Modern bow-end design. Side lowers itself gently with a touch of the knee, leaving both hands free—but baby can't shake it open. Built strong—won't grow wobbly. Looks expensive, doesn't it? Friends will think it is. You don't have to tell how little you paid. At stores, or direct from maker.

« « Write for Complete Catalog » »

The NURSRY-CRAFTERS
(Formerly The Cradlette Corporation)
1014 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.

First Comes Mother

"James was a splendid student, but he has made a failure of his whole life. Will and George weren't half so clever, but both have made good hand over fist."

Will and George had a mother who trained them from babyhood to be self-reliant, interested in their playmates and their world. James was probably mother's spoiled darling who expected the whole world to worship as she did, and found himself thoroughly discouraged when he met indifference and perhaps dislike. The race is truly to the strong rather than the brilliant. Otherwise more prodigies would succeed in life. If mothers would only realize how much their children's normal adjustment to life later on depends upon those early years of training at home, how many later difficulties and even tragedies would be avoided!

"But, Mama, I want to sit in your lap," lisps two-year-old Bobbie.

"Let's build a house of blocks on the floor, and then you show Billie how you did it," responds the wise mother, foreseeing the time when Bobbie must build his house of life not with her at hand, but with Billie and Tom, Dick and Harry.

In those early days she is ever-ready to lend a helping hand, but Bobbie must stand on his own feet.

Rivalry Is Dangerous

One of the most important problems to be handled in the home is that of rivalry. The alert mother will do all she can to lessen the rivalry which is bound to arise between the children. The family circle is limited, and the more the family is cut off from contact with the world the more narrow it is. Because of the difference in temperament and age of the children the development of each one is different from the other members of the family. Therefore every child is a separate, distinct problem and must be understood differently by the mother. She must realize that ten-year-old Jimmie with his impetuosity and dash is a very different person from deliberate, easy-going six-year-old Billie. She must know that if their father or she is trying to assert authority continually, the individual lives of these youngsters are in danger of being sadly thwarted. The prominence or preference of one child or one parent can prove a great hindrance to the development of the other children. Even if the father and mother show strongly their affection for one another before the children, the youngsters feel thwarted and limited.

Many a grown person has said to me, "If my parents had not shown such a preference for my younger brother, I should be a less fearful person today, but I have no confidence in myself." Or "Father and Mother thought a great deal of one another. I used to wish I could be included in their affection."

In these cases the persons who spoke were accounted failures. A wise mother would have helped avoid this sad situation by not allowing thoughtless rivalry and preference to develop in the home group.

There are so many things mothers have to be alert to, but the results are well worth the effort. One of these is the ability of children to win by subtle means the attention of father or mother. The spoiled or pampered child learns this technique and uses it to make himself the center of his stage. Or one child may be more clever, amusing, good-looking than the other members of the family and thus draw to himself more attention than the less favored children. Sometimes the youngest child, the baby of the family, is the one on whom most love and favors are showered. The mother should be most watchful about all these relationships, helping to lessen attention to Bobby's coaxing ways, praising quiet Mary for her industry, overcoming Harry's shyness and silence, bringing all the children into a sense of cooperation and community well being.

By study the mother can understand her children and deal with each individual case according to its peculiar characteristics.

not how hard, but HOW EASY TO POSSESS BEAUTIFUL SKIN

DOUBTLESS many women upon reading the average advice on complexion care and resulting beauty are impressed with the idea that while it may all be possible, it is dreadfully complicated.

Here, then, is a totally different idea. Princess Pat declares that complexion care should be easy—and proves it by millions of women who have adopted Princess Pat beauty methods.

Princess Pat's secret is the application of scientific research and study to the field of beauty endeavor. There is no valid reason for a multiplicity of creams, lotions, soaps, etc. There is no excuse for laborious, complicated methods. The best beauty care is that which is thoroughly scientific, and correspondingly easy.

For instance, Princess Pat Skin Cleanser restores the complexion to pristine freshness and youthful beauty because it contains a solvent for "pore film." Any dermatologist will tell you that pore film is a colorless coating of fatty acid—that it forms daily on every skin—that until it is banished regularly, all other beauty effort is hopeless.

Again you are being given only the scientific facts when told that pores normally tend to relax . . . that unless some scientific method is followed to keep them fine the skin must constantly lose beauty. To meet this need Princess Pat formulated its scientific cream, Ice Astringent. You use Ice Astringent as a powder base — the most perfect powder base known. But in addition Ice Astringent keeps the pores always normally invisible.

You hear much about Tissue creams. Yet many are nothing more than ordinary creams, made a little heavier. Princess Pat Tissue Cream was formulated by finding out what oils the skin loses in its contacts and exposures—and incorporating in a delightful cream the right ingredients to restore softness, pliability, vitality and firmness.

Lupe Velez, the great screen favorite, illustrates how easy it is to prevent wrinkles. The jar seen in Lupe's graceful left hand is, of course, Princess Pat Tissue Cream.

You can employ the complete Princess Pat beauty care in two or three minutes daily. There is no work to do, no "manual labor." Just use the creams.

And you can make your own test at the expense of Princess Pat. All you need do is fill in the coupon and mail it. Free of charge you will receive sufficient of Princess Pat creams to make a thorough test—and the most enlightening booklet yet written on complexion care. Please accept this offer. When you find out how *easy* it all is you will find time to care for your skin.

Laura La Plante, the beautiful screen actress, knows that fine pores are the basis of skin beauty. She is seen at her dressing table with her jar of Princess Pat Ice Astringent, the ideal powder base.

★

and such different POWDER - - - ROUGE - - LIP COLOR

Beauty of make-up, too, is enhanced by scientific discoveries — as, for instance, Princess Pat's famous face powder with a base of precious Almond — Rouge giving color that seems to come from within the skin — lip color of glorious beauty and supreme indelibility.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. A-1392

I certainly do want a lovely complexion, quickly, easily. Please send, entirely free, trial tubes of your three wonderful, scientific creams —also booklet.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

PRINCESS PAT

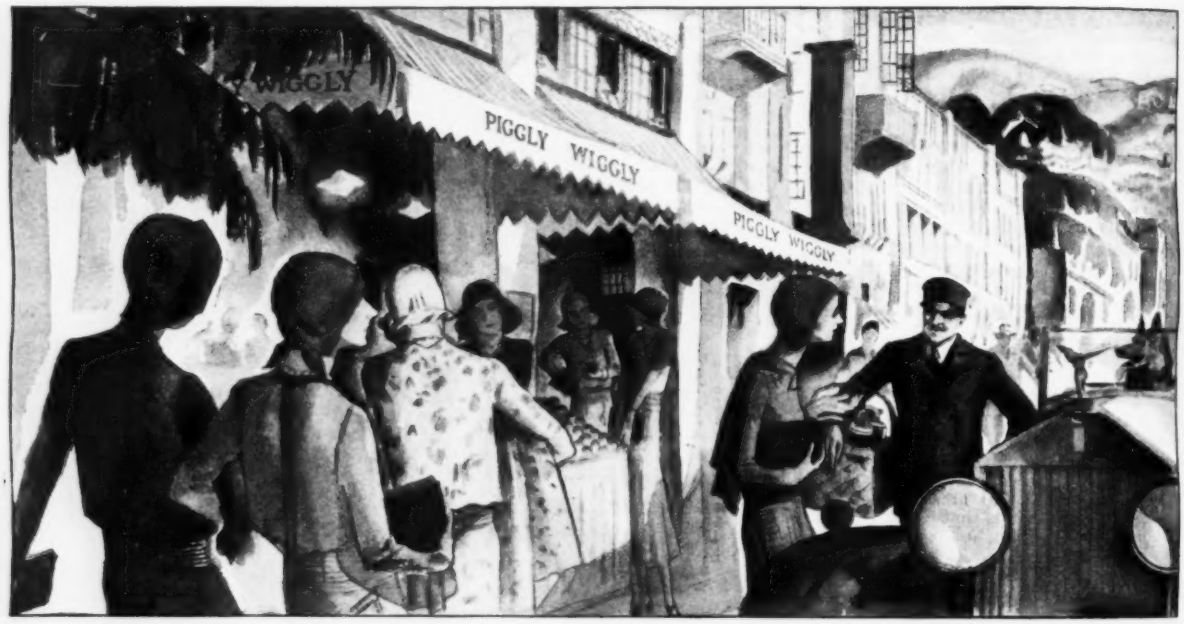
PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO

In using advertisements see page 6

...NOT MENTIONED

in guide books to Hollywood Boulevard...

yet smart throngs crowd its doors daily



© 1930, P. W. Corp.

It's not a movie magnate's palace. Nor the simple 20 room cottage of the newest talkie star.

Yet in this city—with the color and life of a hundred cities in one—it attracts more daily visitors than a famous museum.

Fashionable visitors, who step from their motor cars over clean-swept thresholds . . . into Piggly Wiggly! Through busy turnstiles. Past well stocked Piggly Wiggly shelves. Taking from them the shining tins, the gay packages of their favorite brands.

Choosing fruit and vegetables from the fresh smelling bins. "Like picking them from your own garden!" says one frequent Piggly Wiggly visitor.

Why modern women prefer it

Women of the smart world were first to launch the Piggly Wiggly vogue. Now clever women everywhere instinctively seek out Piggly Wiggly. Where they can be sure of quality foods at low prices. Enjoy the freedom of choosing for themselves.

Over 2,500,000 women shop at Piggly Wiggly daily. Delighted with Piggly Wiggly's wide aisles, well arranged shelves. The opportunity to compare prices on the big swinging tags . . . to save money. The same Piggly Wiggly features found in 3200 stores in over 1000 cities and towns!

You, too, will enjoy this modern, adventurous method of marketing! Why not visit the Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood today?

YOUR favorite novelist, the brightest stars in the movie firmament, a famous statesman lead the procession to Piggly Wiggly in the city of Los Angeles. Thousands of others follow—whose custom amounts to over $1,000,000 *a month... Women in* 1000 *other towns and cities in the United States enjoy this same service in* 3200 *Piggly Wiggly Stores daily*

PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

Unusual opportunity to own and operate a profitable local business with the merchandising co-operation of a national organization—exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been established. Open only to men who control sufficient capital to finance a number of stores. Address Franchise Department, 411 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Through Argentina to Asuncion

(*Continued from page 61*)

course of a world trip. There was something uncanny in finding, in this distant territorial village, the young man who might have been the ruler of a great empire if history had followed a different course; and this chance encounter stirred in us a sense of unreality and uncertainty to which the strangeness and remoteness of our surroundings lent color and substance.

It was six o'clock in the evening, some days after our departure from Posadas, when we finally reached Puerta Aquirre, our own point of debarkation. Our baggage was dumped unceremoniously on the sandbank, and the steamer tooted its shrill little whistle and was gone. Two or three lights twinkled uncertainly in the distance, but there was no immediate sign of the waiting motors which we had expected. However, the scene before us was so unspeakably lovely as to obliterate all uneasy thoughts. The smooth coils of the river were stained to crimson by the reflection of the spreading sunset; and high above us the moon loomed large and lovely. The stillness and sweetness which mark the merging of day into night cast a spell of enchantment over the landscape; and with this spell still strong upon us, we found our way up the shore. The promised cars, which had been concealed by a bend in the road, had not failed us; and with us and our belongings stowed safely away, they plunged into the woods. Every now and then a rabbit scuttled across our pathway; every now and then there was a whirr of unseen wings. But through the maze and tangle of tree and vine and shrub there was no other sound until, an hour later, the murmur of the Falls of Iguazu—the "Great Waters" of the Guarani Indians—met our ears. Only a murmur at first; then, with increasing force, it became a tumult and a roar. For moments before we could see the falls they seemed to rush out toward us through the magic of their music. Then suddenly the forest cleared, the lights of a rambling, low-built hotel gleamed on one side of us, and, on the other, under an oval moon, fell the pearly torrent of the great cascades, their base hidden in masses of tropical verdure, their summit seeming to touch the heavens.

The Falls of Iguazu

Perhaps the Falls of Victoria in Africa may equal these in majesty. I do not know—though I hope to find out some day! But that they, or any other natural wonder of the world, can surpass the Falls of Iguazu in majesty is unimaginable. They are higher than Niagara by some thirty or forty feet and half again as wide. But it is not their magnitude alone that makes them so superb. It is partly their setting, which is so glorious in itself, and so untouched by contact with the world; and it is also their disposition in this setting. Their great cascades are not all massed together. The Two Sisters, the Bossetti Falls, and the Falls of San Martin lie at one end of the great, island-dotted delta of the Iguazu River; farther up are the Three Musketeers, reached only by a long circuitous route; and farther still, approached through the "Devil's Throat," is the greatest group of all—Pueyrredon, Mitre, Rivadavia, Belgrano, Union, and Florianes.

In going to these, the morning after our arrival at Iguazu, we had one of our most thrilling adventures. The first evening, we had contented ourselves with a superficial sort of inspection of the Two Sisters, Bossetti, and San Martin by moonlight; but after this was over, I confronted *La Señora*—the capable and decided little manageress of the hotel—with a degree of determination calculated to meet her own. Yes, I was quite aware that the river was in flood, that no *tourista* had been permitted to visit the Gargantua del Diablo in three weeks. But I was not a *tourista*, I was an *escritora*, and it was unthinkable that an *escritora* should travel thousands of miles for

No more *aching arms numbed wrists. bruised hands* - - All Food Mixing Done

The new improved Dormeyer Food Mixer is a portable, powerful, all-purpose food mixer at a popular price. It beats, whips, stirs and mixes foods in half the time or less, and more thoroughly. Mixes cake batters and waffles, or mashes potatoes, as readily as it blends liquids.

Cakes are light and closer grained, mayonnaise wonderfully smooth, waffles fluffy—betters your cooking.

Hard jobs—such as cake frostings that take ten tiring minutes of beating, sponge cakes that require three tedious mixings, mayonnaise that you blend laboriously drop by drop—are easy using the Dormeyer.

The compact, portable Dormeyer Mixer costs only $24.50, yet it mixes foods as speedily and thoroughly as larger, non-portable mixers sold at three to seven times the price. If your electrical dealer cannot supply, mail coupon for complete descriptive folder.

★ *The New Improved* **Dormeyer** Electric Food Mixer

Electrically

Note These Outstanding Features

Modern design—beautiful as a piece of silver.

Polished aluminum case — other parts chromium plated. Stands conveniently by itself.

Compact and easy to handle.

Wide range of speed controlled by convenient button (see above picture).

Paddles easily detached for washing.

Powerful Universal motor.

Guaranteed electrically, mechanically.

A. F. Dormeyer Mfg. Co. Dept. L-1 — 2640 Greenview Avenue Chicago

Please send folder describing the new improved Dormeyer Mixer and giving recipes of hard-to-mix foods now made easy.

Name ----------

Address ----------

City ---------- State ----------

Manage a Tea Room

OPPORTUNITIES everywhere in Tea Rooms and Motor Inns. Open a tea room in your own home with little capital, or manage one already going. Excellent salaries paid to trained managers; shortage acute. We teach you entire business in your spare time. Be independent. Write for Free 44-page Book "Pouring Tea for Profit".

LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE
Dept. CB-2471 Washington, D. C.

With MAPLEINE You spend 35c and save $2.64 in syrup making

With a 35c bottle of Mapleine you can make 2 gallons of delicious, maple-flavored syrup, saving at least $2.64. Proportionate savings on smaller quantities. Full directions with every bottle. No trouble, just sugar, boiling water and Mapleine. Finest hotels and restaurants do this. They also use Mapleine as flavoring for desserts, cake icings. You can, too. 11 specific recipes and suggestions with each bottle. Recipe booklet by Alice Bradley on request. Nearly every grocer has Mapleine. Or 1 oz. trial size, prepaid 20c. Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 37, Seattle, Washington.

MAPLEINE ★

for Syrup—for Flavoring

Delicious... as a cereal— Healthful ... for baking

ROMAN MEAL is more than just a good cereal. Mixed with flour in all baking it adds flavor to waffles, pancakes, muffins, gems, cakes, etc. Pleasing recipes on package. Should be eaten some way every day.

ROMAN MEAL COMPANY, Tacoma, Washington

FREE! *Please send me sample package of Roman Meal. (United States only.)*

Name _____

Address _____

In using advertisements see page 6

CHOPS GERMAINE

Cut 5 medium-sized potatoes in half-inch slices. Place in bake pan and cover with milk. Add 1 tsp. salt. Spread 5 pork chops with Gulden's Mustard. Place on top of potatoes, sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake 1 hour in medium oven. 375°.

• • •

An Attractive Main Dish Makes The Simple Menu a Treat

Tomato Puree
Chops Germaine
Green Salad
(*For dressing see page 15 of Gulden Recipe Book*)
Creamed Peas
Rolls and Butter
Crackers, Cream Cheese, Jam
Coffee

The skillful cook makes her menu sparkle with CHOPS GERMAINE

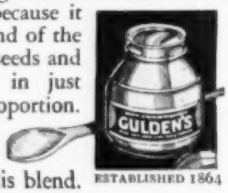
It is a real thrill when you can give everyday cooking the rare deliciousness that lifts a menu out of the commonplace.

Yet every housewife knows that there are just so many basic recipes and the same old materials to use. But the Skillful Cook also knows that a change of seasoning works miracles with these familiar recipes and all too familiar foods.

Gulden's Prepared Mustard is a wonder-working seasoning for general cooking. Just as it gives new relish to cold cuts, salads and sandwiches, it also brings out the hidden goodness in meats — roasts, chops and steak — fish and poultry when spread over them before cooking.

It lends fresh zest to vegetable dishes and left-overs, and gives a delightfully different flavor to sauces and gravies. When you use Gulden's as a seasoning there is no obvious taste, but a heightening of the natural flavor of the food and a subtle *new* taste.

Gulden's Mustard is the only prepared mustard that, since 1864, has taken prizes at leading World Fairs and Institutes. This is because it is a perfect blend of the finest mustard seeds and mellow spices in just the right proportion. And it is *only* in Gulden's that you get this blend.



ESTABLISHED 1864

76 Seasoning Secrets Free

WRITE or mail coupon for free copy of new recipe book, containing 76 "Seasoning Secrets" contributed by famous cooks. If you also want sample bottle, enclose 10 cents.

CHARLES GULDEN, INC., DEPT. J-19,
50 ELIZABETH ST., NEW YORK CITY

☐ Please send me a free copy of "Seasoning Secrets," containing 76 recipes with a new taste thrill.

☐ I enclose 10 cents for a 2-oz. sample bottle of your delicious seasoner, as well as recipe booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

*GULDEN'S MUSTARD

Use it as a seasoning in Cooking

Through Argentina to Asuncion

the express purpose of thrusting her head into the jaws of the devil—so to speak—and then fail to do so. The argument lasted so long that when all the lights were turned out, according to custom—a custom of which I had had no forewarning—promptly at eleven, I had progressed toward bed only as far as the bathtub; and it was not without some difficulty that I completed my ablutions and groped my way back to my room. But the next morning, in spite of the shouts of merriment with which the boys learned of my predicament, I had my reward. I learned, before I was up, that the *Señora* had arranged to have us start for the Gargantua del Diablo promptly at nine.

About that hour, a vehicle, which in some previous incarnation might conceivably have been a small truck, drew up at the front door; and climbing into it we jolted our way through the forest near the river over something that could not by any stretch of the imagination be said to be a road, though it rejoiced in the musical name of the Camio del Monte. Ferns and palms, begonias and orchids, bloomed all about us; birds of gorgeous plumage rose and dipped overhead; butterflies with brilliant wings floated across our path. And when we reached the *embarcadero*, and found that our guides and canoe had not yet arrived, our truck driver, producing a net, pursued those drifting bits of color with the zeal of a true naturalist. Since he had otherwise displayed the traits peculiar to his calling all over the world, the sight was not without some elements of humor; but as he good-naturedly bestowed the fruits of his labors upon us, we felt that our concealed merriment at his expense had been ill-timed.

A Perilous Boat Trip

There is a serpent in every Paradise (there are, incidentally and literally, plenty of them in this one!) and we were almost devoured alive by a variety of bites from a variety of insects when our swarthy, smiling guides and their craft glided into sight at last. The malignant insects did not abate their attacks upon us even when we reached midstream; but by this time we were so excited that we had forgotten all about them. The crude, wooden boat rocked uncertainly over the swollen river; frequently the swift current caught us, and we lurched downstream; then we were swept back again by the rapid, sure strokes of the oars. Twisting, turning, plunging, we drove along to a small, stony island, where a narrow path had been beaten out between crevices and bushes; and leaving our boat behind us, we threaded our way across this to a ledge where another boat lay tied. A second passage began, more wildly thrilling than the first; the heavy water spread over the sides of the boat, it quivered and tilted; then it sprang forward again toward another island porous with rivulets. Here there was not even a path, only stepping-stones and an occasional rough board. But slipping, sliding, stretching, making a chain with our hands, bracing our feet against rock and sedge-grass, we followed the sound of the rushing water which we knew must lie only around the next corner or the next. Then, suddenly standing level with its summit, we saw it; streaming and foaming to limitless depths below us, banded in crystalline bubbles, snowy white and tawny yellow, it gushed and fell and sprang, sunlight streaming across the spray, mist rising from it and birds flying through the mist; relentless, stupendous, transcendentally beautiful, a culmination of divine and everlasting Power made manifest through the might and majesty of nature.

Our return to Posadas, by the same river steamer on which we had gone up to Puerta Aquirre, was achieved without special incident; and upon our arrival in this city we found awaiting us a kind message from the Governor, Dr. Barreiro, who had proved so pleasant a fellow-passenger on our voyage upstream,

Through Argentina to Asuncion

offering us his launch for a trip to San Ignacio to see the Jesuit ruins. Bright and early the following morning, we were up and off again, following for several hours the course of the Upper Parana, with which we were already familiar. Shortly after noon we disembarked at a small, wooden wharf which terminated in a wooden *tienda*.

Without undue difficulty a shining, new motor car of familiar American manufacture was secured for the balance of the journey; and when the five miles or so of moist, red road between port and town had been comfortably covered in this, we drew up at a whitewashed, wooden shack which proclaimed itself in large black letters a "Hotel Familiar Italiano," and inquired into the possibilities of obtaining *almuerzo*. A smiling *mozo* assured us that only a *momentito* need elapse before we could be served. Though the boys were inclined to be skeptical about this, I had no qualms; and my confidence in the never-failing ability of the Italian to conjure up a delicious meal out of anything, anywhere, any time, was justified when within fifteen minutes a six-course feast was spread before us which would have done credit to the chef of any metropolitan restaurant. Life soon took on a different hue; and we took the road that led toward the ruins with heightened anticipation.

The Ruined Missions

We were not doomed to disappointment. The Argentine Province of Misiones takes its name from these noble relics of clerical colonization; and wandering through them it is easy to understand why so great and important a territory should have been chosen to immortalize them in such a way. Their magnitude is overpowering: the church, the cloisters, the gardens, the cells, the seminary, and the great central square which these enclose, cover nearly twenty acres; and the beauty as well as the extent of all this is almost breathtaking when one realizes that it was achieved in a newly discovered wilderness hundreds of years ago. The delicate carving of the pillars, the massiveness of the keystones, the symmetry of the arches, the perfect proportions of the chapel—all these reveal the workmanship of master-craftsmen in architecture. The vaulted roofs have fallen away, the columns are crumbling now; the lush luxuriance of tropical green has overspread the austere, gray pavements and the strong, red walls; the orange trees which grow so tall and thick in the neglected garden bear only bitter fruit; and silent Guarani children with large, wondering eyes keep uneventful watch over the peaceful cattle that wander undisturbed over the place where mass and matins and vespers once were sung. But over the ruined entrance the symbolic letters which designate Jesus as the Saviour of Men still rise, deep-carved and dominant, undestroyed and seemingly indestructible.

It was, as I have said before, a strange and stirring experience to find standing on the sandy shore of a remote Argentinian stream the once potential ruler of a vast, lost empire; it was stranger and more stirring still to find, amid the desolation and destruction of what was once the mighty mission of San Ignacio, the sign and proclamation of the power and glory of an Everlasting King.

In going from Posadas to Asuncion you do not decide, more or less casually, which train is most convenient for you to take, and secure upon it the type of reservation that seems to you most pleasing. You rise at three forty-five in the morning to take *the* train, which runs twice a week; and unless there happens to be a vacant *camerote* in the *dormitorio*, you sit upright on an uncompromising sort of seat, while the train lopes along like a temperamental rocking-horse. You are not due in the capital of Paraguay until seven-thirty in the evening; and if you reach there—as we did—

Now.

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in your Home all winter long

The new Westinghouse Sun Lamp produces the same vitalizing ultra-violet rays found in sunlight. Automatic . . . safe . . . attractive in appearance.

VITAL ultra-violet rays that provide luxurious daily sunbaths—without sacrifice of time—without special periods of treatment.

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With the Sun Lamp in the nursery or playroom, children at play may receive the beneficial effects of sunlight in the most natural way. Starting with short exposures, the time may be increased by gradual degrees until the children acquire a healthy coat of tan.

For your *own* use, the Sun Lamp makes indoor sunbathing safe, pleasant and convenient. Its attractive appearance is a decorative asset in the finest interiors. Automatic operation eliminates all need for hazardous adjustment. The scientifically diffused rays from the Sun Lamp permit you to read or sew while sunbathing. The only necessary precaution is to shield the eyes from direct rays, just as you would from sunlight itself.

It will pay to investigate

Before purchasing any sunlight lamp, go and see the Westinghouse Sun Lamp. Then compare its unusual advantages and moderate cost with anything else on the market. Your dealer will be glad to arrange convenient terms. On display at department stores, electrical shops and public utility showrooms everywhere. Mail coupon for instructive booklet.

Price $69.50 at the factory

TYPE S-1 LAMP — The Sunlight in the Westinghouse SUN LAMP

Westinghouse
SUN LAMP

Made by the makers of Westinghouse MAZDA Lamps

To: Westinghouse Lamp Company
150 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Please send a copy of the booklet "Sunlight in the Home" to: *(write name and address in margin below.)*

In using advertisements see page 6

Illustration shows an example of polished Rock of Ages

A MEMORIAL like poetry expresses the taste, thought, passion and soul of the individual. Select *while you live* that it may symbolize your ideals, your family name and preserve your personality in the memory of loved ones. The choice of a befitting memorial is a considerate act of the living—a sensible provision for the future and in "ROCK OF AGES" you choose well, for this flawless blue grey granite bears a certificate of guarantee in writing to withstand the ravishing hand of Time. Write today for a copy of our illustrated booklet "How To Choose A Memorial." It will help you make the right selection.

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Without obligation, please send me your FREE booklet "How To Choose A Memorial"

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Mends Furniture Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, books, leather, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 15c size by mail Tubes, bottles. McCORMICK & Co., Balt., Md.

There's a New All-Wool Blanket in Your Rag-Bag!

SEND us 5 lbs. of discarded white woolens or 10 lbs. of any color woolens—old wool blankets, sweaters, dresses, golf hose, etc. We will sterilize, card, bleach, dye, spin, weave and finish the stock. It will be returned to you as a brand new beautiful blanket, 66" x 80", in anyone of six pastel shades you select—blue, rose, lavender, tan, green, peach. $4.75 covers all expense, satisfaction guaranteed.

OLD NORTH STATE MILLS
South Berwick - Dept. 12 - Maine

PLENTY OF BOOTT TOWELS KEEP FACES SMILING AND CLEAN

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.

Through Argentina to Asuncion

at ten-thirty instead, you are considered virtually on time.

It is not an easy journey; but it is one which no visitor to South America should voluntarily forego, since it takes you past a landscape of elusive charm to an ancient and appealing inland city so different from the throbbing, teeming ports that unless you have seen them both you can not have a well-rounded conception of the characteristic capitals of this great continent. The loping train carried us through a countryside of wide, fertile plains where herds of vigorous cattle were grazing; of deep marshes where strange swamp birds were singing with a sound like castanets; of thick, bright forests inviolate in their promise of future wealth; of distant purple hills enclosing a sunset sky of burnished copper. Mammoth ant hills rose like beehives in the pastures; narrow strips of fine, lace-edged linen fluttered from small, black wayside crosses; barefooted women with shawls floating from their shoulders walked slowly past with the superb carriage of those who all their lives have been accustomed to balancing burdens on their heads; grisly old men with pipes and ponchos jogged along, bestriding diminutive donkeys; small, stoical children clad in a single abbreviated garment stood and stared; the soft, guttural tones of a strange Indian tongue—Guarani—began to reach our ears as often as the musical familiar Spanish.

Asuncion by Moonlight

The moon, which had been a rollicking crescent when we started on our journey, a bland, benignant oval as it loomed above Iguazu, had become a jagged slice of translucent melon now, dripping over the sleeping city, as we left the forests and fields, the swamps and villages, behind us and approached Asuncion. The strong, high walls encircling homes and gardens were softened with its radiance; the wide cobblestoned streets lay bright beneath it; the iron grillwork of a long, low window, where a boy stood with his face pressed close against the bars outside, shone golden through its alchemy. Or perhaps there was another magic mingled with that of the overflowing moon; for inside the grill a girl was standing, and her face, too, was pressed close against the bars. This was the magic of romance, and not alone the romance of Mother Spain, bequeathed to all her children at home and abroad; this was not alone the romance of Paraguay, the lovely inland Indian country which the Spaniards found, and where Indian and Spaniard together created a new nation. This was the personification of the romance of all the world, for all time, exquisite, imperishable, sweeter than lilies, stronger than death.

If I had not already succumbed, without the slightest struggle, to the charm of Paraguay from the instant that I crossed its borders, I should inevitably have done so in the course of that first moonlit revelation of Asuncion. And the surrender had in it no quality of impermanence; the next morning brought with it no sense of disillusionment. On the contrary, from my first waking moment, the spell seemed stronger than ever.

What leisurely, untroubled, quiet days these are, divided between the sunny courtyard of our hotel and the wide, cobblestoned streets that lead so picturesquely and pleasantly to the schools and churches, the homes and gardens of Asuncion! I should like to take you with me on many of these visits, but I have time to tell you only of the Escuela Normal de Profesores, of which a remarkable woman, Felicidad Gonzales, is the directress. It is not a normal school in the sense in which we understand the term in the United States, for children begin their course of instruction here at kindergarten age, and continue it till, as young men and women, they leave it to go out as teachers. But it is an institution which rouses our interest for many reasons, and especially for two: one of

Let your search for the right roofing end on this page

No Matter How Distinguished a Home You Plan, J-M Asbestos Shingles Will Adorn It —And Will Bar Fire And Weather Forever

IT does not always seem easy to decide about roofing. Various types appear to have certain advantages. Yet the choice becomes simpler if you ask "What roofing has all the features desirable in a roof for my house?"

For example:—

What roofing is absolutely fireproof—is unharmed by temperatures that will raise it to white heat? What roofing is everlastingly resistant to every variety of weather? What roofing offers every desirable color combination? What roofing is sturdy, substantial, pleasing in texture and general appearance? What roofing can be used equally well over an old roof or on a new house? What roofing represents the truest economy?

And finally what roofing combines all of these essentials? The answer is, of course, Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

No roofing other than monolithic Asbestos Shingles can offer you all these advantages.

The pleasant roof of this charming California home is of J-M Asbestos Shingles.

This picture shows a close-up of the interesting new J-M Dutch Lap Shingle which provides an attractive, *safe* roof at very low cost.

No House too Large; None too Small

Look at this attractive home in Oakland. Who could ask for a better looking roof? Imagine the satisfaction of the owner in knowing that built into every shingle, along with its pleasing appearance, is the everlasting ability to combat fire and weather successfully. Would you not be glad to have this same security, this same *practical* charm grace your own home?

Your own lumber or building supply dealer has Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles or can get them for you. Meantime while making your plans for building or remodeling you need your free copy of the "New Book of Roofs." Send the coupon for it now.

The J-M trade-mark is the Stamp of Quality

In both industry and the home Johns-Manville contributes to safety, comfort and lower costs. J-M Insulations cover the range from 400° F. below zero to the highest industrial temperatures. They include Asbestocel, the scientific insulation for home heater pipes. Other J-M articles of importance are Asbestos and Asphalt Shingles, Industrial Flooring, Built-up Asbestos Roofs, Packings and Refractory Cements.

In thousands of offices and auditoriums noise has been subdued and good acoustics provided by J-M Sound Control Methods and Materials. Motor Car Brake Linings and allied Friction Materials are also at their best under the J-M trade-mark.

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New York, Chicago, Cleveland,
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Please send me "The New Book of Roofs."
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Johns-Manville
ASBESTOS SHINGLES

In using advertisements see page 6

If *babies could only "speak up"*

Lloyd carriages are scientifically "shock-proofed." They have basket-shaped bodies of smooth, durable, loom-woven fibre—staunchly reinforced with an invisible steel wire in every up right strand.

Their resilient springs are oil-tempered. Their wheels are balloon-tired with smartly-colored rubber* to provide further insurance of baby's comfort. If all the tiny carriage passengers in the land could only "speak up," Lloyd carriages would have their vote unanimously.

Stores everywhere are now showing the new Lloyd models in a wide variety of gay color combinations and luxuriously soft upholstery fabrics.

PATENT PROCESS
Lloyd LOOM Products
BABY CARRIAGES & FURNITURE
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**Smart and new are baby carriage tires in color, an exclusive Lloyd innovation*

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JACKSON'S THUMB GUARDS will cure thumb-sucking quickly and permanently. (Also adapted for fingers.)

STERLING SILVER. SAFE. SANITARY

No. 0, $4.00 per pair — *Age 6 to 11 mos.*
No. 2, $5.00 per pair — *Age 2½-3½ years*
No. 1, $4.50 per pair — *Age 1-2½ years*
No. 3, $5.50 per pair — *Age 5½-8 years*
Add 5c per pair for mailing

Nail-Biting?

"BITE-X" (formerly "No-Byte") quickly cures this persistent unsanitary habit. When applied to the tips of the fingers, "BITE-X" instantly forms a tough, transparent coating, unpalatable to taste. Harmless. Effective. **Price $1.00** per bottle. *Add 5 cents for mailing.*

Shampoos?

SHAMPOO SHIELD is made of heavy flexible, transparent material, bound at the top and sides with rubber sponge, making the Shield water-tight when in position.

The Shield is adjustable—will fit grown-ups as well as children.

Price $1.75
Add 5 cents for mailing.

All above articles approved by Child Specialists. Satisfaction Guaranteed by

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68-page Dressmaking Lesson FREE

RIGHT at home, in spare time, you can learn to make all your own clothes for a half or a third of what you pay in the shops. The Woman's Institute will teach you the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the professional modiste so successful.

So that you may see with your own eyes how easily you can learn through this fascinating step-by-step method, we will gladly send you a 68-page sample lesson free.

In words and pictures, it describes the details of cutting and finishing sleeves, collars, shoulders and other difficult parts of a dress. Every page is full of helpful instructions, all so simple and complete that you can quickly master them.

Just mail the coupon and we will send you this 68-PAGE SAMPLE LESSON free, as well as our booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes."

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 108-B, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me—*Free*—your booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and the 68-PAGE SAMPLE LESSON described above. I am most interested in—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

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Through Argentina to Asuncion

these is that it is co-educational—a rare departure from established South American custom, and a successful one; the other is that it owes its existence to Señorita Gonzales' participation in the Baltimore Conference of the League of Women Voters, which she attended with Dona Berta Lutz, the great Brazilian feminist. She returned to Paraguay fired with enthusiasm to emulate methods of teaching as she had observed them in the United States; and as a result of her zeal and enthusiasm kindergartens have been opened in the most remote provinces, and this free central normal school has been established and developed. Without the strength of character and clarity of vision which Señorita Gonzales possesses, none of this would have been possible; but it is gratifying to us as a nation to realize that we are at least responsible for the example which she has brought to such splendid fruition.

Finally there comes a day that is very different, very exciting; a day when we get up early in the morning and motor swiftly to the river, where a hydroplane is waiting. The pilot's name is Colombo—perfect for a voyage of discovery—and when with a flashing smile he touches those magic springs that send us skimming out and then soaring upward, we go higher—and higher—and higher. The capital lies beneath us, neat, rectangular, precise, like a plaster model. Beyond the left bank of the Rio Paraguay the plains shine like verdant moss, and the clustering forest seems flattened, as if a child had pressed toy trees against a windowpane. Circling and dipping, we pass the Rio Pilcomayo and head towards the Rio Verde. Farther on, between this and the Rio Verde, lies Villa Hayes, and not far from this little town bearing the strangely pronounced name of a President of the United States, the Fortin (fort) de Oro and the Fortin Ferreira. Then more green plains, more flat, clustering forests, more rivers and valleys and towns; a country of beauty and fertility and promise—the country of the Chaco.

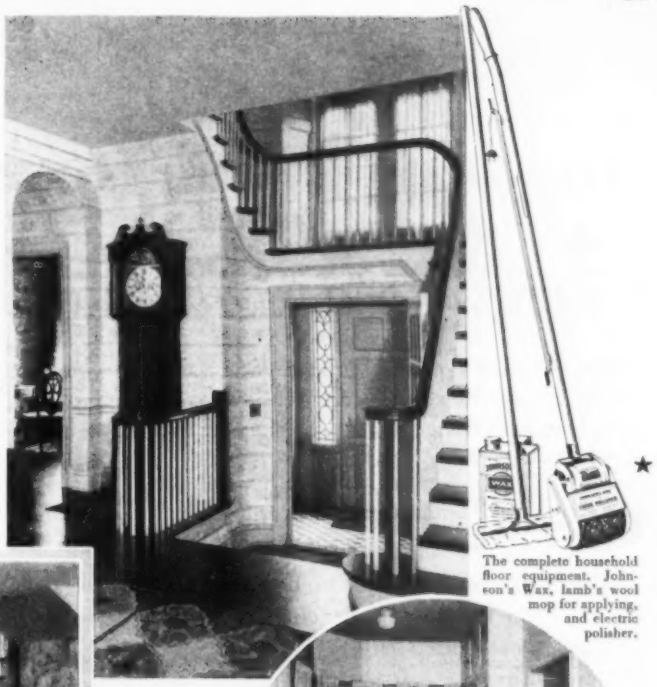
The Disputed Chaco

It was not the mere love of adventure—though that is reason enough for me at any time!—that sent us soaring out over this territory. It was a desire to see for ourselves the hotly disputed area to which Paraguay and Bolivia both lay claim, and around which centers the most important national and international question of each at the present time, and the most intense and profound feeling. In view of the peaceful picture that I have thus far drawn of Paraguay, you may be surprised to learn that we were warned, before we left Posadas, that a revolution was impending, and that almost anything might happen at almost any moment! And though this proved to be an exaggerated statement, as statements concerning revolutions are apt to be, the country is nevertheless under military control, and no public gatherings of any kind are permitted except by special permit; while in the University of Asuncion, as in the Universities of Barcelona and Caracas and others, a strong student body has risen in vigorous and violent protest against the government. How much of this is the natural hot-blooded impatience that eternal, inexperienced youth feels for eternal, experienced age, and how much of it is bolshevism, principled or unprincipled, is difficult to determine. Probably it is not wise to overestimate its importance in any case; but it is entitled to mention, because this progressive element—to call it by no harsher name—bases its attitude in no small degree upon its passionate dissatisfaction with the established policy in regard to the Chaco.

The dispute about the Chaco originally arose from a lack of exact determination of the dividing line that separated the old colonial provinces from each other, and it assumed unexpected proportions when Bolivia, which did not come into national existence until fourteen

HAVE YOU ANY FLOOR AREAS LIKE THESE?

Are there spaces around the rugs and carpets in your living room? . . . Do your stairs and landings show some floor? . . . Have you linoleum too, in your sunroom, living room, bedroom, pantry or kitchen?



The complete household floor equipment. Johnson's Wax, lamb's wool mop for applying, and electric polisher.

This advertisement tells of a new way to keep floors beautiful and clean

The cleanliness and protection of wax are essential where floors receive hard wear—and a constant testimony to the well-kept house.

THE Household Institutes of leading publications have recently announced a new simpler treatment for floors. One of the nice things about it is what you don't have to do. There is no water-bucket or scrubbing. No getting down on hands and knees. You don't get tired or cross or wet wringing out a mop. You don't even have to get your hands dirty.

The new treatment is cleaning (as well as polishing) floors with wax. Liquid Wax is first applied freely as a cleaning fluid. In liquid state it dislodges ground-in dirt and dissolves surface dust. This is wiped off with a few clean rags, taking the dirt with it. A fresh film of wax, paste or liquid, is applied, allowed to dry, and then burnished with an electric polisher until it glistens.

The polisher is pleasant to use. It runs itself. Snap the switch, which is conveniently placed on the handle, and the bristles start revolving at 2100 revolutions per minute. The machine drives the wax into the pores, producing a hard dry lustrous film in a very short time, and light dusting becomes the only frequent care required thereafter.

You have, too, this comfortable knowledge—

The wax coating over linoleum, paint, lacquer, shellac, or varnish, protects it. It keeps scratches from injuring the surface—chair marks, hot liquids, tricycles, even roller-skates.

Whatever your actual floor area in square feet, the electric polisher eliminates any hard work. The polisher may be rented for $2.00 per day at neighborhood stores near you. Or it may be purchased when you decide to own one, for only $29.50—a price which includes a half gallon ($2.40) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a $1.50 Lamb's Wool Mop for applying the wax.

If you think you would like to try this treatment, we will be glad to start you by sending our regular 25c can of wax, paste or liquid, free. We are justified in doing this because women who try this new wax treatment keep on with it. It is infinitely easier, and floors are virtually made new.

Send the coupon or a few lines to S. C. Johnson & Son, "THE INTERIOR FINISHING AUTHORITIES," Racine, Wis.

THREE STEPS . . .

(1) Where floor is soiled, apply Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner.

(2) Wipe up all liquid solution with clean rags. All embedded dirt, now dissolved, comes with it.

(3) Apply thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear mellow lustre. This treatment at intervals of a month will keep floors in perfect condition.

FREE

25c can to try

S. C. Johnson & Son,
Dept. GH2, Racine, Wis.
Gentlemen:

Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish ☐ paste or ☐ liquid (check one) and illustrated booklet on the new care of floors and furniture.

NAME _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

In using advertisements see page 6

THERE WAS ONCE A..*QUEEN*..OF FRANCE

There was once a queen of France. She was sweet without being cloying; piquante yet never coarse; lively yet never common; just enough character to be interesting. The title "queen" she bore with easy grace. Her popularity was enormous.

She graced the boards of statesmen and great generals. Kings and senators loved her. Not infrequently she sat with lowly peasants too.

Pliny talked of botany before her. She heard Caesar tell of world conquests. Attila fell victim to her charms. Napoleon planned his campaigns in her presence, and the discussions for the treaty of Versailles were helped by her influence.

No queen has ever had a longer reign. For twenty centuries she has ruled supreme—queen, if you please, of cheese.

Roquefort Cheese is made only in Roquefort, France. It is made of sheep's milk. The delicate green "veins of flavor" of Roquefort develop naturally during curing of the cheese in the natural caves of Roquefort

Digestible
ROQUEFORT
QUEEN OF
CHEESE

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE EXCLUSIVELY

SYNDICAT DE FROMAGES A ROQUEFORT . (AVEYRON), FRANCE

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Join Our Rainbow Club

For every woman, no matter how fully occupied your time—no matter for what purpose you are working—our Rainbow Club offers you an agreeable way to add to your Fund, or to your own income.

If some extra money would make this new year a fuller, happier one for you or would help a cause that is dear to you, write to Helen Willard without delay. As soon as you hear from her you are ready to begin—no expense, no tedious preparation, no waiting for your earnings. Our magazine work will help you to add to your income every day. Come, join us.

Fill in and mail coupon for information.

Helen Willard, Director, The Rainbow Club
International Magazine Building, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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City ..... State .....

RC-230

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Free Book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY," gives full details. Write for it today.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room CB-2411 Washington, D. C.
The Original and Only School of Its Kind in the World

Through Argentina to Asuncion

years later than Paraguay, having failed to obtain a port on the Pacific, not unnaturally conceived a desire to secure one on the Atlantic, via the Pilcomayo, Paraguay, and Parana rivers. But with the growing consciousness that the land under dispute would become, with the passage of time, more and more valuable, the disagreement grew into a quarrel, and changed from a question of a boundary and a port to a question of territory, with disastrous consequences.

In 1879, Bolivia, who had undergone a disastrous war, indicated that she was willing to "pass over her previous acts, declarations and title claims," and sent a mission to Paraguay, the Chief of which, Dr. Antonio Quigarro, announced:

"I do not come to lay before you briefs nor any memorandum based on royal letters, because I am convinced that Bolivia has no right to the Chaco territory, possessed since time immemorial by Paraguay; but as the western boundary line must be established in some form, in consideration of the fraternity of peoples, I ask Paraguay to give Bolivia an outlet through its river."

Unfortunately, though a treaty was drawn up at this time, it was never ratified; three subsequent treaties met with a similar fate; and all these were nullified by an agreement in 1913. In 1927, a protocol was signed in Buenos Ayres, whereby delegates from both Paraguay and Bolivia pledged their governments to arbitration; but so far they have not been able to agree as to what form this arbitration should take, and by whom, primarily, it should be advanced. Argentina, to whose good offices the existence of the protocol is largely due, would probably not be averse to going a step further and acting more decisively; but whether for political reasons—both national and international—it would be wise to encourage her to do this is open to question.

Mr. Hayes, when President of the United States, acted as an arbitrator, and at this time the territory between the Rio Pilcomayo and the Rio Verde—bordered, on the west, by the Rio Paraguay—was awarded to Paraguay; with this precedent in mind, there is a strong feeling that our own country might again serve acceptably as a mediator—a feeling which is not shared, however, by those who charge us with imperialism. The League of Nations has been suggested as a possible instrument of peace, but there is a conviction in many quarters that since the Chaco dispute is wholly American in character, it should be settled on the western hemisphere. With opinion so divided and arbitration so deferred, the intense and profound feeling which I mentioned before is growing stronger every day, and the possibility of a serious conflict between Paraguay and Bolivia is becoming more and more imminent.

Back Again to Argentina

I have written this letter to you on a board fastened over the washbasin in my diminutive cabin, as the river boat has been carrying me slowly but surely from Asuncion back to Argentina. Now the journey is almost ended, and it is time that this letter should end, too. For I must confess that I am a little weary after this voyage over inland waters, in the course of which I have seen so much that was strange and beautiful, and learned so much that was interesting and significant. So I shall sit for an hour on deck before I go to bed, watching the shore closing in on the current and the sky closing in on the shore. The moon that was first a rollicking crescent, and then a bland, smooth oval, and finally an overflowing slice of melon has disappeared and gone—let us hope—to the place where all good moons go when they die. But there are big, splashy stars that look as if I could touch them if I held out my hand, they seem so near—so perhaps I shall go star-gathering as well as star-gazing!

"Let's write a Hydrox advertisement"

"It's the best biscuit made," said Jack-the-Baker. "Let's say so."

"No," replied Jim-the-Baker, "we shouldn't say that. If you claim *everything* people won't read *anything*. Let's talk about the velvety quality of the cream filling in Sunshine Hydrox . . . how we test all the ingredients—"

"But we all know it's the best biscuit made," interrupted Jack-the-Baker. "We ought to say so."

"Yes, we know, Jack," said George-the-Baker, "but the word 'best' doesn't mean much any more. It's been overworked! Why don't we tell them about how Sunshine Bakers originated Hydrox back in 1908 . . . the first English style biscuit to be baked in this country . . . how we imported English ovens—"

"Tell them," said Jim, "that Sunshine Hydrox come in dainty packages or by the pound."

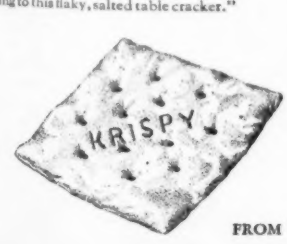
"But it's the best—" began Jack.

"Now, now, Jack, don't get excited," soothed Jim. "People will know that, once they taste it. We'll tell them how handy it is, always to have these cream-filled chocolate cookies in the house, for parties, desserts, with hot and cold drinks . . . How's that? All right?"

"I guess so," said Jack a trifle sadly, "but it's the best biscuit made, and I don't see why we don't say so!"

"I hope they read *our trade-mark," said George, "and not just* look *at it."*

"Put in a picture of our Sunshine Krispy Cracker," said George, "because everybody seems to be changing to this flaky, salted table cracker."



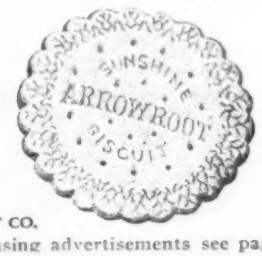
Sunshine

..well worth saying whenever you want

CRACKERS

COOKIES *and* CAKES

"Don't forget to tell them," said Jack, "that baby specialists recommend Sunshine Arrowroot for babies' first solid food!"



FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

In using advertisements see page 6

Don't tolerate that

HOT-COLD-HOT COLD house another day

YOU'RE lucky if you have steam heat. That system of yours may have its drawbacks, but as it stands today, it can be easily, inexpensively converted into one of the most modern types of heating system in existence!

Any good heating contractor can do the job. A few hours' work. Don't even put the fire out. Three simple changes in your present system, and you get hot radiators *15 minutes* after drafts are opened. You keep them hot *3 hours* after drafts are closed, just as though you had steam up all the time.

Your heating contractor tightens up the connections, to keep air out. He places on each radiator a Hoffman Number 2 Vacuum Valve, the valve with the vacuum diaphragm and vacuum check—to let air out and *lock* it out. He places a Hoffman vacuum vent valve on the cellar main.

That is all. You will then have the last word in one-pipe heating systems—*a vacuum system.* In a vacuum, water boils at lower temperatures. In a vacuum system, radiators heat far more quickly. They stay hot far longer, merely because air cannot get into the system to dissipate the low-temperature steam.

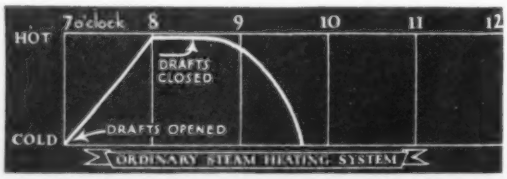
MODERNIZE steam heat NOW-

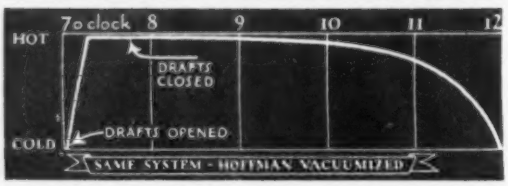
Three *simple changes* = hot radiators all day long

In addition to the luxury of continuous heat all day without frequent raising of steam pressure, your vacuum system requires less fuel. That is natural. In many homes this saving is as much as $5 per radiator every year. If you burn oil or gas, the saving can be even greater.

You are urged to phone a local heating contractor today. Ask him to estimate the cost of Hoffman Vacuumizing your present system. When you learn how little it is you may find it difficult to believe our claims. If so, please send for our booklet, *"Air the Heat Thief"*, which *proves* the whole story. Address Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. K-20, Waterbury, Connecticut and receive it promptly.

These charts show the duration of radiator "hot-period" after drafts are closed, in an ordinary steam heating system, as compared with the same system after being Hoffman Vacuum-ized. There will be many a nippy day before Spring. Why tolerate a cold-hot-cold-hot house another day?





Through Argentina to Asuncion

But only for a little while; for tomorrow we shall be back in Buenos Ayres, that splendid and sophisticated capital which is the largest city in South America, and perhaps the proudest as well; and I want to be rested, and ready to enjoy to the fullest extent every privilege and pleasure which it has to offer.

So good-night, my dear, and much love!

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Making More of the Cellar

(*Continued from page 41*)

must be constructed to extend down to footings located four feet below grade to avoid the heaving action of frost. A small amount of excavation must be done to permit a space to be left between the wood floor beams of the first floor and the ground, and the space must be thoroughly ventilated in order to prevent wood rot. This part of the house under the floor can not be used for anything, but must be paid for at the rate of about 10 cents a cubic foot. And for 10 to 13 cents more a cubic foot a whole cellar can be constructed.

A complete cost analysis of these general figures would be too technical for me to give here. However, an estimate of the cost of a cellar under a house 35 feet by 25 feet is given below, and if any reader desires further details, I shall be glad to send them, for since these figures contradict the statement made by Mr. Flagg, some readers may question them.

For excavating, including trenches for foundations	$281.00
For foundation walls and footings of concrete	648.00
For cellar floor of concrete	175.00
For columns to support first-floor girders	40.00
For exterior stairway	40.00
For exterior stairway	60.00
For plaster ceiling	105.00
For whitewash and paint	60.00
Total	$1409.00

Number of cubic feet is 35 x 25 x 7 ft. ht., equals 6125, which, divided into above cost, gives approximately a price of 23 cents per cu. ft.

If rock had been excavated instead of dirt, the cost of this item alone would have jumped up to $1355.00 which, in turn, increases the cost per cubic foot to 40 cents.

These costs are based upon those found in the vicinity of New York, but the proportion that exists between the cost of the cellar and the upper structure would remain the same for any other part of the country, since if the cost to build the upper structure were less than 50 cents per cubic foot, then the cost of the cellar would be less than 23 cents a cubic foot by the same ratio. We can safely say, then, that cellar space when constructed in sand or dirt is the best investment in the entire house, since twice as much of it can be purchased at the price we have to pay for the upper part of the house.

Another interesting conclusion can also be reached. The cost of finishing any part of the cellar for living purposes runs about 8 cents per cubic foot. This means that the conversion of a portion of the cellar into a den, billiard room, or playroom, is a good investment. If attention is given to this development in the plans of the new house, and plenty of light is provided, the cellar room or rooms may become one of the show places of the home. There is no better place in the house for undisturbed quiet than a den or library in the cellar. The noises of children playing do not get down to it as easily as they do to other parts of the house. Likewise, there is no better place in the house than the cellar for the playing of games of boisterous character, and for most home owners the workshop in the basement is the joy of their leisure hours.

Many houses show the garage located in the cellar or attached to it. In working out

Making More of the Cellar

comparative costs on this one feature, the surprising results noted below were found.

1-Two-car garage separate from house wooden framed walls	$665.00
brick walls	870.00
2-Two-car garage joined to side of house	663.00
3-Two-car garage placed under house in cellar portion	283.00

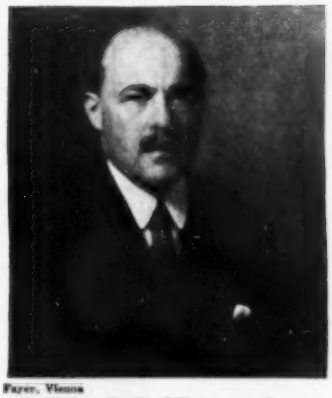
This shows that merely attaching the garage to the house does not save any money, although it may improve its appearance, but a remarkable saving is made when the garage is incorporated in the cellar space. In general, then, it can be said that a garage built in the cellar will cost about half of what it will cost when built separately or as an extension of the house above ground, and that this will include the building of a fireproof wall to separate it from the rest of the cellar and the construction of a fireproof floor over the top of it.

There are not many methods of arrangement, however, that will permit the use of the cellar as a garage without spoiling the appearance of the house or without requiring an ugly, gouged-out roadway down to the doors. As a rule, only sloping sites lend themselves to the development of a cellar garage. The house owner should not forget that in the average-sized house, if the cellar is taken up by a garage, then the space is gone for other rooms that might be more enjoyable.

The development of the cellar into a useful and livable part of the house depends upon the amount of sunlight that can get into it, the cross-ventilation that is possible, the resistance the walls and floors have to the penetration of ground moisture, the way the surface water drains around the house, and the system of heating the house and storing the fuel. In building a new home, special care can be exercised to preserve the valuable cellar space by controlling these matters, but many houses already built have neglected the cellar so completely that not much can be done to improve it. For example, when a warm-air furnace has been installed and the pipes run like the tentacles of an octopus in all directions through the cellar, not much can be done to improve this part of the home. Nor can a poorly ventilated cellar be made attractive when conditions are such that windows are impossible to add without great expense. Usually, however, it is possible to stop moisture from leaking through the walls, unless it is caused by actual water pressure against the outside of the walls. The position of a coal bin and the boiler may be such that they are too much in the way of any attractive planning of the space.

Beauty and Practical Use

One of the architectural difficulties that we have been laboring under in the last twenty years is the problem of getting a well-lighted and ventilated cellar under an English or Colonial house that by necessity should seem to fit down upon the ground. To adapt to modern conditions a style of house that originally had no cellar, or else only a pit in the ground—dark, damp, and unlighted—is difficult. There is no denying the charm and beauty of homes built with the first floor so near the ground that on entering the front door one seems to glide from the lawn into the house without effort, but unless the ground grades downward at the rear, leaving some of the cellar above the grade for windows, the light and air that come into those windows that must be in areas under such a low house are not enough to make a pleasant cellar. I have seen many beautiful houses, designed by well-known architects, under which were cellars so gloomy and damp that nothing could be made of the space. On the other hand, I have seen hundreds upon hundreds of the cheapest and most awful-looking jerry-built houses that have had fine, well-ventilated and lighted cellars, although these houses usually look as if they had been perched upon ungainly stilts.



Fayer, Vienna

Dr. Viktor Grafe of Vienna, authority on nutrition problems, says, "Vitamin D protects the unborn or nursing infant from rickets (soft bones and teeth)."

Before baby comes, he needs certain vitamins to help him grow strong, well formed—to get the right foundation for sound, uncrowded teeth that resist decay.

Will YOUR baby have *strong, straight bones and teeth?*

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES now know that if the mother's diet, before her baby is born, lacks certain vitamins, little legs grow crooked, bowed . . . tiny teeth come in uneven, crowded . . . wee heads become misshapen . . . baby does not gain weight the way he should.

There is a simple food that every expectant mother can eat—Fleischmann's Yeast, which is the richest food source of vitamins B and D.

These precious vitamins in Fleischmann's Yeast are essential in your daily diet if your baby is to have rosy, robust health, a finely shaped skull, and deep, full chest. They are important in making little legs grow straight and sturdy—in developing the jaws and chin so that teeth will come in well spaced and regular.

Now that Fleischmann's Yeast is irradiated (exposed to the rays of a "sun lamp") your unborn or nursing child gets from the yeast you eat the same kind of strengthening, energizing benefits that come from the ultra-violet rays of the sun. Three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast are equal to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a reliable, inexpensive source of the sunshine vitamin available to every expectant mother.

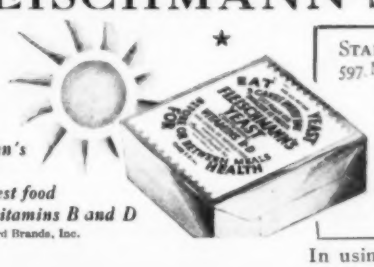
Checks softening of your own teeth, too, and keeps you "regular"

Tooth softening, so common during the expectant and nursing periods, is checked by the "sunshine" vitamin in Fleischmann's Yeast. It enables your system to absorb calcium, which baby is rapidly draining from you. Calcium keeps your teeth hard, decay-resisting—but it cannot be absorbed from your food unless the "sunshine" vitamin is present.

The gently stimulating laxative action of Fleischmann's Yeast keeps you from the dangers of constipation through the expectant and nursing periods. Unlike harsh cathartics and habit-forming pills which often upset the stomach, Fleischmann's Yeast acts naturally in the intestines. It keeps your system cleansed, toned, "regular."

Eat three cakes a day, following the directions on the label, just as regularly as you eat fresh fruit or green vegetables. No other yeast has all the protective vitamins of Fleischmann's. Send coupon for booklet. Fleischmann's Yeast—a product of Standard Brands, Inc.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST



Fleischmann's irradiated yeast, richest food source of vitamins B and D

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597 Madison Avenue, New York.
Send me your free booklet, "The newly discovered Importance of Vitamins in the Diet of Expectant Mothers."
Name _____
Address _____

In using advertisements see page 6

DECORATING IDEAS

by Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations

Whether you are planning a new home or just refurbishing a bit here and there, these folios by Good Housekeeping Studio will help you. Prepared by the Studio's staff of skilled decorators, they bring you practicable and authentic ideas for putting new charm into every room. Fully illustrated.

- ☐ An English Renaissance Living Room 25c
- ☐ Stenciling Furniture and Fabrics at Home 25c
- ☐ Lamp Shades and How to Make Them 25c
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- ☐ Color in Your Home $1.00
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- ☐ Smart New Slip Covers and How to Make Them (Revised) 25c
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- ☐ How to Equip the Clothes Closet 25c
- ☐ The Ideal Living-Dining Room 25c

Check those you want. Send stamps, money-order or check (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York City. Print name and address clearly on order.

"FEET ACHED ALL DAY"

Pains ended quickly this new way or costs nothing

Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet—all can now be quickly ended.

SCIENCE says many foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position while assisting and supporting the muscles. Pains stop almost at once when these amazing bands, Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are almost immediate. One of the secrets is in the tension and stretch. It is highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases.

Results delight you beyond belief. Usually bands may soon be discarded. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists find results so satisfactory that they urge their use.

1 Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and supports muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted, your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free booklet.

Money back if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co., 692 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR *SEVERE* CASES —with cushion lift	FOR *MILD* CASES —without cushion lift
☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
☐ VICTOR (*long*) $2.50	☐ MIRACLE (*long*) $1.50

☐ Money enclosed ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....

Send Free Booklet

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices.

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

Making More of the Cellar

Yet the problem of building a house upon a cellar that is high enough above grade to give it good ventilation and sunlight is not impossible to solve architecturally, for every now and then one sees a house that proves it can be done. As the whole tendency in modern architecture is to take our present-day requirements and make them beautiful, instead of enslaving ourselves to the imitation of historic examples which had other practical requirements to meet, we can expect to see the cellar more beautifully developed than it used to be. When oil or gas is burned in the heating plant, the nuisance of ashes and dirt of coal fires have been so completely removed that more than ever the cellar space is made available for living purpose. Manufacturers of boilers have been keen enough to appreciate this fact, and have dressed up the old heat-machine so that it has become a thing of beauty. Colored advertisements of these attractively jacketed boilers, in delightfully decorated cellars, have made the public aware of the possibilities of the space which was formerly turned over to coal bins, litter, storage, laundry, and junk piles. But none of these fine dreams of children playing in the sunlight in front of a handsome heating plant are possible unless the cellar is lighted by windows above grade and the walls have been waterproofed to keep out the dampness of the soil.

To Keep the Cellar Dry

The oldest method, and still considered by many the most effective, of keeping the cellar dry, is to envelop the walls and the bottom of the cellar floor with a membrane of the same type as used on the flat roofs of city buildings. Four or five layers of felt stuck together and onto the walls with asphalt is the stuff of which this membrane is made. When there is a great deal of water in the ground, this is a sure way of keeping it out of the cellar. The pressure of the water against the walls can be relieved by putting an open-jointed drain tile around the base of them to collect the ground water and lead it off into dry wells, consisting of deep holes filled with rocks.

A newer method, and one which is not always trusted by old and experienced builders, but which nevertheless is effective, is to coat the interior of the cellar walls and the top of the cellar floor with an impervious layer of waterproofed cement mortar. Proprietary waterproofing compounds can be purchased which, when added to a good cement mortar, make it water-tight. Of course, a well-built concrete wall and cellar floor should be water-tight, but this is possible to get only under the strictest supervision of construction, a thing possible to secure on a large engineering project, but impossible in the construction of the average house. The advantage of the interior waterproofing layer is that, when cracks develop in the wall from settlement, and leaks are formed, their position can be located. Exterior coverings are not so accessible when leaks develop, nor is their position easy to locate.

Many cellars are damp because water runs in at the cellar door or banks up and flows in through windows in a heavy rain. Areas that are not properly drained also catch rain water and lead it into the cellar. Unless the ground is properly graded away from all sides of the house, freezing rains in the winter may find their way into the basement. Of course, all these conditions can be eliminated by correcting the cause. It is better to lead the surface water away from the house than to try to dam it, for rarely is it possible by the latter method to stop water from finding its way into the cellar.

What are your building problems? We shall be glad to help you whenever we can. Address House Building Editor, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City, New York.

JUST DISCOVERED!

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

THE enchanting women of ancient Aztec civilization probably had the most exquisite teeth and youthful loveliness of mouth of all the women who ever lived. This statement, based on the records of historians and coupled with the historic fact that the Aztecs were a gum-chewing people, discloses one of the most simple and inexpensive Beauty Secrets. The gum that the Aztecs chewed was obtained from the Sapota tree, the very tree which furnishes the principal ingredient in Wrigley's Chewing Gum for this modern age. Only in this 20th century, the scientific improvements of Wrigley laboratories produce a new perfection in "chewing resistance" and a new deliciousness in flavor. Chewing Wrigley's for beautiful lips is but making use of an old Beauty Secret.

K5

Read the Secret here—

To enjoy the full benefit of this simple old Aztec Beauty Secret, chew Wrigley's with a certain degree of regularity each day. Wrigley's has the modern scientifically correct "chewing resistance". Chewing helps preserve the teeth which maintain the youthful contour of your lips and assists you in avoiding ugly lines about your mouth. Try Wrigley's Double Mint—it's peppermint flavored.

AFTER EVERY MEAL *for* LIFE.....AIDS DIGESTION

In using advertisements see page 6

Try this perfect wave-setting fluid

AT OUR EXPENSE

Your name, address and name of your druggist on a postal will bring you, *free*, a trial bottle of Wildroot Wave Set—the remarkable new greaseless wave setting fluid that dries so rapidly and sets your wave so beautifully. Hairdressers endorse it—and say it is by far the best wave-setting fluid on the market. Guaranteed by the makers of Wildroot Hair Tonic. At druggists, department stores, hairdressers. Trial bottle FREE if you write at once. Wildroot Co., Dept. G-2, Buffalo, N.Y.

★

WILDROOT WAVE SET . .

Send for free Trial Bottle

EXPECTING A BABY?

Get this book FREE

READ how future shape of baby's face, set of chin, spacing of teeth, can depend on work of baby's mouth while nursing. See how flabby rubber nipples can keep bones and muscles from developing as nature intended . . . The Hygeia Breast Nipple is *firmed* to cause same facial development as the natural breast. Doctors recommend it. *Send coupon today* for "Nursing Habits" in plain wrapper. Address, Hygeia Nursing Bottle Co., Dept. G-7, Lancaster, N.Y

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Address.....

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Sales Rep., Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

High School Course in 2 Years you can complete this simplified High School Course at Home

Inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Dept. H-221, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A. S. 1923 CHICAGO

Radiators

(*Continued from page 40*)

reliability of light-weight radiators was established, it was but a step to the idea of concealing them within the walls of the room, for their width was less than that of the studding itself. In fact, they were small enough to be enclosed within wall cabinets of sheet-metal, grilles or registers at the top and bottom to serve as inlets and outlets for the air.

For years it had been thought that such enclosures would reduce materially the effectiveness of the radiator. They do, providing the air flow is sufficiently restricted, but with a properly-designed enclosure there is a flue effect which more than counterbalances the restricted area. As a matter of fact, air flow actually may increase in concealed-radiator enclosures, so that a given unit may have a greater heating effect than if exposed.

One of the questions sure to be asked is whether concealed heaters of the type here described can be installed in homes already built and equipped with radiator heat. The answer is, yes. But when it comes to the second floor, some care is necessary.

Branch connections from the heating risers will have to be rearranged. For that reason it is important to know whether the joints run parallel or at the right angles to the branches. If parallel, the work is greatly simplified, as otherwise it would be necessary to drill holes in the joists to accommodate the branch pipes. Outside of that, the work corresponds to any job of pipe remodeling.

In installing concealed heaters in new homes, you will meet with no serious obstacles. At the points where they are to go, the studding has to be "framed," leaving a recessed space in the wall. This recess is lined with some nonconductor, such as asbestos, and then faced with galvanized sheet-metal.

Heat Where You Need It

Cabinets are available in a wide variety of sizes and designs to fit snugly into the given spaces. Some come with both inlet and outlet grilles as integral parts of the unit. This insures their accurate alignment flush with the face of the wall. Stock fronts may be had of wood or metal. When in place, all that is to be seen of the heaters is the two grilles. The lower grill can be rendered even more inconspicuous by matching its color with that of the dark or even black wainscoting. The only precaution necessary is to see that the outlets or grilles are high enough to prevent the outflowing warm air from striking the heads of those sitting near by.

Another type of radiator that is mounted so it does not take up appreciable floor space heats largely by radiation. Although made of cast iron, it is different from conventional radiators, and is so proportioned that it can be installed below a window casing. Its broad-faced columns form a practically continuous surface on the side exposed to the room, and radiant heat is emitted from this surface. As radiant heat travels in straight lines, a larger proportion of the heating effect from these radiators is at the lower levels in the room.

Make sure you employ a competent heating contractor, because these newer-type radiators are sold like older forms to "the trade," and are not installed by the manufacturer.

A feature of properly located concealed heaters which should not be overlooked is the effect they have in lowering the temperature at the ceiling. In the average home, tests have shown that ceiling temperatures range from 10 to 15 degrees above the temperature at the breathing line. While this condition does not represent entirely a waste of heat, since there is some effect on the room above, still it indicates unsatisfactory operation. Concealed heaters help to obviate this condition, because they deflect the heated air out into the room, thereby raising the "breathing-line" temperature. In this respect they have been credited with ushering in what has been termed "the era of useful heat."

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ORDINARY wax or furniture polish does not clean. It only polishes over the dirt no matter how much you rub.

Use the New Liquid Veneer cleaner-polish. It polishes off the dirt as it restores the original brilliancy of finish. It enables you to do the work of hours in minutes of time. Best for all finishes.

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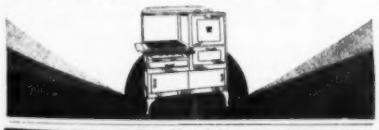

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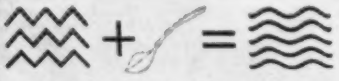

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Water softened with Melo takes much of the work out of every washing and cleaning operation. And it adds comfort and satisfaction to the bath. Try it tomorrow. Melo is sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 67 Springfield, Mass.

Stars and Scissors

(*Continued from page 21*)

around to look at us. Impossible, you say? Not at all—as you shall see.

We hadn't much money, but what I had, I spent—to the last sou. So I made two dresses, exactly alike, of white taffeta silk—very plain, but beautifully fitting. And then—as always in my life—came an inspiration. I bought two little, cheap, white parasols—the *pièces de résistance*—and first I draped them all over with festoons of tulle, and then with little bunches of *real, fresh violets!* Yes, my dear, *fresh* violets! Can you believe it? In France, in the spring, you find violets for sale at every corner, and for one franc you get an armful!

So I bought great bunches of violets, and yards of pale lavender ribbon, and with loops of the ribbon and the deep purple violets I transformed those two dresses and cheap little parasols into dreams of beauty. If you could have seen them! *Ach!* We had big Leghorn hats, too, and these also I trimmed with the fresh violets—little bunches on the brims, and loops of the ribbon. We were something to look at, I tell you! Original? I should say so!

WELL, the great day arrived, and with it our two young men, who were simply overcome at the sight of us. They said we looked like little princesses, which we did.

In France in those days, when a gentleman called for a lady, he came always in an open carriage—a *voiture*—so this beautiful open carriage and our two cavaliers were the finishing touches—the *dernier cri!* I was simply enchanted. I felt everything was complete, for when we stepped out in our lovely dresses and floating parasols, even the coachman touched his hat and exclaimed,

"How beautiful the young ladies look!"

It was then I said, "*Merci, Cocher.* We are beautiful, and you shall be beautiful. I will make you so!"

Quick as a wink, I took a few violets from my dress and made first two little *boutonnières* for our young men, then one for the coachman. No, that wasn't all, for as he cracked his whip to start, I cried, "Wait! Wait!" I tore a bit of lace from my petticoat—very discreetly, of course—(No wonder you laugh—in these days of legs to the knee!)—and with a few more violets I made a big cockade for his whip!

My dear! My dear! Need I tell you we made a sensation? *Ach*, people everywhere looked and actually *pointed* at the two little German girls dressed both alike.

It was a gala occasion for us, and I won a hundred francs into the bargain, on a lovely horse with a white star on his forehead, like my dear horse at home. Everything went like a dream, and we returned in triumph. The violets a bit wilted, I must admit—still in triumph.

Then I said, "If I can do this—draw the attention of all Paris to clothes that I've made myself—why must I sit here idle?"

That settled it. I determined right away to do something.

As you know, I always had a great desire to make costumes for the stage. Koehler had put that idea in my head. Now my mind was made up. I'd learn this business practically—cutting, fitting, and the rest, from the bottom up. I'd take the first opportunity that comes, no matter what. And that very day, I saw (as in a storybook) a notice that some one was wanted as apprentice to a great dressmaker. So off I went to this address—Madame Boulanger, Place de Havre. Madame herself received me, but the minute she laid eyes on me, she exclaimed:

"Why, you are a *German* girl, and I'm not very keen on Germans. No, it's impossible."

And she walked out of the room and I was shown the door.

I was furious—cruelly disappointed. And now we come to something. I'm not so easily put off. I said to myself: "German, indeed! I'm part Austrian. I'll show her it's not only

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BE KIND TO YOUR HANDS

A continuous ribbon of soft copper, knitted throughout into the shape of a sponge—that is the Chore Girl, fashioned to clean the most stubborn pots and pans like magic.

It fits your hand and is fit for your hand. It cannot shed tiny splinters. No need for a wooden handle to keep it at a distance.

The Chore Girl is a clean, bright little friend to have at the sink, easily rinsed and impossible to rust. It scours like lightning, lasts a long time and its soft copper surface is kind to aluminum.

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The CHORE GIRL 10¢

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Children ask for more once they taste Malt-O-Meal. Builds strong, robust bodies. Grown-ups like it, too. It's the wheat cereal flavored with specially prepared caramel malt. Cooks in two minutes. Send for generous sample. Write name and address plainly, also grocer's name.

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Physicians say these bottles promote higher infant health standards because they make absolute feeding regularity so much more certain.

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6-sided—Pyrex Nursing Bottles cannot slip from your hand or from baby's. There are no sharp angles on the inside of the bottle, which is rounded off broadly and is very easy to clean.

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The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

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the *French* who are clever with their fingers!"

So down I sat and drew two designs of dresses I had in mind, and presented myself again at her door that very afternoon. Yes, you've guessed it. Of course, I've a good angel who was with me that day, for Madame herself was coming in at the same moment.

I didn't wait for her to speak. I ran right to her with my paper in my hand.

"Madame, *please!* I came back to show you these sketches," and I shoved them into her hands.

She was astonished and stared at me; but, like all thrifty Frenchwomen, she didn't lose a chance of getting something.

"*Tiens! Tiens!*" she said, glancing at them. "Not so bad. Perhaps you can do something, even if you are German!"

"Oh, Madame," I said. "Please, I'm part Austrian! And I know quite well how to dress, as you see."

"*Bien!*" she answered. "Come with me then. We will try something."

So we went to the big workroom.

"Now, let's see what you can do. These sketches are all very well, but can you *make* a model?"

"Yes," I said, "certainly, I can."

Without more ado, a little mannikin was put in front of me, scissors, tarlatan, pins, etc.

"Now," she ordered, "give me an idea of your own—something very original. I'll be back in an hour."

Ach, that was easy for me. I took the scissors and tarlatan (a little girl handing the pins), and in one hour I had a gorgeous evening gown ready for her.

When she saw it she lifted her eyebrows, in true French fashion. "*Mon Dieu*, my child, you *have* a talent!"

"Perhaps," I said. "But I hope to do much, Madame, under your guidance."

That, of course, pleased her, and she said: "How charmingly you talk! But one swallow doesn't make the summer. I must give you another trial. This time an evening cloak—something very *chic!*"

So again I made the model—a beautiful evening cloak—and she was delighted.

"Yes," she said, "this is very original. But can you sew?"

Sew! I had to laugh. "Of course! All *German* girls are taught to *sew*," I said, getting back at her—this being a weak point with the French.

"Then," she said, "before we settle, I would still like something more. Make me a pair of handsome sleeves. That is most difficult to do."

At this time big, elaborate sleeves were the fashion. I felt this to be the last test, so I cut out not only one but *three* beautiful sleeves—for good measure. I had her then, for she threw up her hands, astonished.

"My child, you have a genius! It's settled. Come and work for me. I shall take a great interest in you and will pay you 200 francs a month. You needn't sew—you have only to design, create. And I will give you five girls as helpers."

SO OUR bargain was struck. I was elated. I told my sister the great news and said:

"Our troubles are now over. We'll have all the money we need to spend."

Our parents gave us only a little pocket-money.

So it was that I became a designer at Madame's great establishment. I learned everything from the bottom up, but kept it all a secret and made my sister promise not to tell our parents. Well I knew what a row there'd be if they knew I was working.

And that's the way I began, my dear, and I stuck to my job for a year—until my sister finished with Madame Garcia. Then was to come trouble, when I must tell my parents what I intended—a career for myself.

Well, we returned to Berlin, and my sister gave her first concert. The director of the Augsburg theatre right away gave her an engagement for the season in Augsburg. But

TRIMBLE NURSERYLAND FURNITURE

BABY'S SLEEP IS SOUND and peaceful when Kiddie-Koop is his bed. Night-time or nap-time; indoors or out, Kiddie-Koop gives screened-in protection. Smoothly it rolls on rubber-tired wheels, collapsible to take out doors or a-journeying.

"Baby needs a play pen?" Kiddie-Koop, screened-in and safe, keeps baby and toys from tumbling out!

BABY BATHINETTE SAVES mother's time and strength. So easy to care for baby with this ideal combination bathtub and dressing table.

FREE—write for new Nurseryland booklet with its helpful and authoritative suggestions on the nursery, its decoration and child care.

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The Candy Business is the only business where the LITTLE FELLOW has the BIG FELLOW at a disadvantage. Turn your kitchen into a small Candy Shop—start making big money from very first day. Many now rich started with no capital. Trade Secrets taught by a man who made big success himself. We furnish tools. FREE BOOK explains.

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A trying period rendered safe, comfortable and unnoticed. Write for free illustrated catalogue No. 6. BERTHE MAY, 10 E. 40, New York.
Complete Line of VANTA Baby Knit Underwear

In using advertisements see page 6

The BEST COOKS *use* Aluminum

You *know* it's safe!

How clean and bright this pure, hard metal is! . . . What a comfort it is to know that aluminum is so utterly *safe* for cooking Baby's food—as safe as his treasured porringer of polished silver!

Aluminum cooks everything—well and safely. The smooth hard surface, immune from action by food acids, is easily kept hygienically clean. That is one of the chief reasons why many baby hospitals, for instance, use nothing but aluminum. But not the *only* reason. We must not forget aluminum's *heat-conductivity*, insuring even, thorough cooking, with little danger of burning the food; we must not forget its durability, economy, and beauty. No wonder *the best cooks use aluminum!*

Clip Here and Mail for Booklet

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION
Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:

Stars and Scissors

I was not so fortunate. My friend Koehler was away at the time, and with Berlin full of theatres there was no chance for me. I'd made up my mind to become a theatrical costumer and must break the news to my father. Naturally, there was a terrible rumpus at home—the family bitterly opposed. Like all old-fashioned parents the theatre to them meant—ruin! Then, too, for a girl to have a *business* career in those days was unheard of! What arguments! But the more they argued, the more determined I was.

Finally it was settled by my father's shouting in good, strong German, "Very well, if you're so clever, and learned all this fine dressmaking in Paris you say you have, go to Augsburg, then, make your sister's clothes, and save her money!"

That settled it. Augsburg was better than nothing, and I went right away to my sister.

AUGSBURG had a wonderful theatre—a perfect little palace—and I started in to make my sister's costumes. And I soon made them for many of the other singers, too. In consequence of this, I put on a big historical pageant for which I was well paid, and also received a beautiful little fan from the Duke—a fan, my dear, that played an important part in my life a few years later.

Yes, Augsburg was the bridge that carried me over. If my father had known what fate was waiting at the other end! But so life is. For it was in Augsburg that Bruno Koehler, the young painter who helped me in the beginning, came again into my life with a purpose. Toward the end of the season he came to see a special production at the opera, and there my sister was so gorgeously costumed that she immediately attracted his attention. After the performance he rushed backstage to see her, and demanded who made her costume.

"Why, my sister, of course," she said

"Your sister!" he cried. "Impossible! Do you tell me she made these costumes herself?"

"But, certainly!" she answered. "Why not?"

"Well," said Koehler, "I must see her at once, then."

And so it was we met again, and my life took a great new turn.

Now, Koehler was a very clever man. I realized that he was the one to help me on. Then, too, I fell just a tiny bit in love with him, I may say. You'd have done the same yourself. But never mind that now. This is my opportunity, I thought. So when we spoke together that night, I said,

"If you like my sister's costumes so much, I beg you to do something for me."

I showed him the sketches I'd done for the pageant.

He was delighted. "These are really very original," he said. "You should be working regularly in a theatre. Do you want to consider a position with us in Berlin?"

"Do I!" I cried. "I'll start now!"

"No," he laughed, "not so fast as that, but I'll make an appointment with our director to see you."

And he did—bless him! Koehler opened the door for me through which I went—into the magic world of the theatre—never to turn back.

I returned to Berlin, the cries of my sister following me! Never mind, I had my own future to think about now. The family didn't find any more fault—they only preached a bit. My father had heavy losses and was retiring to live on pension. This altered the situation. Then, too, I think they were beginning to be a tiny bit proud of me. The success of the pageant had filtered back to them.

But let us hear about America, you say? *Ach*, you Americans are all alike—always in a hurry—always right away wanting to jump from one thing to another! And now you want me to jump from my first job straight away to America. That's not so easy, because I spent years in Berlin, working always with

Stars and Scissors

Koehler, to whom, as you may guess, I became engaged. These years were full of work, and during this time I went also to Breslau and Bremen, to my sister who had opera engagements in both cities. Everything that came to my mill was grist, my dear. But, as always, I wanted still more—I wanted the world in my two hands. And that brings us to America—the promised land, as it was even then called. This is how it happened:

I had just finished some beautiful costumes for the "Don Carlos" opera. There had been a terrible fuss over them, I remember, because at the last minute the tailor fell down, as you say, on the sleeves, which were very important. *Don Carlos* has to wear great, puffed sleeves, very elaborate, and the poor little tailor was unable to make them to suit Keintz, the leading man. So finally, in an awful rage, he tore them away from the tailor and shouted:

"Stop—stop! This is terrible. You are ruining everything. You can't do it. Give it to the Seeger. (Elise Seeger was my name then.) Let her try."

So I jumped into the breach and turned out a gorgeous pair of sleeves—which was important, because it was the first time I'd tackled *men's* clothes. They were such a success that Keintz said:

"Now, listen, no one is ever to touch my costumes again except the Seeger! Don't let that stupid little tailor come near me ever again—ever!"

Now it was my good fortune that Theodore Habelmann, stage director of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, had just arrived from America. He saw the "Don Carlos" costumes the opening night. He was simply delighted with them and straightway came to see me.

"Miss Seeger," he said, "I'm enchanted with your 'Don Carlos' costumes. They are very beautiful, and what is more, historically correct. I think you are now ready for anything, and I've a suggestion to make. If you would reach the top, you must now take a big step forward. Have you ever thought of America? There is an opening there in the New Metropolitan Opera House. If you can get it—and I think you can—you'll be made forever."

Well, I was stunned. I couldn't speak. I could only stare at Habelmann. He then told me that the Metropolitan Opera in New York, though in its early days, was destined to become one of the greatest operas in the world.

"And," he said, "they have now no one to do the costuming and make it historically correct—a very important thing in the opera. This is your chance. Mr. Stanton, the Director, is now in Berlin engaging singers. I will take it upon myself to bring you together."

AND he did. The very next day I saw Mr. Edmund C. Stanton for the first time. Such a lovely, noble creature he was—six feet tall. He seemed like a giant to me, I was so overwhelmed, my dear, at the thing in prospect.

Well, Mr. Stanton was most charming. He gave me a long look when I came in. (I didn't speak English, you know, so our conversation was in French.)

"Mr. Habelmann has told me about you," he began, "and I've already seen the 'Don Carlos' costumes, which are very fine, but"—and he looked hard at me again, "my dear *Fraulein*, it's a big position we've in mind, and I'm afraid—I really don't know that you could fill it. You're a very frail-looking, little woman." (I was very slender, you know, but I had a beautiful figure from riding.)

He looked and looked at me, taking me all in. He seemed afraid I shouldn't be able to stand the work, and explained how much was involved.

"I hear great things of your talent from Habelmann, but do you think that you are strong enough to fill this position? It will be very hard."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Stanton," I said. "Yes—yes, I do. I'm really much stronger than I

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look. You should see the work I can turn out. Please give me at least the trial." Then I added: "But first I must speak to my family, if you really wish to consider me." (And my young man, too, I thought, though I didn't say so to him! Koehler and I had been engaged for three years, you know.)

Well, after more talk, Mr. Stanton decided to consider me, and I went home to tell the family. My mother was like a tree struck by lightning!

"America!" she cried. "Oh, Elise—America! Why, that is the end of the world! I would never see you again."

"*Ach*, nonsense, Mother! Why do you say that? I must go to America—I can't stay any longer at home. I want to go—"

Well, to make the long story short, after days of anguish Mother gave permission. How funny that sounds nowadays! Mr. Stanton settled everything and made it very easy for me. He generously gave me $500 advance on my salary, and a first-class passage over. Also I was to receive $75 a week for sixteen weeks.

It was like a dream to me then, and so it is to this day. But a great break it was—not only with my family, but with Koehler as well, for America ended my engagement with him, which I see you've already guessed.

And now comes something. We'd already been engaged for three years, but it was his mother who stood continually in the way of our marriage. She was old and feeble, and he'd always say:

"Now, Elise, we must wait, be patient. She won't live much longer, but while she does, I can't break her heart by leaving her."

Well, he was a good and dutiful son, I must say; but what about poor me? She might live another three, even ten years. Then where did I come in? Not so nice for the woman, you say? Of course, not. You're right—a man never seems to think of that. And I must confess, in spite of my affection and gratitude to Kochler, I didn't think much of his prospects as a husband! Be it to my credit or not, that's the truth, and at seventy-odd I may be permitted to say so! I was always very thrifty, you know—with time, materials, everything. Why waste *life*—the most precious of all?

The truth was that America overshadowed everything. Only to get there, I said to myself—only to get there! But when the time came to sail, I could think only of my mother. Then it was I had my first misgivings.

NOW, I must tell you something—something foolish—but what any woman would do. A few days before sailing a friend took me to a clairvoyante (a regular old witch) for a fortune telling!

Why? Don't ask me! To bolster up my courage, I suppose, which was very shaky at the last minute.

And right away she said: "You now go on a long voyage, to a great new country—and a terrible voyage it will be for you—sickness, fear, and even death will follow you all the way—but the first minute you put foot on the soil of that country, you begin a new life, never to turn back. Hard work and big struggles await you, but after that comes success, and success, and success. And the very first man you lay your eyes on—will be your future husband, to the end of your days!"

Don't laugh, my dear. It seemed ridiculous to me, too—particularly the husband. (I'd lost faith in husbands then!) Anyway, I was so upset I didn't pay much attention to it. But, can you believe it, it was the truth—yes!

When the time came to go, I couldn't face my parents for goodby. I had but one idea—to get out of the house and never say the last farewell! My baggage had already gone, and I made the excuse to go to a friend, the night before, for an hour or so. That's what I did—I just ran out of the house with a little kiss to my father and mother, and off to the station, and on to Bremen alone. I sent a message

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back, telling what I'd done. That was the only way I could say goodby to my dear mother. So it was I sailed away to the Promised Land.

Well, the old clairvoyante was right about the terrible voyage. *Ach*, what a time! I went on board, my heart full of fear because, first of all, I'd such a dread of the water—the sight of it frightened me to death. Such storms as you can not imagine! We were twenty-one days on the old *Elbe*, the ship that later went down at sea. I tell you, most of the time she stood on her head! Many people were injured from the rolling of the boat, and I was black and blue from head to foot, such bruises I had. No fog-horns either in those days—just a funny whistle and a bell, which you could not hear ten miles away.

No deck chairs either, only a few wooden benches, so I carried a little folding stool to sit on. Think of it, in these days of floating hotels at sea. Such a thick fog—for three days it came down—yellow like sulphur. Nothing could you see! And it must have been sulphur, for after the fog lifted, the whole ship was covered with it!

I think I should have died if my good friend Habelmann hadn't been on board to give me a little courage. I thought the voyage would never end, that we'd never reach America—that there was no such place! I thought it was the end of the world and I was being punished for leaving home!

BUT when I caught the first sight of this new land, what emotions I had! To this day I still can feel that beating in my heart. My dear, I felt the world again in my two hands. But how strange it all looked to me! Not the marvelous skyline like now, that so excites all foreigners coming here. No, the buildings were only a few stories high, and the New York harbor didn't seem any bigger than the Hamburg harbor. Neither did I see the wild Indians I was told I'd meet the first thing. Europeans thought in those days that money was lying in the streets, ready to be picked up!

No, I didn't see any Indians—except in front of the cigar stores—but the first person I *did* see was my future husband (though I didn't know it then), just as the clairvoyante had said! For there on the dock, looking curiously up and down, stood a handsome young man, Mr. Stanton's private secretary, Paul Freisinger, sent to look after me. He greeted Mr. Habelmann first and said:

"I'm here for a Miss Seeger. Where shall I find her, please?"

"There she is," said Mr. Habelmann, pointing to me.

The handsome secretary thought an elderly woman was coming, and for such he was looking. "What!" he cried. "Is *that* Miss Seeger?" He couldn't believe his eyes.

In true feminine fashion, I'd spent most of the advance salary on my wardrobe, and I looked very smart, I may tell you, for I put on my best clothes to land in—a rich brown coat trimmed with beaver, a stand-up collar, a little straight beaver hat with a tiny bird stuck on the side—very *chic*. Also I wore a *short* skirt, too—unheard-of for those days—light shoes and big gaiters with lots of little buttons on the side. I certainly intended to live up to my reputation from the beginning. And right away, as I could so easily see, I made a deep impression on the secretary, for he came up, hat in hand, with a low bow, and said:

"In the name of Mr. Stanton and the Metropolitan Opera House, I welcome you to America. I am taking you to a very nice boarding house, where our principal singers stop. Can you, perhaps, Miss Seeger, pay $10 a week?"

"Naturally. Why not?" I laughed. "When I'm earning $75 a week? Certainly, I can."

So right away he took me in one of those nice hansom cabs to this boarding house in Thirty-eighth Street, at the corner of Seventh Avenue. America at last! It all seemed so wonderful to me. There I was, alone—facing a new life, but in my heart I was already

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Stars and Scissors

thankful. I made myself comfortable, and in a little while the dinner bell rang, and I went downstairs to a very good dinner, though the dishes seemed strange enough! And then to bed and to sleep.

The next morning I was awakened about eleven o'clock by the landlady, who said,

"A gentleman is waiting downstairs to see you."

Freisinger, the handsome secretary again, of course, who had come to see if I was comfortable. After some conversation we went for a drive, and I had my first glimpse of New York. Why, Forty-second Street was then the country! The streets were all of cobblestones and square, red bricks, and very dirty—just like now! I must say I was shocked at it—and still am. The elevated train, with the little dummy engine of those days, made a tremendous impression, and also the telegraph poles with the wires so thick a bird couldn't fly across the street, it seemed. And the first ferry boat—I never forget that. Nothing like that in Europe, where wagons, horses, and everything else were loaded right on with the people, and all mixed up together! It made me laugh.

We drove through Central Park that day, which I thought quite beautiful. It was laid out as it is now, only much wilder. Everything seemed wonderful to me—even the women, though I must say they dressed badly then—no style, no *chic* as they have now—just clumsy-looking, and country-like. Of course, every one rode in hansom cabs or carriages, and the street cars were drawn by horses. All the men wore whiskers, too—even the car conductors! Harlem was a wilderness, where what they called "squatters" lived. It all seemed a wilderness to me—I couldn't get used to the disorder everywhere.

ON THE third day I presented myself to Mr. Stanton, as he'd sent word that I needn't report until I was rested. He was very gracious and said:

"Now, Miss Seeger, you can begin. You are to engage any help you need, you have *carte blanche;* only report to me whom you take on and what salary you pay. Don't hesitate to hire some one you think will be of special service to you. No matter if they are expensive, get them. This is your department; run it as you like."

I was overwhelmed—such generous kindness! I tried to thank him, but he interrupted and said,

"But first we must show you your own quarters."

Then Mr. Freisinger conducted me, with great ceremony, up three long flights of stone steps, and there I found a lovely little office, with a table, writing desk, and sofa, all very comfortable. And then I got another thrill, for on the door, in big black letters, was my name—

MISS ELISE SEEGER

How that made me feel! I just stood still in front of it—then I put out my hand to touch it—to see if it was true! What it did mean to me! I was already somebody in this new land—which was indeed so, for the next morning I began my work.

It took me about ten days to select all the people I wanted. I had great difficulties, as I could find no *skilled* help. I didn't speak English, so I engaged French and Italian girls. I began with thirty-two and got more as I needed them. Finally I had my staff in order, and things well in hand. Mr. Habelmann's office was on the same floor, and we were always in conference. There were no telephones then, and we'd have to wait for the call boy.

As soon as I was settled, Mr. Habelmann said:

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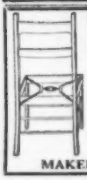

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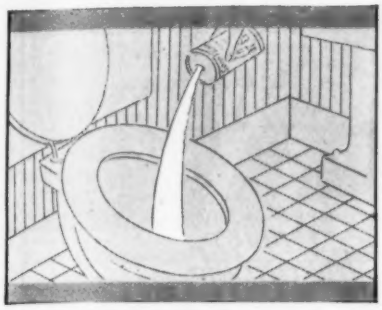

AND they can be—without the unpleasant work of scrubbing. The modern way is swift, easy and effective.

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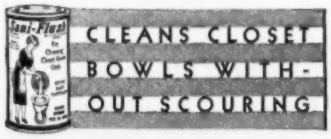

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MISS CREED 234 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

He said "Aïda" had already been given by the rival house, the Academy of Music, years before—its first production in America—and that the great tenor, Italo Campanini, had made a sensation in it.

"So, do your best. Much depends on this production. No money is to be spared. We will make everything easy for you. Each morning a hansom cab will be at your door. What you want to buy, buy."

Well, my dear, I did. I felt I had a magic wand in my hands. I'd only to look at a thing, and it was mine. I bought of the very best and finest. And, best of all, I was never disturbed by anybody, not even Mr. Stanton himself. Yes, my dear, I was queen of that department. But in spite of that, I was scared to death when I realized the number of costumes needed in this short time, for in five weeks we must be ready!

We had the chorus, ballet, extra ballet, besides the principals. Every one had two, three, often four costumes—hundreds of costumes in all. An enormous production—fifty-four girls and fifty men in the chorus, fifty girls in the ballet, and Heaven knows how many in the extra ballet. And I had to work in such a hurry—only five weeks to be ready! *Ach*, just like the people today, they left everything to the last minute!

It was something to face, I tell you. But I was so elated, with all this power to buy and buy, that the work didn't matter. No handicap now of "You can't get that; it's too expensive!" Why, those first weeks I never came out of the Opera House at all from one day to the next. Hours meant nothing. Many a night I snatched a little sleep on the sofa and didn't even take my clothes off! I had only five weeks, remember. How did I manage? My dear, to this day I still wonder! Each day I got more nervous. I hoped Mr. Stanton would come to the workroom, but he didn't. He told Freisinger that he wouldn't come until after the dress rehearsal.

"I won't disturb her," he said. "I like to be surprised. I won't worry her now, for I believe that she can do all we expect."

HABELMANN must have given me great credit, otherwise the man couldn't have such faith in me. Even so, I was very nervous.

Finally, toward the end of the terrible rush, Habelmann said, "Now we come to the dress rehearsal, and for that will be invited all the stockholders, their wives, and a few friends and the press." (We'd already had rehearsals with orchestra, but in street clothes. This was the first time with the costumes.)

Gott in Himmel! I was on pins and needles. I couldn't eat or sleep. You may imagine what that first dress rehearsal was. That morning I never forget, after forty years—my heart jumps again to my throat: I hadn't gone to bed for two nights. We'd worked straight through to finish the last things—as is always the way in the theatre. I was at the breaking point. My knees shaking, ready to fall. So many people to please! Even if I suited Mr. Stanton, there were the stockholders (and the wives!) and one of them might say,

"Oh, she isn't so much, after all."

Ach, I thought, this is a tribunal—to go before all these strange people and make good.

"Well," I said, "now, Seeger, be a philosopher, either they will be satisfied, or home you'll go."

Which was it to be? I was so nervous finally that I imagined all the costumes might fall to pieces on the stage! Really I was beside myself.

The great day came, and everything was on time. There the company was, actually on the stage, dressed in *my* costumes! I slipped through the stage door and sat in the second row all by myself. I said one little prayer after another. *Gott in Himmel!* How would it turn out? When the curtain went up, I couldn't see anything, whether for tears or something—anyway I couldn't see. After a minute I began to hear all through the house a whispering. I knew what they were talking

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Stars and Scissors

about. (Of course, the *opera* didn't matter to me, poor fool!) All I was thinking of was my costumes!

The famous Anton Seidl was conducting the opera. He wouldn't have any interruption. If anything was to be criticized, it must be after the act. How I lived through that rehearsal I don't know. Once Freisinger came to encourage me! He took my hands and said:

"Why, you are cold like ice. Don't be nervous—everything is going beautifully."

I said, "Wait, there's time yet for something to happen."

The curtain rose on the second act. Everything going smoothly, and I just started to draw a free breath, as you say, when Freisinger rushed down to me and whispered:

"Come, quick, something awful is happening! One of the singers is in a terrible rage about her dress. She won't wear it."

"*Gott in Himmel!* I come."

And I stumbled in the darkness backstage with him. I ran to the dressing-room of the singer, and there she was, raging in real prima donna fashion. She said her dress was too loose, she wouldn't have such a loose-hanging thing, it made her look like a meal-bag. She had a beautiful figure, she must *show* her figure—which was the style then, you know.

"Madame! You *can't* show your figure—it isn't done in that rôle. You are a *priestess*, and for a priestess you have no figure. You *must* have a loose gown. It *can't* be tight!" I implored her.

"I *will* have it tight, I will show my figure, or I won't go on!" she shouted. "I'll pin myself in with safety pins!"

Oh, it was terrible! I was shaking inside. Then I lost my temper. I told her she'd look a fool and spoil the picture if she wore a tight gown. I finally pacified her by begging that if she only left it for the rehearsal, we'd speak about it the next day—anything—so that she didn't spoil my beautiful costume for the rehearsal.

Back I crept to my place in front, not knowing what would happen; but, thank God! she didn't pin herself in as she threatened. The dress was all right, though she looked like a thundercloud!

I sat wondering what would happen next, until the great trumpet scene began, when *Rhadames* returns in triumph, with his big, glittering army. You know how it looks. Such barbaric splendor! That gave me courage, for I do tell you it was gorgeous.

"If they don't like that," I thought, "then I can't please them—and I don't care."

WHEN the last act was rung down, I was so exhausted I let the dressers attend to the singers. I crawled up to my office, and fell on the couch, and cried and cried. It was all over. There I lay, wondering and waiting, until some one should send for me.

Finally Freisinger came running up. "It's all right, Miss Seeger; don't cry so."

"If it's all right," I answered, "why hasn't Mr. Stanton sent for me? He doesn't like it—that's why!"

"Nonsense!" he said. "It was beautiful—gorgeous. He'll send for you, but he is very busy now with the stockholders." And off he rushed.

Oh, it seemed years I waited, but finally another knock—Freisinger again, all smiles, with a message to come at once to Mr. Stanton.

"All right, I'm ready," I said—as if to the executioner!

I washed my red eyes and put a little powder on, of course, naturally, and then downstairs I crept to Mr. Stanton's door. I was so weak I had to sit on the edge of a chair. Then the door opened, and there he stood, beaming.

"Miss Seeger," he cried. "*Brava!* Congratulations, with all my heart," and he took both my hands. "You've done wonderfully. We—all the stockholders—everybody—are more than delighted. We are amazed at what you have accomplished. We really are so

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indebted to you," he continued, shaking my hands, "for bringing out so wonderfully our first production of 'Aïda,' with so much style and beauty, that we want to make you a little present."

"Oh," I began, but he stopped me.

"We have decided to *give* you, in expression of our gratitude, the $500 you've already received on your salary."

"Oh," I began again.

Then Mr. Havens, Mr. Webb, and Mr. Stewart, who were standing behind Mr. Stanton, said:

"Yes, Miss Seeger, that's our wish. The $500 is yours, in gratitude for this beautiful creation."

And they all stood and smiled at me, because I began to cry again! I hadn't a word—dumb, my dear! I was really so touched by their generosity, and, best of all, it meant my great hope was fulfilled—my position was assured. Now, I thought to myself, I'm here to stay. I've won my spurs.

I just hung on to Mr. Stanton's hands, but kept on crying until he said:

"Never mind. Keep on crying. It will do you good. You're worn out. Just go on, and give us always your best. You belong to us now."

AT THAT—I became a waterfall! So I could only rush out of the room and upstairs again—but this time I didn't creep up—I flew! That was my start in America. See—I'm all excited and crying again, just telling about it now. And you, too? My dear, how nice of you!

Well, the dress rehearsal was safely by. Now for the opening night. Nothing more to worry about, and I made up my mind I'd enjoy myself—sit in a box and dress up like a Vanderbilt! (There is always a box for the opera staff, you know.) I made a special gown for the occasion, of the finest red velvet, with long, tight sleeves, which were the fashion then, and a long train.

"I'll show them," I said. And I did. Now I must tell you that I wore my hair *short*—unheard-of in those days. It was all through an accident, but it was so becoming I kept it so. It happened in Paris. The hairdresser put something on that turned my hair six colors.

When I saw it, I cried, "You've ruined my hair—cut it off!"

He thought I was mad—he was almost weeping. "No, I can't do that," he said. "Nobody wears short hair."

"Well, I can," I said. "Cut it off."

Right away I saw I looked very smart, so I didn't care then. I wore it in the style of a page, with a straight bang. It was most *chic*. I tell you, for I was little, you know, and very blonde. I still have the picture to show you. My dear, I was a handsome woman in those days, believe me.

Just before the opening night, I had another rumpus with one of the chorus, who damaged her costume. I'd already had this happen once before, and realized the danger ahead if we didn't put a stop to it at once, so I went straight to Mr. Stanton and said:

"Now, sir, I must ask you to do something for me right away quick. I ask that you give me full control over my costumes."

"Why?" said Mr. Stanton, "what has happened?"

Then I told him: "If some one doesn't like her costume, or thinks it's too tight or something, she simply slashes it right away to suit herself. I must have authority to control this, otherwise we're ruined. Not only the costumes may be spoiled at the last moment, but a great deal of money and time wasted as well."

Mr. Stanton at once realized the necessity of this and agreed. "You're right, Miss Seeger. We'll back you up."

So he had immediately printed cards, saying that Miss Seeger had absolute control over the costumes; that if any one disobeyed her orders, she had authority to fine them from $5 to $20, according to demerit. This was signed by Mr. Stanton for the stockholders. Of

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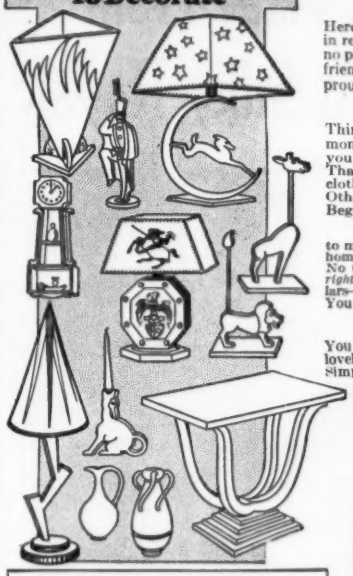

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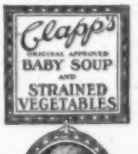

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In using advertisements see page 6

Here's *Exquisitely Soft* Bathroom Paper Made From the Same Material as Silky Rayon

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To make this softer bathroom paper, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. This cellulose is the same basic material from which soft, luxurious Rayon is made—and it makes a paper, too, that is white, absorbent and soft as fine silk! And more easily disposable than less absorbent "toilet papers."

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NORTHERN TISSUE
With the Blue Core

February 1930 Good Housekeeping

Stars and Scissors

course, this was a great triumph and relief for me. It gave me more trouble, it's true, still it was the only way to manage.

Just a few hours before we opened, the notices were put up. Freisinger came and said: "Now, Miss Seeger, I'll help you with these cards. Where do you want them?"

He had a mucilage pot in his hand, and I went with him from door to door to paste them. He was in full dress and very handsome, I must say. I was a little bit gone on him, as you say, already, and I knew how he felt about me. Still, I wasn't thinking about love-making then. My fate, however, was soon to be settled, and it was a broken stick of my fan that did the trick.

"Mr. Freisinger," I said, "can't you **now** help me a little? You have the mucilage handy, so will you kindly fix this fan?"

He was quite overcome at my appearance and said, "Yes, of course I will, for you are a dream to look at tonight. What a wonderful dress!"

So he glued my little fan and then said, "Now, if you'll excuse me, and if I may be so bold, what do I get for that?"

I said—fool that I was!—"A kiss!"

That did it. That kiss!

Between the acts he rushed out and pretended he got an engagement ring. To this day I believe he had it in his pocket all the time. And when the opera was over, the first minute we could, back we went to Mr. Stanton's office for his blessing—which he gave us.

"Blessings on you both," he said, "with all my heart. And, Freisinger, I tell you you couldn't do better. I'm already sure of that."

"Aïda" was a great success in New York and became very popular—and is to this day. Young Walter Damrosch conducted it, and Lehmann sang. Certainly the stockholders were lavish enough; they didn't care what they spent. What a relief when it was over, and I settled down into a regular routine! My next opera was "Merlin" by Goldmark —a beautiful opera, and the first time electric lights were used in the hair of the ballet. That was a great innovation. I shall speak about it later.

THERE'S so much to tell you about the opera at that time—it's like writing a history, but that must come later, my dear. Now, we finish *my* story—you must get rid of me first. The next (to me) important event, at the end of the season, was my marriage, April fourth, to Mr. Freisinger. We were going to Europe for our honeymoon, and Mr. Stanton gave him as a present his passage over.

We had a lovely wedding, I tell you, just as my mother would have had it. I was given away by Anton Seidl. The witnesses were Anton Seidl and his wife (Augusta Kraus); Walter and Frank Damrosch; my dear friend Habelmann, and Mr. Stanton. Anton Seidl and his wife had become my firm friends. I'd moved to their boarding house some months before. We were all a happy family together, and my wedding was lovely, I tell you.

We had a fine wedding breakfast, given by Frau Seidl. Of course I made my wedding gown—it was a dream—all of cream-colored lace. I wore a big leghorn hat with a beautiful wreath of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots. My bouquet was a great bunch of lilies and forget-me-nots, too, given by Mr. Freisinger, of course. He had a *boutonnière* of the same in his buttonhole—but never mind about him. The bridegroom's clothes don't matter.

We were to sail for Germany in a few days, as I was crazy to see my mother, but first of all, Freisinger insisted we go to Niagara Falls on our wedding trip. He said I must see the falls before I returned to Germany. It was the fashion then for all bridal couples to go to Niagara Falls.

We went on the Honeymoon Express—a train that is still running, my dear, so I'm not so old-fashioned as you might think. Well, I

"Let's build a snowman RIGHT IN THE YARD"

GRAND SPORT—but, such painfully chapped hands afterwards! Cover them gently with soothing Hinds Cream and the sting leaves instantly. The chapping soon heals. Better still, rub a little Hinds Cream on the youngsters' hands—and on your own, too—*before* going out into the cold. Hinds Cream not only relieves chapping—it prevents it! It keeps hands (and ankles, too, in these days of sheer stockings) smooth and lovely, free from any trace of roughness or redness. You'll find Hinds Cream at the nearest drug counter—or we'll gladly mail you a generous sample bottle.

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HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Dept. 160, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

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This coupon not good after February, 1931

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8

(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The dinner, gaily formal, on subtly tinted glassware

A LONG TABLE, immaculately laid with chastely embroidered linen . . . silver softly glowing in the candlelight . . . flowers delicately pointing a cheerful color scheme . . . gay smiles on the lips of lovely women . . . the civilized masculinity of glistening shirt-fronts . . . and the subdued, crystalline brilliance of tinted glassware flashing in the gleams from candles to silver, brightening with the hue of the flowers, serving—in distinguished, enticing simplicity—the whole range of the dinner from *hors d'oeuvre* to *demi-tasse*. Such is the glamorous recipe by which the modern hostess of good taste, on the Continent and in America, creates her particular dinner parties.

Plain, etched or cut Fostoria Glassware for these occasions, as well as for the less formal table settings, may be selected from a variety of subtle shades including Amber, Dawn, Azure, Green, Crystal, and the incomparable golden glass called Topaz. From this selection, informed hostesses are enabled to complete even the most exacting decorative scheme, and bring to their tables a degree of elegance beyond the reach of even Renaissance Venice or Eighteenth Century France.

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MADE IN U.S.A.

FOSTORIA *tableware and decorative pieces can be purchased, moderately priced, at the best shops. The tableware is available in complete sets or individual pieces, and replacements can be had at any time because Fostoria is sold* ON THE OPEN-STOCK PLAN. *The glassware bought today can be matched a year from now. And lovely and fragile-seeming as it is, Fostoria stands up well under hard usage and rapid temperature changes.*

Send for "The New Little Book About Glassware." It is illustrated with authoritative table settings and decorative suggestions. The Fostoria Glass Company, Dept. G-2, *Moundsville, W. Va.*

THIS BEAUTIFUL DINNER TABLE WAS ARRANGED BY MISS HELEN UFFORD, THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHORITY ON TABLE SETTINGS.

Stars and Scissors

saw the wonderful falls, and two days later we returned to New York and sailed.

"What had become of Koehler," you ask? *Ach!* what a question! My dear, you certainly dig deep into my life. Of course, I wrote him the news—and the truth—which I felt I could do now.

I said in my letter, "After all, you hesitated and waited for three years. I can't waste my life waiting. I've found a man who's sure. I love him and know he'll be the right one. I'm sure you won't be angry and that your blessing will be with me always, as my gratitude must always be with you."

What could he do? He wrote me a lovely letter full of his blessings!

He's still alive, a wonderful old man today, and we're the best of friends. When I think of it now, how funny it seems, in these days of broken engagements, lightning marriages, and divorces! It was a more serious affair in those days. What ink was spilled and tears shed!

So away we sailed back to Germany. This time the ocean didn't seem such a monster. I forget whether it stormed or not. Storms didn't make any difference then. What a season it had been! What more could I ask? An independent woman at last—a contract for three years with the Metropolitan Opera House in my pocket, and best of all, a handsome husband at my side! My dear, don't dare ask me which was the more important. How wicked of you! Because that is a question I absolutely refuse to answer! Suffice it to say—all was well—my dream had come true—I was a member of the Metropolitan Opera House staff—my eyes to the future.

(*To be continued*)

Books

(*Continued from page 79*)

would understand the enjoyment of Cora's pampered playmate, Evelyn Anderson, of Papa's music, of Mama's happy-go-lucky hospitality, and the imaginative play of the shabby children. She would be sympathetic with Cora and approve her stout determination to get the family out of it all. She would be sorry for the misfortune that came to her, understanding well the psychology that led to it. She would discern the clearness, the directness, with which Miss Suckow, recently become Mrs. Ferner Nuhn, presents Cora's struggle, her financial success, her sad love-affair, and know them as authentic. But this very authenticity would repel her. "For why," she would ask, "read about Cora when I can see her every day and know myself without interpretation just what she feels and suffers?" She would, in fact, prefer the real Cora to the written one, for the real Cora she might help. She might even enjoy the real Cora, but Miss Suckow's Cora offers little in the way of companionship. In spite of the men she seems to attract, Evelyn's love for her, her capability, her devotion to her mother, and her interest in things of beauty and in thoughts, Cora never interests, entertains, charms, attracts her readers. Perhaps we know her too well. Perhaps if we saw only her outside we would enjoy her more, being able to imagine things about her, unaware of the bitterness and hardness that her life developed. Few of us, probably, would appear a heroine to a psycho-analyst. But a little protective coloration is due us, and certainly it is an aid to friendship. Miss Suckow's "Cora" must be recognized as a piece of good writing and true characterization, but as an acquaintance to be introduced to Miss May it falls short.

In "Hudson River Bracketed" by Edith Wharton (Appleton, $2.50), again, a family is used as background to an individual, and also as his adversary. And once more it is a family that one hardly cares to meet. For one thing, because it has no individuality. The Westons are a type. I venture to say Mrs. Wharton never met them. At least, she never knew them. They are, to her, genus middle class,

Mid-winter days of

Outdoor Activity

. . . and never a dull moment

TODAY . . . you are watching that most beautiful of games . . . polo. Overhead is a sky of azure . . . in the distance are mile-high mountains . . . the summits perhaps, crowned with snow. Enveloping you is the permeating warmth of Southern California sunshine. Around you is the colorful crowd of winter vacationists, who have come to Southern California to live and play . . . outdoors . . . and in the sun.

Yesterday, perhaps you spent the day in town . . . you shopped in the morning in a great store . . . or in a number of interesting shops . . . you lunched in a cafe where the cooking as well as the name was French. Men and women whose faces you have seen on the screen were there. In the afternoon —perhaps—you saw a play . . . fresh from Broadway . . . and with the New York cast. In the late afternoon you drove along wide boulevards through Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Evening found you in a great hotel —dining and dancing, more stars of the movies . . . gowns . . . lights . . . music . . . gaiety.

You'll enjoy the sights and scenes of this vacation land and however long you may stay there always will be more places worth visiting.

There are hotels for every purse and your expenses while here need be no more than you pay when home.

The work of the best camera men of this land of "pictures" has been collected into a de luxe book containing 71 subjects in gravure with cover in full color. You may have a copy of this book for just the postage cost.

EXECUTIVES AND INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

Southern California

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Sec. H-2, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed find four cents in stamps—the actual mailing cost — of "Southern California through the Camera." Also send me free booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

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☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Orange ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name_____
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street_____

City_____ State_____

In using advertisements see page 6

She didn't think she could have

Waxed Floors

SHE thought her floors weren't good enough to wax — that it would mean lots of work — and would cost too much.

Then a friend told her about famous Old English Wax. (That was yesterday.) Today she has the most lovely floors in her neighborhood—with just one polishing too.

It is no work at all

Any housewife can have beautiful floors — as lustrous as those in famous English castles. It is no work at all — just put a little Old English Wax on a soft cloth and apply to any kind of floor — hardwood, softwood, varnished, shellaced, or painted floors. In a few minutes it will dry. Then run a soft cloth or an Old English Polisher over the floor and watch the lovely gleam that comes as if by magic.

Why it is Better

Most high-grade prepared waxes are made by the blending of hard imported (Carnauba) wax and the softer, cheaper domestic waxes. Genuine Old English Wax sells for the same price as most prepared waxes, but it contains twice as much Carnauba wax. That is why it polishes twice as beautiful—wears twice as long — and is most economical.

A small can of Old English Wax, that costs but a few cents, is all you need to have rich, polished floors in every room in your home. Try it now. Be sure and get the genuine Old English Wax if you want to be sure of satisfactory results.

Paste or Liquid

At hardware, paint, drug, grocery, dept. stores. Made by The A. S. Boyle Co., Cin'ti, U. S. A.

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

(Advertisement)

Books

species middle west. But specimens have their individualities. One does not strike acquaintance, far less companionship, with a type.

Typically the Westons are drab. Typically they do not understand their young genius, Vance. Typically they want to do all they can for him and have him settle down in Euphoria and get richer than they. But young Vance was to his parents "queer"—even queerer, perhaps, to us, for though we might understand a young man of nineteen writing poems, inventing a new religion, and desiring to go to New York to write, his performances once there, granted his genus and species, seem strange. Even in his youth there were magazines and books about New York and the business of writing, and there was a second and third-class mail rate to Euphoria. There were his college professors, too. Such pristine innocence as his about girls, alcohol, old houses, and people like the Spears can be traced only to queerness, a queerness that persisted, like the innocence, when he married Laura Lou on first sight without any money, failed to keep engagements with his editor, neglected his wife, and did not know he was in love with Halo.

But of course we are always glad to meet a genius. And with geniuses Mrs. Wharton is at ease, just as she is with persons like the Spears, degenerate aristocrats, houses of the Hudson River Bracketed and Eaglewood types, idly rich young men like Lewis Tracy who own magazines for pastime, and the literary ladies and gentlemen who frequented Mrs. Tracy's studio drawing-room—as well as the way of such women, and of editors and publishers, with young men of promise. Since Miss May has probably never met any of them, she may find the acquaintance interesting if not enjoyable. Merely an acquaintance, I am sure it would prove to be. For she is too truly planted in reality to waste herself among such people or their rather childish strivings.

And yet Mrs. Wharton is an artist. She can not be dismissed with satire. In the direct line of Henry James she has something valuable to say and says it deftly. What will repay Miss May for reading this book will be the author's study of the character of Vance—which, by the way, might have been bred in France or Russia or Greenwich Village itself, for only his manners and his clothes trace to Euphoria. For it is the study of the artist bred in, but antagonistic to, the organization of this world of ours, and his own inconsistencies, self-centeredness, his blind spots, his inability to make adjustment. If further repayment is necessary, Miss May will find it in an increased satisfaction with the quiet and the dignity of the standards by which she lives, as contrasted with those of the Spears, the Lorburns, and the Tracys; and perhaps, since she is human, with an added pride in South Carolina Columned.

With a Family as Background

Still another book that uses family as background is Sylvia Thompson's "Chariot Wheels" (Little, Brown, $2.50) but here, while Cressida Stobart's reaction from that of her youth did send her into marriage with Lester Midge and formed her character, the same character created another background, and it is against this that we see her develop. It, too, was a family background which she made for herself, her husband, and her one daughter. We see it through the author's eyes, Cressida's eyes, and those of Cressida's daughter. This background was a projection, not the cause, of her character, a lovely, glamourous one. Yet the story is a dramatic one of episode and complication.

When Cressida—she might well have been named Griselda—discovered that her novelist husband used their love as material for a novel, when she learned that affairs with other women were providing him new material, even when she realized that all her sacrifices and restraint served only as food to his gluttonous ego, she continued to work in her garden, to act the gracious hostess, the consoling friend,

Learn to Make the New Dresses

..Through FREE *instruction under an expert teacher at the nearest* SINGER HOME SEWING SCHOOL

Now, when the tempting new fashions prompt you to want more new dresses than in any previous season, enjoy this new opportunity to learn to make them through Singer home sewing instruction. Any Singer Shop or Representative will give you full information about the available service in your community.

* * *

IN almost every city and town the Singer Sewing Machine Company has long maintained its own shops and representatives. These shops, identified by the famous red "S", have become familiar to women everywhere as home sewing centers where instruction and service are always available.

Now more than 500 of these shops are offering with the new Singer sewing machines an important new service—the Singer Course in Home Sewing. At any Singer Home Sewing School you can now learn dressmaking by actually making the dress of your choice under the personal supervision of an expert teacher. You are shown how to select an appropriate design and material, and how to cut out, assemble, fit and finish your dress to the last distinctive detail.

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Whether or not you attend the nearest Home Sewing School, you will find that every Singer Shop is prepared to give you with every Singer sewing machine an invaluable service that includes free expert instruction in modern machine sewing, also the Singer Sewing Library, containing simple, thorough, fully illustrated directions for making dresses, children's clothes, curtains and draperies in your own home.

* * *

FREE—Your Choice of These Four Books

Ask any Singer Representative or Singer Shop to show you the interesting books that make up the Sewing Library, "Short Cuts to Home Sewing," "How to Make Dresses," "How to Make Children's Clothes" and "How to Make Draperies." As a special offer, if you will refer to this advertisement you will receive your choice of these four beautiful books without the slightest cost or obligation.

★

SINGER

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Shops and salesmen in every community. Look in your telephone directory for nearest shop address

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In using advertisements see page 6

No "If's"—No "But's"—You *Can* Earn Money Our Way!

PEARL JACOBUS THIEL of Illinois writes as follows of our spare-time money-making plan: "It is surprising to me that more have not taken advantage of the wonderful opportunity which is theirs merely for the asking. I have been in the game two years and have increased my business 100% over the previous year."

Wouldn't you, too, like to turn your leisure moments into cash, just as she and thousands of other men and women are doing? You can, for—

Even If you've never before earned a penny in your life—

Even If the duties of home-making or business keep you busy most of the time—

Even If you're on in years—or in your teens—

Even If you've no business training or experience of any kind—

Regardless of anything like this, the things you've always longed for—home, car, radio, travel, education and the countless other good things of life that only money can buy—can all be yours in exchange for leisure time you would otherwise waste!

How? By acting as subscription representative for Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping and our other famous magazines. We pay you well.

Where? Right in your own neighborhood. You don't even have to leave the house if you don't want to.

When? In your spare time, beginning right away. We need your help in handling our tremendous volume of new and renewal orders, and your profits start at once!

Clip the coupon, and ask us for full details TODAY!

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★Makes Hair Beautiful

Applied to finger waves, the permanent or marcel, makes natural, perfectly formed waves that remain so for days. Helps remove dandruff and oiliness. Keeps straight hair smooth, sleek, orderly. Good for men, women and children. All drug & dept. stores.
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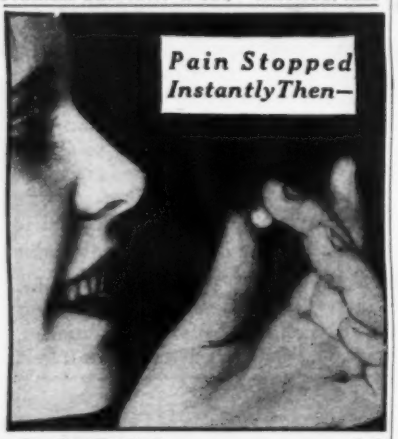
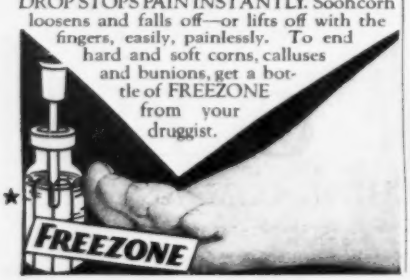
MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.
Lane Bryant *Address Dept. 1, 39th St. at Fifth Ave.* **New York**



CORN came off with her stocking

Corn that had ached for years came off with her stocking. FREEZONE works fast. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY. Soon corn loosens and falls off—or lifts off with the fingers, easily, painlessly. To end hard and soft corns, calluses and bunions, get a bottle of FREEZONE from your druggist.



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SAVE MONEY WITH

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10 cents each and worth every cent

HERE'S why: WEST ELECTRIC Water Wavers don't break, bend, rust or get out of order. *If one does, we'll replace it free.* They're made of round, aluminum tubing — light as a feather. There are no seams or edges to injure the hair. Finest steel piano wire gives proper tension for *any* thickness of hair, and patented ball lock prevents unfastening. At department and 5c & 10c stores everywhere.

WEST ELECTRIC Aids to Beauty include also Hair Wavers, Curlers and Nets. Look for the WEST ELECTRIC Girl and the Orange and Black cards.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send stamps for a set of 6 and we will ship direct.

West Electric Hair Curler Corp.
515 N. BROAD ST., PHILADELPHIA

Books

the adoring mother—apparently oblivious to the fact that Robin Driscoll, who stood always as a companion piece against her background, was in love with her. It is the daughter Stella who discovers this, learns about their final moment of avowal, and finds Cressida's letters written to him on the battlefield. Stella of the new generation is impatient with her mother's code. She sees her father exactly as he is. She is harsh and hard and wants him to suffer. Yet even she adores her mother, although she feels her beauty futile. Here is the book for Miss May, for in this "rather great little lady," as some one called Cressida, who "seemed able to endow with dignity and even beauty what R.L.S. describes as 'the petty round of irritating concerns and duties,'" Miss May, a rather great lady herself, may find an equal.

Adventure and Crime

Even more difficult will it be, I fear, to select a book for Miss May's distinguished husband, for a member of a Federal Reserve Board, a banker, a merchant who yet has time for penal code reform, educational commissions, and numerous other calls to public service, even while his experimental laboratories develop new strains of cotton and he finances tenant farmers in county-wide efforts to increase quality and production, will not have much time for recreational reading. But on the chance that even he may sometimes need to forget himself in adventure, I shall choose that dashing, swashbuckling story, "The Blade of Picardy" by Fred McLaughlin (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00), because the son of a Confederate major ought to find it easy to lose himself in the person of the gallant hero, François de Vigny, and that historical episode when Juarez conquered Maximilian is always of interest to southerners.

And then, lest he prefer the relaxation of the detective tale, I shall include in my box T. S. Stribling's "Clues of the Caribbees" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), being "certain criminal investigations of Henry Poggioli, Ph.D.," an instructor in psychology in the Ohio State University, while on a pleasure trip in the West Indies. The crimes are unusual, the setting in which they occur gives an exotic flavor to the stories, the criminals are spectacular and lurid, the method is clever and new. What more need be said? If Mr. Coker is a detective-tale enthusiast, I shall have made a ten-strike!

But Mr. Coker may be one of those business men who like biography. So I shall add for him Edward A. Muschamp's admiring and admirable biography of "Audacious Audubon" (Brentano's, $3.50), for it not only gives the facts of this romantic's life—artist, naturalist, historian—facts not well enough known—but tells also a story of a man's successful battle against well-nigh insuperable obstacles; and in addition it presents a picture of an era, taking the reader from Nice of the Revolutionary days to Philadelphia and New Jersey at the beginning of the last century, from the backwoods of Missouri and Kentucky to New Orleans and Natchez, from Ohio riverboats to Edinburgh society.

In selecting the other books for my box I shall have less difficulty. For the married daughter, for instance, a college graduate just starting in a new house of her own, Rebecca West's "Harriet Hume" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) can not, I feel sure, come amiss. First, because it will be talked of, if for no other reason than that it is fantasy and every one will have to give his guess as to its meaning. Second, because Miss West is an author who attracts the younger readers for her keenness and incisiveness, and the college-bred for her remarkable command of language. Third, because she is never boring. And last, because Harriet Hume is an exquisite creature, her thought a thing of cobweb and dew, and the story of her love for Arnold Condorex as beautifully wrought as a Cellini bowl. Harriet is a musician, Arnold a politician. She is devoted to art,

Books

he to negotiation. Harriet lives the contemplative life, he the active. This contrast indicates, it has been said, the rival claims of the two ideals that divide human nature, that of being and that of doing. But there is more to the fantasy than that. Harriet Hume has the uncanny gift of knowing what goes on in her lover's mind. She thus sees that he is inordinately ambitious and will sacrifice her to further his fortunes; that he is superbly intelligent but without character. So she parts with him, and they go their separate ways. But they meet again at the three crises of his life, and once again after death. This, it has been said, is to reveal the truth that no companionship, or indeed social organization, would be possible did we all have this gift.

The purpose of fantasy is to reveal what can not otherwise be told. The logical relation between facts is suspended. We are asked to accept things impossible in actuality in order to apprehend the truth the author would reveal. Fantasy reveals knowledge, some one has said, by disguising it. It asks us to look directly at truth, for once in a while, but not to take it so seriously as to cripple us for living. "Harriet Hume" does all this. None so blind that he will not apprehend some hidden meaning. Some will find many. It may be that Miss West would say to us:

"There is in each of us a Harriet Hume and an Arnold Condorex. In the proper combination of the two lies sanity. Either alone leads towards self-destruction, the one by inability to adjust ourselves to the world, the other by losing our integrity by over-much adjustment."

Even if it means none of these things, it is an exquisite composition.

The Modern Indian

For this married daughter's husband I shall send "Laughing Boy" by Oliver La Farge (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), because young husbands, I have observed, somewhat overwhelmed by the responsibilities of marriage and their efforts to succeed financially, usually turn to books that take them away from the people and the life about them. Realism is the last thing they want to meet around the evening light. And Indians always interest those who do not come in contact with them, as breathing romance, the simple life, freedom from cares. Laughing Boy is a modern young Navajo in the Far West who rides a hundred miles to attend a native dance and race his horse afterward; who falls in love with an Indian girl from an agency school, where she has learned the vices of the white while holding to the ideals of the Indian. This book presents the effort of these two to make beauty according to the Indian pattern out of their lives together. Albeit a romantic presentation of characters that never could exist and situations that never could be, "Laughing Boy" does present the Indian code and religion, the Indian ideals and nature, and their contrast to those of the white, and withal it is a vivid, moving, poignant tale.

For Hannah, the daughter at home, there are many books to choose from, for her interest in life as portrayed through literature is, I know, wide, and she would gaze upon its every phase. "Young Man of Manhattan" by Katharine Brush (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.00), is not only the story of a young man but of a young woman, and their difficulties in reaching the kind of understanding on which a permanent marriage can be based. Toby McLean was the best sports reporter on a metropolitan newspaper. Ann Vaughn did the movie stars for the *Chronicle-Press*. They met, fell in love, and married. Ann was thrifty, hard-working, ambitious. She got into magazines. Toby was profligate, drank too much, was lazy but had it in him to write a book, many books.

Hannah would like to know them, for they had gifts, and they lived what seemed a gay and enthralling life there in the world of newspapers, magazines, movies, night clubs, football games, prize fights, and frolics. Next

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FREE BIG CATALOG OF LIVE
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When you plant "Star" Roses you do so with utmost assurance that they will grow and bloom. Every plant is trademarked and *guaranteed* to bloom. Grown by rose specialists, with over 30 years successful rose growing experience. Our 1930 "Star Guide" describes over 200 up-to-date varieties—46 shown in natural colors. If you want dependable roses, send for your copy of "Star Guide to Good Roses" today.
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Seed Specialists give you opportunity for one of the most novel flower and vegetable gardens in your neighborhood. Standard Varieties, give you biggest yields, greatest assortment. Get free catalog. Finest values.
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Wild Flower GARDEN FREE
10¢ Buys 30 ft. Row Sweet Peas; or Window Box Flower Collection; or new Salad Plant; or 75 ft. row New Cosmos. Any 3 25 cents and Wild Flower Garden Free.

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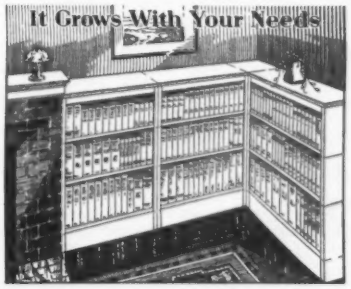

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Books

best, she will like to read of them through Miss Brush's picturesque English with the tang of the newspaper and magazine world in its every sentence. And in spite of the speak-easy cards Toby carried in his pockets, and Ann's philosophy that Toby and she must be free to have dates with other men and women even though married, Hannah will find them just such people, at heart, as her brothers and herself. She will follow eagerly the experiences and complications that cured Ann of her philosophy and Toby of his habits. Indeed, if it were not such a good story, and Miss Brush would not be shocked at such a charge, detached in her viewpoint as she undoubtedly is, I should say it was as much a prohibitionist novel as Irvin S. Cobb's "Red Likker" (Cosmopolitan, $2.50); and if she would not disdain to be so old-fashioned, I would say that its theme was that underneath all their sophistication marriage is the same in New York with the most emancipated youngsters as in the good old days of our grandmothers, demanding the same loyalties and sacrifices. More power to this young writer of twenty-seven who in private life is Mrs. H. Charles Winans! She seems to have survived the era of disillusion with pre-war standards intact.

To balance this story of modern New York I shall send "The Miracle of Peille" by J. L. Campbell (Dutton, $2.50), which tells the story of Thérèse Ursule Corbeille, the little lame girl who lived in the chapel that was all that was left of the great Monastère de Peille, high above the glittering lights of Monte Carlo, whose devotees little dreamed that up there a saint was in the making out of a little shepherd child, daughter of a gypsy stoned to death by her peasant neighbors, and of a passionately vindictive father who suffered for a crime he did not commit. Except for a few years in the widow Tulec's crowded shop, Thérèse lived alone in the deserted chapel, surrounded by the faded pictures of the Virgin and the saints who came to her in dreams and helped her trace with her fingers strange words in a foreign tongue. "Psychic writing," the newspaper men who came for the story called it. But the Abbé Brunoy said they were the specifications of the former monastery. Then Thérèse dreamed a greater dream. She would rebuild that monastery. God had given that as her work to do. How she fulfilled her task is the incredible story made credible by the craftsmanship of this author. But first she healed the sick, found the stigmata on her hands and feet and side, journeyed to New York and back again, going the way of martyrdom. It is a myth, but a marvelously beautiful one, with the ingrained truth that every myth must embody. Hannah, with her broad tolerance, her hold on spiritual values, will wish she, too, might know a Thérèse Ursule.

For the Young Man at Home

For the young son at home, another kind of book. For young men lately through college, who see the demands of life closing on them, turn usually, if I may judge from the books they borrow, a backward glance and resolve to read improvingly before it is too late—a resolution, truth compels me to record, that they seldom keep. Historical novels have a special appeal, for they remind them of the schoolroom studies so lately abhorred and so soon lamented. And it is such an easy way to brush up on the history they find themselves forgetting. So for Robert, William Stearns Davis' "The Whirlwind" (Macmillan, $2.50), being the story of the French Revolution as seen by René de Massac, Deputy to the National Assembly and General of the Republic, because Mr. Davis' history is unimpeachable and his method of instilling it into his readers' minds entirely painless. Added to these two requisites for a good historical writer, his characters have life and meaning. His books would be good reading as novels if the characters were fictitious. And no one surpasses him in giving us the trappings, the background, the psychology of past times. Robert will, I think, welcome his acquaintance, if he has not already made it, for he has written other books of other days as good.

For the son at college, a different book! For college boys today—that is, the reading ones of whom there are all too few—are delving into the inside of souls, especially their own. They suspect themselves, and in their books they seek for confirmation of this suspicion. And so, as I want Samuel to read the book I send, I shall not choose some sweet story of man as he ought to be, but one written by a delver into the inner motive. "This Poor Player" by Shirley Watkins (Macrae-Smith, $2.50) bares to us little by little, with a deftness and a cunning little short of genius, the weakness and the self-deception of Alexander Birney, introduced to us as a student of great promise at work on a serious biography, who died after many years with the book unfinished, still deceiving himself, still cheating, sacrificing, and living off his friends. It is not the book a mother would choose for her son to read, bitter, ruthless, frank, but it is the kind of books college sons are reading and discussing everywhere. And why not? For it is in the key and of the material of the great books they discuss in the literature classes—Russian and French—and done in a masterly way. It has that myth quality of all great literature. It follows modern psychology, which they also study and discuss.

For the College Student

But I would send with it another book, also about a player, "The Man Who Pretended" by W. B. Maxwell (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), begging Samuel to read it, too. For although not so well done as to characters or action, its thesis unfortunately submerging its story, the book treats the theme of self-deception from an antithetic point of view with a psychology equally sound. Oswald Raike thought himself a coward and selfish, but determined to fool the world by acting as if he were courageous and generous. Almost to the end he was unhappy at the thought that it was all a pose, until a friend revealed the truth to him that he had by his acts become what he wished so ardently to be. A new way to combat a complex!

For Eleanor, the daughter away at school, I shall include a romantic story, "Eagles Fly High" by E. B. Dewing (Stokes, $2.00), a sad story—girls enjoy a good cry—of a girl who in spirit was the eagle flying above the sordid and the mean in life, a modern Cinderella with a soul that placed gratitude above life.

For the vivacious sister-in-law, Mrs. Lawton, a book packed full of observation, incident, and opinion, "The Story of San Michele" by Axel Munthe (Dutton, $3.50), a young Swedish doctor who started his professional life in Paris under Charcot and Mesmer, was at Naples during the epidemic of cholera and at Messina during the earthquake, who developed a practise in Rome among the fashionable expatriates, who with his own hands built a villa in Capri out of the antiquarian remains of Roman and Greek temples and houses. Perhaps the truth about a doctor's work and ethics has never before been so frankly revealed. Certainly never before with such wisdom, such humor and irony, such realism, such raciness, and withal such art. For it is great writing. No wonder Henry James advised him to write a book about the island home which he called the most beautiful place in the world. But although, like the author, we bless him for the advice, even he could not have known that there would intrude upon that story a young man who could exquisitely chisel the fragments of his life.

And last of all there must be a book for Mrs. Richardson the "grandmother," whether by courtesy or marriage I did not learn, for in a home like the Cokers' relationships are not

Books

labeled; they are lived. Mrs. Richardson is of the perennially young, and her sheltered Virginia life I know must have been very different from Grandmother Brown's farm life among the pioneers. But Grandmother Brown's hundred years (1827-1927) must include some of Mrs. Richardson's, and so she will find pleasure, I hope, in covering them in "Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years" by Harriet Connor Brown (Atlantic Monthly Press; Little, Brown, $3.00), which won the $5,000 *Atlantic* prize as the most interesting biography out of the six hundred submitted. Taken down from her own lips as she answered the questions of her youngest daughter-in-law, the book takes the form of dialogue and thus reports her own homely phrasing as well as her own humor, courage, and pathos. It is an intimate and personal story, and yet it reveals the history of a century. Whatever the various members of the Coker family think about their own books, this one will, I prophesy, be read by each in turn and thus may fitly end my list of books for a whole family.

For advice on books, write Mrs. Blair, Joplin, Missouri. She will be glad to give you the benefit of her knowledge. Always enclose a stamped addressed envelope for her reply.

Don't Let Your House Rot Down

(*Continued from page 38*)

dried crumbles into a dry powder. But this fungus requires a certain amount of water, just as do other fungi, and what is more important, it has the power to develop water-conducting tissues which enable it to conduct water from the ground or other source to dry wood a considerable distance off—sometimes to the second floor.

The writer receives many inquiries concerning the prevention of, or for a remedy for decay in, houses only a few years old. Recently he viewed personally some bad cases of decay, the repairs costing the owners from $300 to over $1000. In every case there was no excuse. Either the top of the foundation was not high enough off the earth; no ventilation was provided; an addition was built with its base set directly upon the ground; water entered through cracks in stucco from leaky down spouts or from lawn sprinklers, or refuse wood and heaps of earth were left to form contacts between earth and the wooden sills and studs. It would pay owners of buildings to inspect the area under their structures for poor drainage, for decaying refuse, for radiator or water-pipe leaks, and for the early stages of decay, and to remedy any unfavorable conditions at once.

Wood is a splendid building material; it is not only economical, warm, beautiful, easy to fabricate and alter, and susceptible to pleasing architectural treatment, but it is also enduring. There is no reason why, with ordinary care in construction and maintenance, a wood house should not last several centuries, or much longer than the average American house is really wanted. Many of our Colonial houses are much over two hundred years old and are still sound. But one should not expect maximum service from wood if it is not kept dry, any more than one can expect long service from a steel bridge that is not painted.

It would be desirable, of course, to use only such woods as have a high natural durability, but as a rule these are not suitable for the structural members of a building, nor are they within the price limitations of the builder. Such woods are really not necessary except for the sills and shingles, and possibly the window frames. In fact, even sap wood, which is very perishable in all species of woods when placed in contact with the ground, will give good service on exteriors if it is kept dry by painting and by correct design and construction, to prevent the retention of rain water in joints.

Preventive measures I should recommend include the following: the wood used should be inspected for soundness and dryness; the top of the foundation should be 6 inches or more (preferably much more) above the ground surface; the sills should be of treated wood or a naturally durable wood free from sapwood,—such as heart redwood, cedar, or cypress; there should be an ample number of ventilators; if the ground is continually wet, it should be dried by means of tile drains; when the building is completed, an inspection should be made of the portion below the main floor to see that no refuse wood is left on the bare ground, that no sticks or temporary construction boards extend from the ground to studs or joists, and that no earth is heaped up against the foundation and wood. Leaky pipes should be repaired, and no earth should be heaped against the outside walls higher than the foundation. Frequent inspection should be made to see that the sanitary conditions recommended are maintained.

If decay has already appeared, a thorough survey should be made at once, followed by repairs. Since the presence of decay indicates the presence of moisture, endeavor to locate its source before disturbing much of the rotted portions; continue this search as the rotted wood is removed; tear out all wood well beyond the clearly decayed portions; burn the rotten wood; make repairs with sound wood, and *above all remove or correct the source of moisture.* If the decay has not yet become serious and where the source of moisture is clearly located, the further spread of the rot can be checked, usually by nothing more than the elimination of the source of the moisture. In unfavorable situations, such that are difficult to keep dry, it is desirable to spray thoroughly all the wood surfaces exposed in the repair work, as well as the new wood to be used for replacement, and to give the ground below a similar treatment. The best material to use is coal tar creosote, but since its odor is objectionable for some time, a 5 percent solution of zinc chloride may be used.

Spring Fabrics from Paris

(*Continued from page 69*)

lavender, and all the pastel shades for spring and summer. There is one shade of pink, called azalea, and one shade of blue, called angel, which, with white, will be summer's smartest colors.

These five fabric houses represent the most important designers in Paris, with Rodier and Meyer making the woolens, Ducharne, Bianchini, and Coudurier-Fructus, Descher, nearly all the silks. And it is the silks and woolens from these houses that are used by a large number of the French designers of clothes. They seem to go hand in hand, and in illustration of this fact, you will see models designed by Patou, Chantal, Paray, Lelong, Rouff and Lanvin, which we have chosen with special fabrics suggested for them, on pages 68 and 69. For it is a well-known fashion fact—but one that can not be overemphasized or mentioned too often—that individual dresses or coats just naturally suggest certain fabrics. (*Continued on page 304*)

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Vanilla Junket with whipped cream and a strawberry

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MILK in a glass. That's not new or exciting. But milk as junket is a thrilling experience. Children think ice-cold junket tastes as "good as ice cream." It's pretty, it tastes good, and is actually more healthful for small stomachs, because:

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*ENZYME—the active principle provided by Nature in Junket which makes milk more easily digested and healthful.

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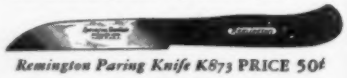

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Undulant Fever

(Continued from page 94)

The other general area is in the southeastern part of the United States, extending from the Atlantic Coast to the Mississippi.

Hence it was soon realized that to apply a geographical name to the disease would be misleading, since its distribution is practically world-wide. So a new name was coined—undulant fever—because of the undulating type of the fever curve when the temperature is taken several times a day and recorded on a chart.

An accidental but important discovery was made by Miss Alice Evans, in the Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, while she was studying the microbes found in routine specimens of milk submitted to the laboratory.

At that time, in 1918, contagious abortion—a disease of cattle that causes the cow to lose its calf prematurely—was at its height. It made thousands of cows unproductive and caused great financial loss to the dairy industry. The cause was known; for in 1897 Bang, a Danish scientist, proved "a small bacillus" to be responsible. He called it the *Bacillus abortus*.

A Trio of Germs

Miss Evans discovered that the *Micrococcus melitensis* of Bruce and the *Bacillus abortus* of Bang can hardly be told apart from their growth on culture media or their appearance under the microscope. But, because Bruce had named his microbe a *coccus*—or dot-shaped organism—and Bang had called his a *bacillus*—of tiny rod—their close relationship had never before been suspected.

The two germs are as like as twin brothers. Bacteriologists now classify them in the same group. But, just as one twin brother may be a crook and the other a respectable citizen, the goat microbe is highly dangerous, while the cow germ under ordinary circumstances is relatively harmless to man.

To complicate the situation, a third brother has turned up. It is the bacillus of swine abortion, which Dr. Theobald Smith—the great authority at the Rockefeller Foundation for Medical Research—has proved to be the most deadly of all and believes to be the probable cause of the majority of those cases of undulant fever that are not due to infection with goats' milk. This pig bacillus was discovered in 1914 by Good and Smith; but, like the cow microbe, it was not believed to have any importance with respect to man until after Miss Evans had proved the relationship between the Bruce and the Bang germs.

As Miss Evans predicted, cases of undulant fever not due to goats' milk finally appeared. They probably existed before but were not recognized.

The first case of a type of undulant fever due to the cow germ was reported in 1924 by Dr. Keefer in Baltimore; but it can not be proved to be due to raw milk, because so many cases occur as a result of direct contact with infected cattle.

In 1925 two other cases of undulant fever were observed. The probable source of infection in each case was handling hog carcasses in the slaughter-house. Many similar cases have been found in France among men employed in abattoirs.

It is highly significant that among eight thousand employees in packing houses in Iowa there were twenty-three cases of undulant fever up to June 1, 1929, more than 10 percent of the entire number; and that the disease occurred more than thirty times as frequently in such employees as in the general population.

In the rural districts of Iowa, there were almost three times as many cases in proportion to the population as in the cities. Of 198 cases studied in this state, 134 of the patients had had direct contact with livestock or the carcasses.

No wonder so many students of the problem contend that it is not so much the drinking of raw milk as contact with live stock that creates the danger of contracting undulant fever.

Undulant Fever

"It is true that an increasing number of cases are being reported in which the patients had had no direct contact with animals but used raw dairy products from infected cows," said Dr. A. V. Hardy at the meeting of the American Medical Association in Portland, Ore., in July, 1929. "All the facts, however, can not be satisfactorily explained on the assumption that the infections are transmitted from infected cattle only through the use of raw dairy products. Moreover, when hogs are concerned another mode of transmission must be considered . . . Contact with infected stock must frequently result in contamination of the hands, and this followed by direct entrance of the organisms through the skin has not, I believe, been given due consideration in the study of the transmission of this disease."

This statement represents the scientific viewpoint of today with regard to the cause of cases of undulant fever not due to infected goats' milk.

This Infection Is Under Control

Lest one get the impression that nothing is being done to control abortus infection in cows, mention should be made of some of the steps that are being taken to eliminate this disease of cattle. Already, by testing the herds, dairymen in many sections of the country have segregated the infected cows and kept the others free from infection. A rapid method of detecting the disease in cows, by which a herd of eighty animals can be tested in six hours, is now being widely employed. It will make segregation a simple matter.

The United States Department of Agriculture received an annual appropriation of $93,500 for the study of abortus infection, and their work is well under way. Various states have undertaken important campaigns.

Iowa is working briskly to clean up all cattle infections. A law forbids the bringing of infected cattle into the state. Pennsylvania has a cooperative plan, which is proving effective. In California, where contagious abortion was once rife, the certified herds are now one hundred percent free.

I have been asked, "Why not pasteurize certified milk to make it absolutely safe?"

The answer is that certified milk is guaranteed to have so low a germ count—the milk commission will not permit its sale if it exceeds the specified limit—that pasteurization would be superfluous.

Babies show a marked preference for unpasteurized milk. Pasteurization changes the taste. The curd becomes less digestible, the vitamins are reduced, and the form of the albumin is altered. It is well known that rickets is more common in babies fed on pasteurized than on certified milk. Also, many babies who can not gain on pasteurized milk begin to thrive as soon as they are changed to raw, natural milk.

Recognizing the importance of unpasteurized but scrupulously clean milk for infants and invalids, the Department of Health of New York City recently issued the following bulletin:

"While the Department of Health has no intention of altering its policy with regard to pasteurization, physicians may rest assured that it likewise does not contemplate or look with favor upon any administration of milk control in any community which eliminates the privilege of securing a safe, high-grade, raw milk for those whose lives depend upon it."

Since certified milk has not been proved to cause a single case of undulant fever in a child, there is no reason why we should allow a microbic bugaboo to frighten us into discarding it.

Physicians insist that the best milk obtainable is none too good for a baby. That is why they have set apart natural, pure, clean milk—obtained, transported, and tested under direct supervision of a medical milk commission—as the standard food for infants.

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★ *None Such Cookies*

1 cup butter or other shortening; 1 1-2 cups sugar; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 1-2 tablespoons hot water; 3 1-4cups flour; 1-2 teaspoon salt; 1 package None Such Mince Meat which has been broken up into very small pieces. Cup chopped walnut meats may be added if desired.

Method.--Cream butter; add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Add soda dissolved in hot water, and 1-2 of flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Then add nut meats and None Such and the remainder of flour. Drop by spoonfuls an inch or two apart on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven 350° until golden brown. Remove from oven when still soft and cover before entirely cool.

NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

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The Fool of the Family

(*Continued from page 31*)

"For you," continued Heinrich rather sternly, "there should be no thought but work for many years. Tell me—this career of yours —you take it seriously?"

Caryl tried to remember how seriously he had taken it a week ago. He thought of his little hoard in the post-office savings-bank, that hoard which had been so ruthlessly depleted to buy flowers and ices for Fenella. He thought of all the sums which he used to do in his head as he pounded the cinema piano, of his struggles, his disappointments, his plans. Heavily, dejectedly, he jerked his mind back to these things. They were all that he had left.

"Very seriously," he said.

"As I have said, I think that I can help you. I have friends here. I should wish you to play to them. For my sake they will interest themselves in you, if you will play as you did that night in the cinema. Tonight I shall take you to a party at the house of my so dear friend, Madame Giulietta Rovere. You shall play."

IN SPITE of his despondency Caryl could not help feeling some excitement when he heard this. For he knew that few people were so privileged. Madame Rovere was invisible to the multitude. She was old, and miserably poor, and half-paralyzed. Many years had passed since she had left the stage. But a glory still lingered about her name. The legend of her beauty, her misfortunes, and her golden voice lived on.

"I should be glad to go," said Caryl gratefully. "It's very kind of you."

"I think your father knew her a little. But that was very long ago. You would not remember. And you are fortunate that you never saw her act. For those of us who did see her, when she was young, when she was beautiful, there can be no acting again. The theatre, for us, has died with her."

"I don't suppose she was half as beautiful as Fenella," thought Caryl.

And he waited for Heinrich to tell him how she had looked in Rome, at her début as *Camille*. Heinrich told him.

"But now she is old—old and ill, our poor, beautiful Rovere. Very poor, too. But she will still see her friends. I have spoken to her of you. I said: 'There is a son of your old friend Sanger in this town. I will bring him to play to you.' She laughed, the old woman. She is still so ready to laugh. 'What?' she said. 'Only one son of Sanger in so large a town as this?' "

Heinrich chuckled, but Caryl's eye had wandered. His mind was moving very quickly. Only one son of Sanger—"Have you a brother in Venice?"—The man on the fruit-barge—Sebastian—a musician called Sanger—Gemma—Sebastian!

He leaped to his feet, shouting, "Sanger!"

Heinrich stopped chuckling and blinked at him.

"But what have you?"

"I—I—I see it all," stammered Caryl. "It was my brother. It was Sebastian. The man on the barge. She was talking about Sebastian."

"Who?"

"Gemma. I saw him on that fruit-barge that nearly ran into us that night when you brought me back from the Lido."

"You saw your brother?"

"I thought it might be, at the time. And then I forgot. But it must have been. Oh, why didn't I think of that before? I must find him. I must go to the fruit-market. They said he lives near the fruit-market."

"Then it is he that Gemma—"

"It must be. It's just like him. I must go at once and find him. I must get to the bottom of this business. Herr Heinrich, will you excuse me?"

"But certainly, my friend. I also am curious to know more of this brother. But you will come tonight? And you will play? Good. You shall come to this hotel at half-past eight, and I will take you."

Caryl thanked him a little absently and set off helter-skelter for the fruit-market. He did not quite run this time, but he walked as quickly as he could, and as he went along he kept muttering to himself:

"I knew it was Sebastian. I knew it. And I knew he'd manage to upset my apple-cart somehow."

For Caryl's family, whenever they chanced to come across him, always managed to upset his apple-cart. Quite amiably, quite unintentionally, they upset it. They could not help doing so. Their habits, their morals, their whole mode of life was so very different from his that he could not venture into their latitudes without running grave risk of shipwreck. For he was patient and plodding, while they were meteoric. He instinctively obeyed laws: they instinctively defied them. They rode the breakers of life like surf-riders, trusting in the frail craft of their wits and their impudence, while he, good honest seaman, foundered with all his too solid equipment. And yet he loved them dearly. Some fatal attraction always drew him back to their dangerous orbit. He admired them extravagantly for those gifts which had been denied to himself, and in his lonely, forlorn existence since the death of his father he had come to remember their family life together as an excellent thing, though at the time he had not found it so.

Most of all he admired this brother Sebastian. That score which he had seen in the café at Milan had been so tantalizing. Caryl had longed that their father might see it and at the same time had thanked his stars that such a thing was not possible. For by Sanger standards it was a piece of profanity. Sebastian would have none of his father's music; his comments on it shocked and fascinated Caryl, who was a dutiful son. A bolt from heaven would have been the proper answer to them. And yet—a queer conviction remained that Sanger would have been pleased with that score.

"I wonder if it's finished now," thought Caryl, as he pushed his way through the crowds on the Rialto. "I'd give anything to see the whole of it."

And the idea of seeing the whole if it filled him with excitement, so that he forgot to worry about Gemma, and even Fenella became for the moment a less poignant memory.

HIS search was a short one. Somebody very like his brother was sitting upon the step of a fountain, eating a slice of melon. At first he could scarcely believe his eyes, and he stood a few yards away, gaping until Sebastian looked up.

"Hullo!" said Sebastian. He always behaved as though these encounters were the most commonplace things.

"Have a slice of melon?"

He held out a piece and made a place for Caryl beside him on the steps. But Caryl would not sit down, because the step was dusty, and he had on his best black trousers worn that morning in honor of his betrothal to Fenella.

"I've been looking for you," he exclaimed. "Do you know a girl called Gemma?"

"Umhum," said Sebastian. "She's my girl."

"I know."

"Then why did you ask?"

"I wish you'd keep her out of other people's houses. That's all."

"You mean yesterday?" Sebastian laughed. "But were you there?"

"No, I wasn't. But I heard about it. They were my friends."

"An awkward moment," commented Sebastian. "She thought they were going to put her in choky. And so they would, if they hadn't been half-wits. But suddenly they weakened and let her go."

"Yes. And I'll tell you why. She told them

The Fool of the Family

she was living with a musician called Sanger, and they thought it was me."

"Well?"

"Well, it wasn't me."

"Why didn't you tell them so?"

"I hadn't the chance. They went away this morning. I only heard about it after they'd gone, from Heinrich, who was there, too. Otto Heinrich."

"Oho! Gemma said there was an Austrian there who seemed to have got up a little sooner than the rest of them. You mean to say that was Heinrich?"

"Yes. I've explained to him. But I can't explain to the others. I don't know what to do."

"Does it matter very much?"

"Yes, it does. There—there's a girl there—she didn't see Gemma; she was out with me, but—"

"Oh, I see. Your girl."

Caryl hastily explained that Fenella was not, in Sebastian's parlance, his girl. But he was going to marry her.

"She's—she's a lady, you see. Not like Gemma."

"Gemma's a lady," stated Sebastian. "She was brought up in a rectory in Rutland."

"I know. But Fenella's been very carefully looked after, and all that sort of thing. I mean, she wouldn't put up with the idea of Gemma at all."

Sebastian began to understand what had happened, and had the grace to show a little concern. "I'm sorry," he exclaimed. "Very sorry indeed! Really, I am. But surely you could write to this Fenella of yours and explain how it is."

"I don't know where she's gone. I could write to the Palazzo Neroni, I suppose, and they'd forward it. But even then— It isn't so much her, I fancy, as the parents. They mightn't believe me."

"Well, then, I'll write, too. And Gemma shall write. That ought to convince them. Come back to my place now and see her. I'm sure she'll be sorry when she knows what's happened. We'll all write."

"You live near here?"

"Umhum. You got any money?"

"A little," said Caryl guardedly. "Why?"

"Because I haven't got any. We'll buy some food on the way back, and then you can have lunch with us. I don't think there is anything at home except some onions."

CARYL meekly allowed himself to be taken over to a shop where they bought eggs, cheese, a sausage, a bottle of wine, and a loaf. But he rebelled when he discovered that he was expected to carry all these things.

"You can take the eggs," he said firmly.

"No," said Sebastian. "I'll take the cheese."

And as they went along he kept paring off little bits and chewing them, so that the cheese soon got very small indeed.

"That thing you showed me in Milan—" began Caryl.

"Milan?"

"You remember? We met in Milan."

"Did we? I thought it was Prague."

"Don't you remember? You showed me part of the score of an opera."

"Oh, that! That's finished. I'm writing quartettes now. I'll show you."

"What are you doing in Venice?"

"I've told you. I'm writing quartettes."

"No, but what are you doing for a living?"

"Oh, I sometimes punt barges for the people in the fruit-market."

Sebastian never seemed to do much for a living, and yet he remained alive. He did not starve, as Caryl would have starved if he had left off supporting himself.

"Then you've got no regular work here?"

"Oh, yes," said Sebastian importantly. "I'm here for political reasons."

"Political?"

"That's why I go to the fruit-market. I talk to people and drop hints. One never knows: it may do some good. Propaganda, you know. I'm just doing it on my own; I'm not working for anybody at present."

"What sort of propaganda?"

"Anti-Fascist," stated Sebastian loudly.

Caryl very nearly dropped the eggs. It seemed to him that everybody in the crowded street must have heard, and that in the imminent lynching he would never be able to explain his innocence.

He began to walk so far behind that it was impossible for Sebastian to say any more. Sebastian went on nibbling cheese, and every now and then he turned round to shout some maliciously explosive remark at his terrified brother.

At last he plunged under an archway into a little court surrounded by shabby houses. To the group of knitting, chattering women who stood round the fountain in the middle of it, he called out,

"Gemma!"

She detached herself and lounged toward them, still knitting rapidly, her baby balanced in a ragged, black shawl on her hip. But when she caught sight of Caryl her sulky face warmed into liveliness. She gave him a swift look, at once impudent and inviting, and hitched her baby a little higher in its shawl.

"My brother," introduced Sebastian.

"He's not!" exclaimed Gemma, looking derisively at Caryl's best black trousers.

"Yes. He's Caryl. I've told you about him."

"I know. The fool of the family."

"Be quiet!"

Sebastian's anger leaped out suddenly at her, like a sword from its sheath.

She cowered instantly. "I'm very sorry," she said falteringly to Caryl.

She was all repentance and timidity. Her head hung down, her soft mouth quivered, and genuine tears came into her eyes. The baby on her hip set up a sympathetic whimper.

"That's all right," said Caryl hastily.

SEBASTIAN, sheathing his anger, told her that he had brought back something to eat. And he pointed to Caryl's parcels.

"I don't want any," she said.

"Well, we do. I'll take him up."

He took Caryl into one of the houses and up several flights of stairs. Gemma, her little exhibition of remorse completed, came after them. Catching up with Caryl, she asked in a whisper if he had bought them this lunch. When he nodded, she seized his hand and gave it a little squeeze, murmuring:

"Thank you, *kind* Caryl. I was so hungry."

They came into a large, bright room on the top floor. It looked away from the courtyard, out over roofs to the strip of water between Venice and the Giudecca. The sun and the fresh air made it very pleasant. To Caryl's surprise it was both clean and orderly. The clothes of Sebastian and Gemma, such as they were, hung neatly from a row of nails on the wall, the coverlet on the bed was smooth, and there was even a handful of marigolds in a copper pot on the bare wooden table. But then Sebastian had always been curiously tidy. His music, which lay on the table, was neatly stacked up and not flung among pools of ink on the floor, as Sanger's music used to be flung.

Gemma put her baby into a soap-box cradle and threw a handful of sticks into the stove, declaring that she would make an omelette. All the time, while Caryl was looking at Sebastian's music, she went about her cooking quietly, giving them meek, womanly glances out of the corners of her eyes. The omelette, when she brought it, was perfect, and so was the coffee. Caryl, who seldom fared as well, broke out into praises of her cooking.

"Yes," agreed Sebastian indulgently. "She's a good girl."

Of this Caryl was not quite so sure. The more he saw of Gemma, the less he liked the thought of his entanglement. He did not

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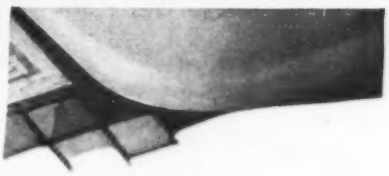

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The Fool of the Family

wonder that the McCleans had snatched Fenella away.

"About this business yesterday—" he began, when they had finished their meal.

"Oh, yes," cried Sebastian. "I forgot. Listen, Gemma. Who do you think that old Austrian was, at the Palazzo Neroni yesterday? It was Heinrich! The conductor, Heinrich."

Caryl had some difficulty in getting them away from Heinrich. But at last he managed to make Gemma listen to a recital of his own embarrassments. She received it with most unseemly merriment.

"I don't see anything funny about it," said Caryl huffily.

"You mustn't laugh," Sebastian told her. "He's fond of this girl."

But Gemma insisted that this girl was no sort of person to be fond of. Only an awful girl could have parents like that.

"I think you're a perfectly disgusting girl," said Caryl. "And what Sebastian wants you around for I don't know. I'm going."

Sebastian interrupted. "You haven't finished looking at my things yet. You'll like this last one I've done. Gemma, you go out. We don't want you."

"I won't look at your things," said Caryl violently. "You think you're the only person in the world. You calmly mess up my affairs, you get me into trouble with my friends, you spend all my money without saying thank-you, and then you expect me to take an interest in your disgusting quartettes. I'm going."

Sebastian raised his eyebrows. "All right," he said. "Go, if you want to. But come back when you're calmer. Come back this evening. You really want to see these things very much, you know."

Caryl did. But he could not come back that evening because of his engagement with Heinrich. He explained, a little triumphantly, that he was going to play at the Casa Rovere. And for once he succeeded in startling his brother.

"You! At Madame Rovere's!" exclaimed Sebastian with most unflattering surprise. "But do you know her?"

Caryl exclaimed about Heinrich and how the old man had kindly promised to help him.

"What for?" demanded Sebastian.

"I—I suppose because he is an old friend of our father's."

Sebastian thought it over and said that it was very odd. And he added, after further thought, that perhaps he would come, too.

"What?" asked Caryl in dismay.

"I've always wanted to see what the Rovere looked like. And they might like to hear some of my things at the party. I could play to them, too."

"But—but—you've not been asked."

"I dare say they'd have asked me if they knew I was here. After all, I'm Sanger's son just as much as you are. And I need helping just as much."

Caryl grew cold with consternation. He did not think it would be at all a good thing if Sebastian came to the party. Seeking desperately for an argument, he pointed out that Sebastian had no dress-suit. It was the only thing he could think of.

"Yes, I have," said Sebastian. "I can borrow one from the man on the floor below. He's a waiter out of a job."

"I won't have you saying I brought you."

"I shan't. I shall just come to the house and ask for Heinrich."

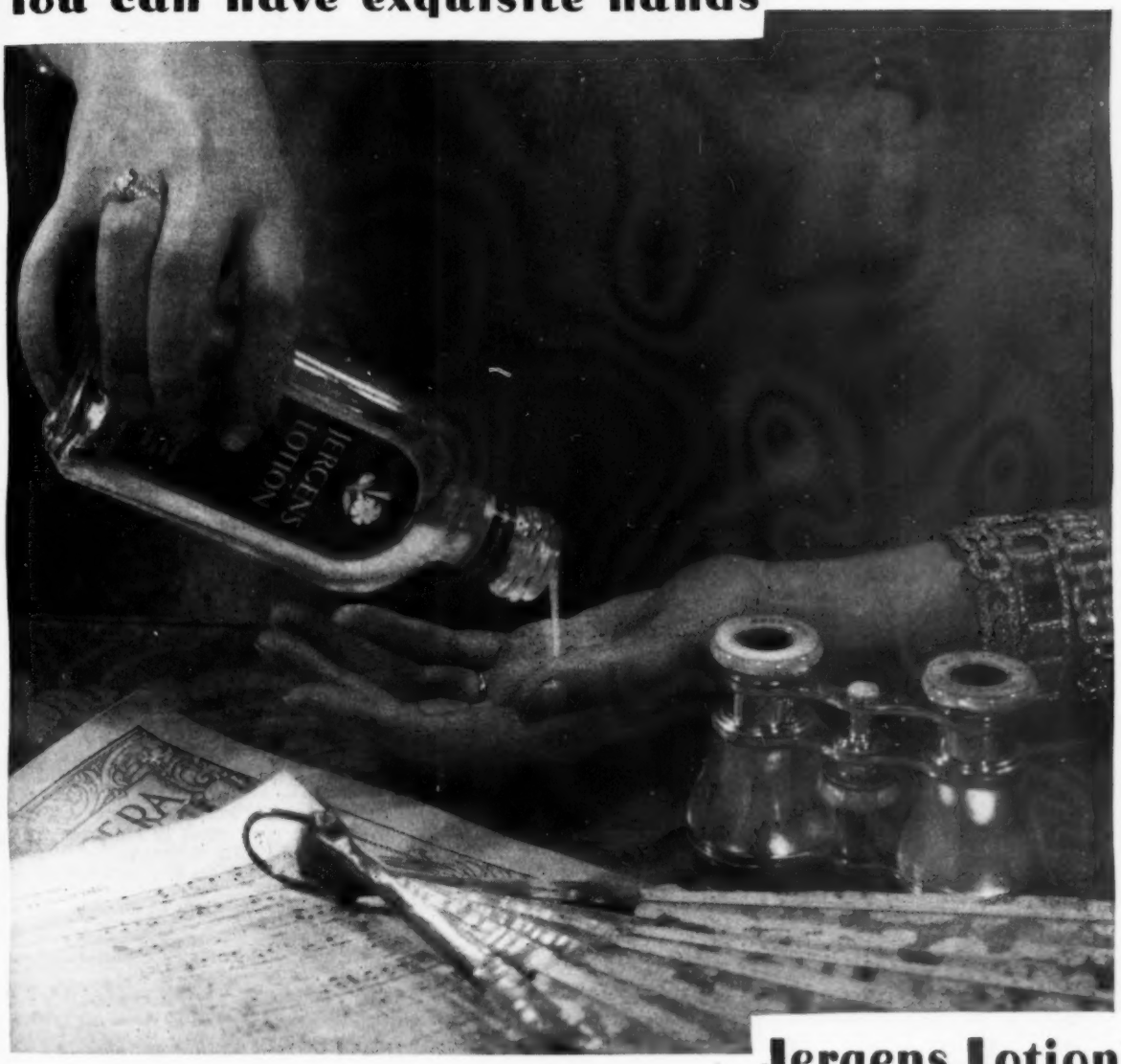
"They won't let you in," suggested Caryl hopefully.

"We'll see," said Sebastian.

CHAPTER VIII

GOING into La Rovere's house was rather like the first scene in a play. An intrinsic aroma of the theater hung about the dark Canal and the high garden walls and the creepers that looked so like property creepers. A small door led into a dim, ruined courtyard full

You can have exquisite hands



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The Fool of the Family

of ilex, cypress, and rose hedges run wild. They shut in the crumbling house, casting an eternal shade most fitting for the vanished glories of its mistress.

She lived always in one room, a vast, chilly *salon* looking out upon a terrace and a fountain that never played. Everything in it was old, and broken, and dusty, and everything had once been magnificent. The tarnished gilding, the moth-eaten tapestries, the stained brocades were all relics of the past, of the days when La Rovere had herself been magnificent. Now she sat, like an old spider in the midst of her dusty web, very close to the stove, as though trying to keep some warmth in her useless body—a mummy swathed in ragged, priceless shawls, tabs and ends of dirty lace, with here and there the gleam of incredible sham jewelry. Only the eyes remained alive, enormous, flashing, stored with all the power of greatness. They looked out, undefeated, over her ruined domain, and when she spoke the faded room heard once more that voice at which kings had wept.

Her parties were dim and magical, as though each guest, as he stepped through the little door in the wall, became a ghost and stepped back into the past. The enchantment of bygone days had brought them there, and the urgency of the present waned as they sat among the dust and listened to La Rovere speaking.

Caryl felt at once, as he edged his way in after Heinrich, that it would be difficult to play well in this room, to these people. Anything done there would always be compared at once to something else which had been done much better sixty years ago. He looked about for the piano and saw that it was most uncomfortably placed in an angle of the room hidden from the stove. It would be impossible to shift the center of interest round such a corner. He might hammer away for hours without making the least impression on the little circle round La Rovere. His heart sank, and he decided that he would not, in any case, try the modern music which he had practised. He would play a Haydn Sonata.

The old lady was kind to him. She gave him her little claw of a hand and bathed him in her wonderful, starry regard while she said simply,

"Your father loved me."

Caryl made his bow and blushed, for it was the first he had heard of it.

She raised the claw warningly. "I remember—" she began.

THE circle drew in closer, while La Rovere remembered. Caryl, dismissed, took himself to a corner. He left off wondering what he ought to play. It did not matter. He was content to listen. Nobody could help listening while La Rovere spoke, whatever she might say. She might speak of her triumphs, her misfortunes, or the salad she had for lunch that day. It was all the same. It was music. It was magic. Caryl quite forgot why he had come. But La Rovere, for all her self-absorption, had not forgotten. And suddenly, after one of the little pauses which punctuated her memories, she turned to look for him. The claw beckoned.

"You will play for us? Yes?"

He stood up, and the circle stirred reluctantly. They did not want to hear any one play. He realized that nobody would help him to get over to the piano, and he hesitated, half wondering whether he ought not to evade the whole thing. Even Heinrich, who had brought him there to play, did not look encouraging. He did not know what he ought to do. And as he wavered, the door opened and Sebastian walked coolly into the room.

Sebastian's dress-suit, though borrowed, fitted much better than did Caryl's. And Sebastian's way of getting into a room was infinitely more successful. He did not slink in at the heels of an introducer. He simply made an entrance, with an air of such pleasant

gravity, such composure, that nobody could have guessed that he had not been invited. Without pausing to stare, he took in the whole circle instantly and advanced at once to make his bow to La Rovere. Everybody surveyed him with a quickened interest.

"But who are you, then?" she demanded.

"Sebastian Sanger, madame. Permit me to kiss your hand."

He kissed her hand.

"Aha! Another!" The old eyes fairly blazed. "Young man, your father loved me."

"He died," agreed Sebastian gravely, "with your name upon his lips, madame."

Caryl gave a start of surprise, for this also was news to him. But La Rovere was not in the least surprised.

"*Si! Si!* They have told me that," she nodded.

She looked Sebastian up and down with approval. In that room, he seemed to be astonishingly young. The mists of antiquity had not dimmed him. His energy, his vitality, shone out with a life of their own, as though some one had carried a lamp into a dark place. He broke the spell of the past.

"Your father," said La Rovere, "has written a song for me. You know it? *'Ecco! un' altra Stella!'*—Behold, another star shines where one fell . . . Giulietta . . ."

Sebastian, who had fallen into a moment's confusion, hastened to say that he knew it. Indeed he could not have helped knowing it, for it was the worst, and the most popular song that Sanger had ever written.

". . . *Tra le stelle* . . ." hummed La Rovere, in a voice that held all the spaces of the starry firmament, so that the very words became intolerably significant. "You shall play it for us. Yes? You play, Signor Sebastiano?"

"But certainly I play."

"Then you shall play this song—for me. And if you can sing, you shall sing it. *'Ecco! Un' altra stella!'* I shall forget that I am old. . . . Over there you will find a piano. Go!"

SEBASTIAN went at once and played it, making the most of the turgid passion which was its only merit. It was bad, with a colossal badness such as only Sanger could have achieved. For Sanger, in his less austere moods, could write worse than any of his contemporaries. Intended for a virtuoso baritone, it was a good deal beyond the compass of Sebastian's pleasant little voice, but he managed not to make it sound ridiculous. The echoes which came round the corner to La Rovere, as she sat beating time complacently with one claw, were faint but impressive. They sounded like the sketch of something magnificent. Caryl, who stood by the piano and saw Sebastian's grimaces, was the only person not moved.

"I don't know how you can!" he whispered, as Sebastian tossed off the rolling chords between the stanzas.

"Gives the poor old thing some amusement," replied Sebastian. And he broke into another diminutive bellow, "GIULIETTA!"

At the end loud applause came round the corner, and the voice of La Rovere was heard, begging Sebastian to continue. He played another, better, specimen of Sanger's work, and several of the circle came and joined Caryl beside the piano. They were interested, pleased. They were ready to listen to Sebastian.

And then, when Sebastian had made quite sure of his audience, he left off playing Sanger. He gave them instead something new, strange. It was smooth and gay and oddly formal, so that it wooed its hearers into accepting strange dissonances which, being old, they ought to have resented. It gave them all the shock of a new pleasure, that shock which becomes so rare and so treasured as we advance through life.

"But what is it?" whispered Heinrich to Caryl. "I have not heard this before. What does he play?"

"If a garment will stand plain water alone you can wash it with absolute safety in LUX. If it won't wash in LUX, it won't wash at all."
LUX
For all fine laundering

"Why that's the strongest statement ever made about a soap."

"Yet it's absolutely true!"

In using advertisements see page 6

Mother—*"I'm glad I didn't have to upset her stomach."*
Child—*"Oh, Mother, my cold feels better already."*

Doctors endorse this

METHOD OF RELIEVING

COUGHS-COLDS!

DON'T put up with stuffy colds and coughs! Here's a way to relieve this winter's ills. Just an old-fashioned way *modernized*—an absolutely safe way doctors everywhere endorse.

It's the quick, effective, pleasant Sterno Vaporizer. Simply set it at side of bed or chair. Ignite the quick-heating fuel, and in a few short minutes inhale soothing, healing vapors that, just like magic, loosen and break up coughs and colds. Whole families use Sterno Vaporizer. Mothers gather children round it to play while losing coughs and colds.

Sterno Vaporizer wastes no time. Its vapors penetrate instantly to the seat of infection . . . soothing, healing, dislodging congestions. And so gently *safe!* That's why doctors praise Sterno Vaporizer so highly. A New York physician says: "I congratulate you! It is a pleasure to recommend it."

Sterno Vaporizer is always ready for instant use. And so simple. No complicated parts, no glass to crack or break. No gas, electricity, or dangerous liquid fuel. The famous Sterno Canned Fuel heats very quickly—and it's *safe!* (Burns solid. On sale everywhere, in two sizes).

Your doctor or druggist gladly recommends a medicated vapor preparation. Get Sterno Vaporizer TODAY for the cold you have or the cold you feel coming on! At all druggists and department stores or mailed prepaid complete for only $1.50 (Canada $2.00). Send coupon for free booklet! Sterno Corporation (Established 1887), 9-11 East 37th Street, New York City.

STERNO
Vaporizer
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Approved by Throat and Nose Specialists

For use with Sterno Canned Heat — $1.50

GH-2

Sterno Corporation,
9-11 East 37th Street, N. Y. C. (Canada, $2.00)

☐ Send me free leaflet telling what physicians and hospitals say about the Sterno Vaporizer.

☐ Enclosed find $1.50 (Canada $2.00), for which send me complete Sterno Vaporizer including Sterno stove, blue-enameled Vaporizer and Sterno Canned Heat.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

The Fool of the Family

And Caryl with a heavy sigh replied, "I think it's his."

"His? But—"

Heinrich went and joined the group at the piano. The two friends whom he had wished to hear Caryl play were already there. Everybody was there. Caryl looked at their faces in the lamplight, so intent above Sebastian's fair young head. And he went back into the other room. He knew that he had lost his chance. Nobody would listen to him now.

He found his hostess sitting by the fire, almost as solitary as he was himself. The blazing eyes were closed; she was dozing for a moment like some queer bird on a bough. But at the sound of his footsteps they opened again and pierced him with a look.

"What then?" she asked.

"Madame," he bowed over her hand, "I must go. You have been very kind to me. I must thank you for allowing me to come here."

"How? You are going away?"

He nodded. For to stay any longer would be more than he could bear. He did not grudge this success to Sebastian, but he could not stay. He must go and hide his own heartbreak elsewhere.

"But you have not played yet, *hein?*"

"I don't think I had better play—now."

They both listened for a moment to the music flowing delicately, triumphantly, round the corner, and Giulietta screwed up an attentive eye. Really she was very like a bird. She made a gesture of agreement and stared once more at Caryl.

"But what have you?" she demanded. "*Poverino!* Tell me. Why are you sad? Is it because your brother is your rival? But believe me, that is terrible. Ah! but I remember. The good Heinrich has told me. You are in love, my poor friend! And you have lost her? Is it not so? *Ah, Dio!* What agony! Do I not know it, I? But you will find her. You are young. You have time to be happy."

"No, no," sighed Caryl. "It's no use. I shall never be happy. I'm a failure. I fail at everything. I'd better forget her."

"Forget!"

The eyes, the voice flashed out at him so that for a moment he could almost have seen La Rovere herself, in her youth, in her glory, upon the great stages of the world.

"Forget! You will forget? Young man, I do not know the meaning of this word—forget! You suffer? Then let me tell you that you are most fortunate. You live. For what is one born but to suffer and to remember?"

It was the voice, not the words, which set fire to him, flooding him with an emotion of inexpressible nobility. His own failure was swept up and exalted by the indomitable courage of that voice. He was not merely Caryl Sanger, the fool of the family, destined always to be obscure and ridiculous; he was something universal and tremendous; he was mankind defying fate in spite of unpropitious stars. A sense of the greatness of that defiance, of his own greatness being part of it, woke new courage in him.

He looked at La Rovere as so many thousands had once looked at her, with gratitude and wonder in his eyes.

"Madame—" he began.

But he could not thank her. No words could thank her for that gift of nobleness which, by her mere voice, she could bestow upon the sufferings of man. He turned and left her, and went out into the starlight, full of a new courage, free from envy, purged of all the littleness of failure.

CHAPTER IX

LIFE in the Ghetto began early. By sunrise all the shutters were flung open, the women, leaning forth, were screaming gossip or abuse at their neighbors, the men were hammering and shouting, and the children had begun their howl for the day. But Caryl had learned to sleep through it, and few sounds could wake him up before seven o'clock, after his late and tiring nights in the Pier Cinema. A violent pounding at his door brought him at last out of his obstinate slumbers. He sat up in bed, sleepy and startled.

"Wha-a-at? *Intrate!*"

"Caryl?" cried a voice outside. "Hoy! I say, Caryl!"

"Who is it?"

THE door opened, and Gemma poked her nose round it. "It *is* him," she said. "Can we come in?"

Without waiting for leave she came in, her baby on her shoulder, and sat down firmly upon the foot of Caryl's bed. Sebastian, who followed her, took the only chair.

"You do take it easy," commented Gemma scornfully. "We've been up for hours."

Caryl asked what they wanted. He saw that something had happened to Sebastian. For the first time in his life Sebastian was looking almost diffident. He had a strangely abashed air, and Gemma was obliged to explain for him.

"He's come to apologize," she said with a giggle.

"To apologize?"

This was a thing so unheard-of among the Sangers that Caryl thought he must still be dreaming.

"For cutting you out last night," explained Sebastian glumly.

"Oh!"

"He didn't mean to," said Gemma. "He's been lying awake cursing all night."

"Of course, I didn't mean to," broke in Sebastian. "It's the last thing I ever meant to do. I came late on purpose. I thought you would have time to play first. When I came I naturally thought you'd had your turn. And then you went rushing off— Why on earth did you go off like that, anyway?"

"There wasn't much point in my staying. I couldn't have played."

"No, I suppose you couldn't. But there was no need to go off like that. I wanted you to hear that thing I played. And anyhow I'm sorry. I wouldn't have come if I'd known it was going to turn out like that. I suppose Heinrich asked you especially to play to those people?"

"I know he did."

"It's a great pity. I didn't mean to queer your pitch."

They never did mean it. But that never prevented them from doing it. Caryl resignedly told his brother not to worry.

"I probably shouldn't have got much out of it, even if I had played," he said. "They didn't want to hear me."

"Nobody will ever want to hear you if you go about in that frame of mind," Sebastian pointed out. "That's partly what I've come to talk to you about. In the night I thought about you quite a lot, and this Fenella of yours. What are you going to do about that business?"

"I don't see there's anything I can do, at present."

"Now that's all wrong," exclaimed Sebastian. "Of course you must do something at once. I know. You'll just sit about here, moping, until you persuade yourself that she doesn't really want to marry you. And she never will, at that rate. I think you ought to go after her. Where has she gone?"

"I don't know. Somewhere in the Dolomites. Heinrich wouldn't tell me. But anyhow I couldn't go."

"Why not?"

"Well, there's the expense, for one thing."

"Haven't you got any money? You were always such a saver."

"Yes," said Caryl reluctantly. "But—I want to go on saving."

"Whatever for?" asked Sebastian and Gemma in surprise.

"And besides, I don't know where she's gone.

The Fool of the Family

I can't just go wandering round the Dolomites looking for her, can I?"

"Listen!" said Sebastian, "I've had an idea. I've a very good mind to go to the Dolomites myself."

"Oh, lord!" groaned Caryl.

"And me?" put in Gemma.

"We'll all go. Now, Caryl. You have to go, in any case."

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have. Your girl's there. And you've nothing to stay here for. You've got no work, and you won't find work easily, either. You're simply wasting your time and spending your precious money. Now I've thought of a plan. Just listen to me."

CARYL shut his eyes and tried to go to sleep, but he could not stop himself from listening to Sebastian's plan.

"I told you I'd written an operetta for marionettes? Well, Gemma's very clever. She's made the theatre and the scenery and the dolls, and she dressed them. We've had great fun with them. All we want is four people to sing and two to play, a fiddle and a piano. Gemma can sing, I can sing. You can play. We'll go round and give a show at all the summer hotels in the Dolomites. I've done it once before, with two men and a guitar. We sang folk-songs, and it was a great success. We used to go each night to a different hotel and give a concert just after dinner in the *Speiser Saal*. The management liked it, because it kept the people sitting there, and they bought drinks. People think they must buy a drink if they sit at those little tables, and the management scores. They used to give us a free dinner first, and once or twice they gave us bed and breakfast. And after the show we took up a collection. You've no idea how nice it was.

"Now, our show would be better than that. People like marionettes just now, and they'll like my operetta if they get a chance to hear it. We'll go to all the principal resorts, and if we find your girl, so much the better. I think we might find her easily. After all, there aren't so very many places outside Cortina where that sort of person goes. They're the *hotel de luxe* type. There's Merano, and Lago di Misurina, and the Karersee, and the Adlersee, and Suisi, and one or two more. We could try them all. But even if we don't find her, we'll have paid our expenses, and kept ourselves for the summer, and had a pleasant time in the mountains. You won't have to waste any of your precious savings, and plenty of people will get a chance to hear my music."

"But you'll need two more singers and a violinist," objected Gemma. "What will you do about that?"

"Oh, I'll find somebody. I know plenty of people in Venice who would do it. Those Russians at the Café Cardiff . . . Now, Caryl, will you come?"

"No," said Caryl from under the bedclothes.

"And why not?"

"It's not the proper way to go looking for Fenella. It's not dignified."

Sebastian laughed. "My good Caryl! Do you really think dignity is your strong point? Why— Oh, lord! You do add to the gaiety of nations!"

"No, but—"

"Now, listen to me. This Fenella of yours—you met her on the pier, didn't you? Playing in a cinema. Not very dignified, was it? And you got the sack under her eyes. Also not dignified. But in spite of that, mark you, she asked Heinrich to introduce her. And one week later she got engaged to you. Why? No, don't interrupt! Because you'd impressed her. How? By your dignity? Not a bit of it. She was impressed because, for once in your life, you hadn't sat down meekly and done the expected thing. You'd made the world sit up and take notice of you. She liked that. If she wants somebody dignified, she can have her pick of them at home. What you've got to do is to keep up the first impression. Go on showing a little spirit."

Caryl felt that there might be some truth in all this. But he was not convinced. It might impress Fenella, but he did not think it would have the same effect on her parents. He muttered something about Lady McClean.

"Oh, leave her out of it," said Sebastian impatiently. "She'll never be on your side; you'll have to reckon with that. If you ever get Fenella, it'll have to be in spite of her parents. She's chosen you because you're the very opposite of the sort of person her mother would choose for her. Well, then, go on being opposite! Be more opposite, if you can. Isn't that right, Gemma?"

"Yes," said Gemma slowly. "I think it's right. And anyhow I think she'd be pleased to know that you made an effort to come after her. It's the kind of thing that any woman would like."

"But to turn up like that!" argued Caryl. "Like a strolling player, almost."

"It's a cut above playing the piano in a cinema."

"Shakespeare was a strolling player," Gemma pointed out.

"Oh, shut up!"

"I should have thought," said Gemma reproachfully, "that you'd have jumped at the chance of getting to see her again. You can't love her very much."

"I'd give anything to see her again, but—"

"And what's the point of staying here?" finished Sebastian. "What will you do if you don't come with us?"

Caryl had not the slightest idea, except that he must strive to get work of any kind, so as to prevent the shrinkage of his precious hoard in the bank. And he loved the mountains. Besides, he really thought that there might be money in the idea—as much money, anyhow, as he would make if he stayed in Venice.

"How would you carry your show about?" he asked prudently. "I mean, the boxes with the theatre and the dolls?"

Sebastian took only a couple of seconds to solve this problem. He had not thought of it before, but he brought out the answer with a readiness that quite concealed his moment's hesitation. "We'll hire a donkey," he said. "The show folds up, and we'll pack all the apparatus on his back. And Gemma's baby can go on it as well. Our own clothes we can take in rucksacks."

Gemma jumped up and began to dance round the room. The idea of such a jaunt entranced her. "It'll be lovely! It'll be lovely! It'll be lovely!" she chanted. "We'll bathe in all the lakes. And we'll eat wild strawberries with our lunch. And I'll make little posies of gentian and alpenrosen and sell them to the ladies at the hotel tables. I can make lovely posies."

Caryl, in spite of himself, could not help thinking that it would be lovely, too. The vagrant strain in his blood ran thinly, but it was there. And after all these prisoned months he felt that he had a chance of freedom. The mountains drew him. The chance of finding Fenella drew him. And something else, a more potent thing than all, made up his mind for him. He was falling once more beneath the baleful sway of his kindred. In spite of their faults they could always kindle a glow in his heart, a warmth which survived even when he wanted to box their ears. He had felt it, as a little boy, for his father. Now he felt it again for his brother. He could not let Sebastian go wandering off into the mountains without him.

CHAPTER X

WHEN Fenella caught her first glimpse of the Hôtel Benito, on the shores of the Adlersee, she shut her eyes and became more miserable, if possible, than she had been before.

But she had come to the Adlersee to be unhappy—and what a place to be unhappy in!

Be the *best dressed* woman in your set

Yet save about *half* your usual dress expense

WE will show you how to be the most stylishly dressed woman in your set—at practically no more than the cost of the materials that go into each dress.

Our "Finish-at-Home" plan will delight you, dress you in genuine Fifth Avenue style, and save you many dollars on every dress.

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The dress of your choice will come to you with every difficult part completed—all the complicated hem-stitching, shirring, pleating and tucking done by our skilled tailors. All trimmings and findings, perfectly matched, are included. If you can do the plainest sewing, you can easily complete a "Finish-at-Home" dress. There are no patterns to trouble you. There is no waste.

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This wonderfully interesting new Style Book is full of up to the minute Paris and Fifth Avenue ideas, to help you choose a dress you will adore. Send for it today. It is *free*. It will delight you with a presentation of the latest offerings and show you how you can get them—cut to your own individual size—all ready for easy finishing at home—at an astonishing saving.

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Please send me a free copy of your new Style Book:

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I believe this plan would also interest the friends whose names I have written on the margin of this page.

In using advertisements see page 6

Which Sheets Wear Longest?

Direct from life come these frank answers...

Answers from arid Nevada, where sheets have to be shaken free of wind-blown sand. Answers from Maine, where sheets freeze stiff and crackly on the clothesline. Women all over America sent these answers—to one vital question: "Which sheets wear longest?" Overwhelmingly, the answer is—*Pequot!* These notes indicate the nation-wide preference for Pequot, and explain why it is today the most popular sheet in America!

* * *

"Four Husky Youngsters . . ." I use Pequot sheets because they are of good heavy weave and seem more durable than other brands I've used. I have four husky youngsters and need material that will withstand hard usage!

Mrs. F. R. Harville, Vallejo, Cal.

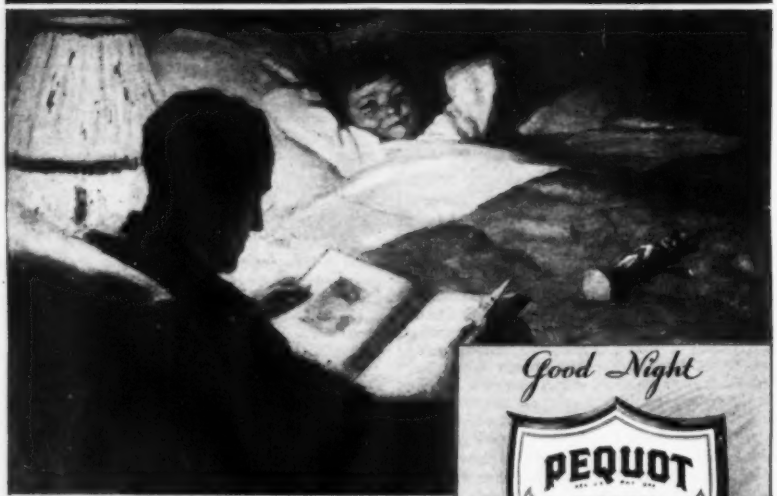
"Camping from Maine to California" My Pequot sheets appear good for another seventeen and a half years! At any rate, I have never found the least sign of wear on any of them—and some have been "camping" from Maine to California, and back again! And camping is hard on everything.

Blanche Benton Lonegren, Old Stockbridge, Mass.

* * *

"From my mother's hope chest—and still in use!" Still in use in our home are three Pequot sheets which were a part of my mother's hope chest. They are thirty-three years old. Two of them are in perfect condition. The third shows slight wearing on the selvages. Of course there have been many sheets to keep these three company, but no special care has been given them.

Miss Florence Fitzgibbons, Beverly, Mass.



Story-time! No matter how dreadful the dragon, or perilous the adventure, Sonny feels snug and secure between his smooth white Pequot Sheets!

Good Night

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Sweet Dreams

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company, Salem, Mass., Parker, Wilder & Co., New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco: Selling Agents.

PEQUOT IS THE MOST POPULAR SHEET IN AMERICA

February 1930 Good Housekeeping

The Fool of the Family

Her very misery seemed to be robbed of half its dignity. The Hôtel Benito stifled it. She was so hemmed in by uncongenial objects that she had no space for decent mourning. Exasperation took the place of grief.

She arrived at the Adlersee with pale cheeks, and after three days they were paler. In three weeks she had actually managed to lose weight. Sophie had to alter her dresses. She would not swim in the lake, she would not play games or climb mountains with the other young people, nor would she dance with the charming Marchese who admired her so much. All day she wandered moodily in the woods or tore about the roads in the little car which her parents had hired for her during their stay in the Dolomites, risking her life at hairpin bends. She used to go up over the frontier into Austria, which was about an hour's run away, because she found Austria a better country to be unhappy in than Italy. Besides, Austria was Caryl's country; he had lived there when he was a little boy. And at night she would come home to cry herself asleep, not so much because she was crossed in love, but because she was a prisoner. Never before had her life seemed so much like captivity. The mountain ranges which shut in the Adlersee were not more solid than the barriers which shut in her spirit. And all the people about her—Sophie, the obsequious waiters, the hearty English acquaintances, the amorous young Marchese, even her kind parents—were no better than gaolers. They were all conspiring to make a prisoner of her, to cut her off from what she wanted.

AND what did she want? She scarcely knew. That was why she cried so much. She thought she wanted Caryl, but her moment of happiness with him had been so short, and the end of it had been so confused that she could only yearn for him vaguely. He had come to be a symbol of all her troubles; he gave poignancy to the fact that everything was flat and stale, and that she had nothing to do, that her youth was flying past her because she would soon be twenty, and she could see no way out of it. And so she came down every morning, trim and exquisite from Sophie's hands, looking frailer and more wan than she had looked the night before.

Lady McClean was in despair. "I wonder if sun-ray treatment would do her good," she speculated. "Susie Cornish took her girl to a very good man—nerves—What was his name? Dr. Cleaver? No, that's not it. But I know it isn't Robinson. I must write to Susie Cornish for his name."

Sir Ivor knew nothing of sun-ray, and he had no faith in doctors. They had never cured his rheumatism. He asked if Fenella had been writing to that fellow in Venice.

"I don't think so," said Lady McClean. "She sent a letter to Heinrich for him, but I don't think she's had an answer."

"She isn't pining for him?"

"I suppose it's some nonsense of that sort. I shall take her to a doctor."

"Don't believe there's anything the matter with her except she's got nothing to do," said Sir Ivor.

His wife said that Fenella had plenty to do, from tennis in the morning to dancing in the evening.

"She doesn't dance," said Sir Ivor.

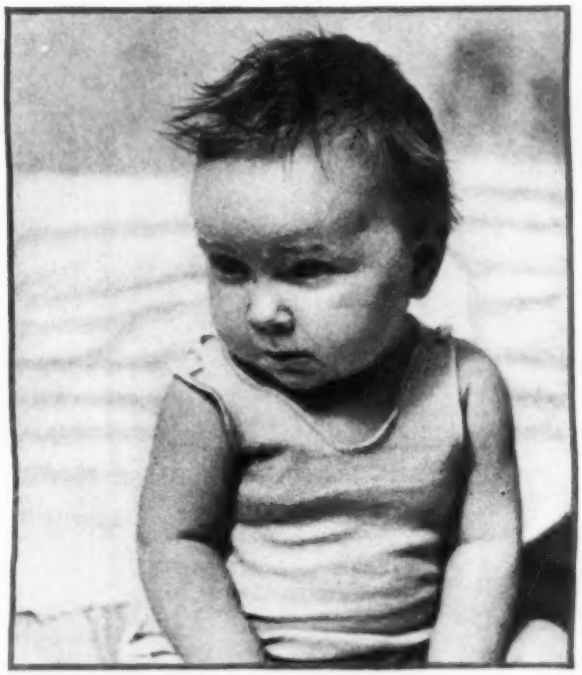
"I know. She's so stupid. She wouldn't even dance with the Marchese when he asked her. And she's the only girl in the hotel that he's ever looked at. I was talking to his mother last night. Such a charming woman She's half American, you know. She's very anxious for him to settle down."

"Not with Fenella, I hope?"

"Well, the child is so critical of all her friends at home. And he's really charming. I thought perhaps—"

"If I thought there was any 'perhaps' about it, I'd take her back to Venice. I'd rather she married the fiddler."

What every young baby should know



"Sometimes I wonder how I could have been so young and foolish! Mind you . . . up to the time I was five months old, I didn't know what real comfort was. *I was chafed all the time. And so cross... no wonder I couldn't sleep as much as our baby book said I should!...*

Then...my mother finally fixed things up. "Here's a powder made specially for you!" she said—and with that, something lovely came into my life! It's powder—but oh, so different from any we'd ever used before. So much softer and finer. It cuddles up next to me, gentle and cool—and now *I know what real comfort is! If my mother had known what it would mean to me, I'm sure she'd have told me much—much—sooner!"*

• • •

The Chief Chemist says—every mother *should know.* To understand the important difference in baby powders, you must know the difference in *talcs*. For Johnson's Baby Powder, only the finest Italian talc is used. This is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope. You'll find the difference this way, too . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger. Now do the same with other powders . . . you'll know, soon enough, if they're made with inferior talc! Another important thing to remember—Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no* stearate of zinc.

Now—a soap that is really good enough for babies! Johnson's Baby Soap is made *especially* for babies—from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. It is as bland and soothing as the finest Castile soaps—but unlike Castile, Johnson's Baby Soap gives a rich, smooth lather and rinses off quickly and completely, leaving the skin soft and velvety. Note this fact, also—whereas Castile soaps are not always pure and uniform in quality, every cake of Johnson's Baby Soap conforms to the highest standards of purity and excellence.

This cream brings special comfort to babies! Johnson's Baby Cream is also made especially for babies, from purest ingredients. It is bland and soothing, and relieves chafing, chapping, "diaper rash" and other mild irritations of the skin. A little of this cream, rubbed gently on the baby's face and hands before going out doors, will prevent chapping and windburn on cold days.

FREE SAMPLES! *In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample—free of charge. With it, we will send you free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, for you to try in connection with the powder. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. 3-B, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.*

Johnson & Johnson

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS: "Zo" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.

SOAP

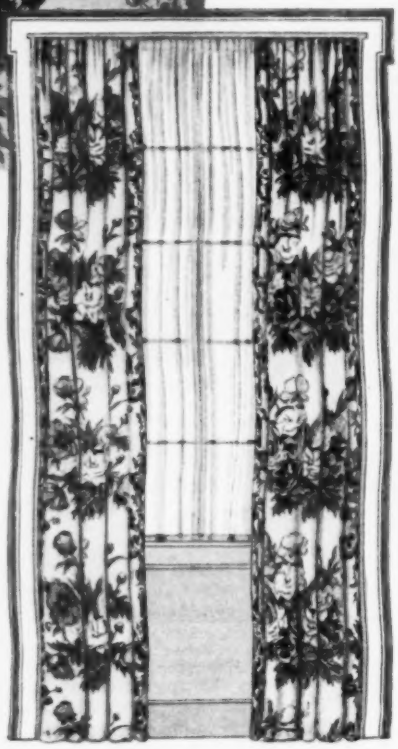
Johnson's

Baby Powder

CREAM

In using advertisements see page 6

Notice the interesting shadow border—a soft obbligato to the poppy theme—which finishes both sides of the fabric. The painted wood cornice shown in the sketch picks up and repeats the dominant color tones.



'POPPY DREAMS'

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The Fool of the Family

"It was the piano—"

"This idea of taking up some work, now," he interrupted. "She seems to be set on it. I wouldn't be against it if that would make her happy."

"But what sort of work?"

Sir Ivor did not know. Fenella did not know. She looked to them for help. They looked to her. And they were the most miserable trio in the Hôtel Benito.

But at the end of three weeks Fenella left off crying and took to learning shorthand. So many tears were foreign to her nature, which, though gentle, was combative. As soon as she remembered the little shorthand manuals at the bottom of her trunk, she dried her eyes and ordered Sophie to unpack. They had been bought six months before, during one of her periodic fits of anxiety to qualify for some profession. And though she could not exactly say why a knowledge of shorthand should unite her to Caryl, the mere fact of having something to work at raised her spirits. She planned to master shorthand during her stay in the Dolomites, and when she got back to England she would buy a typewriter. By the time she was twenty-one she would be a skilled stenographer and able to support herself, so that it would not matter if Caryl could not keep her.

The next few days were spent in a fever of study. But concentration at the Adlersee was not easy. She was always being interrupted. One morning she was obliged to change her seat five times, and at last she left the hotel grounds altogether and took to the wilder woods on the other side of the lake. But even there she was not safe. Hardly had she found a mossy bank and sharpened her pencil before she was joined by the Marchese, whose mother was so anxious for him to settle down.

This young man was undoubtedly the Adonis of the Hôtel Benito, and Fenella ought to have been most flattered by his admiration. He was handsome, gifted, and as a prominent Fascist was said to have a distinguished career before him. Until Fenella caught his eye he had taken no part in the gayeties of the hotel, and his time was spent in the company of a group of satellites, young men of birth and standing, who were all good Fascists, too. Every morning they used to swim across the lake, and afterward they went rock-climbing. His powerful car used to tear about the roads at sixty miles an hour, and in the evening he used to disappear with his myrmidons on some mysterious political business. Gossip said that they were administering forcible lessons in patriotism to the local malcontents, and that was one of the reasons why Fenella disliked them. But she was not so strong-minded as she ought to have been; of late, since she had grown happier, she had not been able to help a small thrill of gratified vanity when the Marchese singled her out.

HE EMERGED rather stealthily from among the trees and exclaimed in surprise when he saw her. He spoke English perfectly. There was nothing that he did not do almost insolently well.

"What a long way you have come!" he said.

Fenella explained that it was impossible to study undisturbed in the hotel grounds, whereat he smiled. He liked her seriousness. But then he began to look a little uneasy.

"You will forgive me for saying so," he began, "but I don't think that it is very safe to come so far alone. The people in this part of the Valley are a ruffianly crew. Strong measures are needed here, so near the frontier. The man who owns that little castle up there is a bad character indeed. He makes no secret of his disloyalty. Italian, as you know, is now taught in our schools here. And this man holds a night-school in his house to keep up the German language among the children."

"He's one of the old Austrian land-owners, isn't he? You mean Herr Hügel? I think I've seen him in the post-office."

The Marchese frowned. "He's an Italian

The Fool of the Family

now, and he must learn to appreciate the honor."

"I don't think he does, much," said Fenella. "In the post-office he spat on all the stamps instead of licking them."

She was sorry that she had said this when she saw the look in the Marchese's eye.

"Is that so?" he asked thoughtfully. "I had not heard that."

"Perhaps it wasn't Herr Hügel that I saw," she said. "This was quite an elderly man. And anyhow he's not likely to do any harm to me."

"A man who will spit on the image of his king is not to be trusted. But perhaps he will soon learn better manners. Really I think you would be safer to stay in the hotel grounds when you are alone."

"I can't read without being interrupted unless I come here," she said with a meaning glance at her little books.

The Marchese, blind to her hint, picked up one of them and turned the pages. Her industry amused him.

"You are very serious," he said lightly.

"Just now I am serious."

She would not be beguiled into personal banter, and nothing in her manner invited him to stay. He was piqued by such indifference, for generally he conquered far too easily. And he had always greatly admired this fair Northern type. He was really beginning to think that his mother was right and that he ought to settle down. This girl had a dowry. She was serious. She was beautiful. Above all, she was indifferent. That was a supreme attraction. A very little more coldness would fan his partiality into something warmer.

"I was hoping," he said with a most engaging assumption of diffidence, "that we might persuade you to join a little party I am giving tonight. We shall go over to Cortina to dinner, and afterward there is a marionnette show, which we have heard is very amusing. My mother would be charmed, I know, if you would join us."

FENELLA said regretfully that she was too busy.

The Marchese could not believe this. How could she be so busy in a place like the Adlersee? She was putting him off. Really she did not want to go. He used every persuasion that he could think of, and as far as he dared he began to make love to her. Fenella, unable to listen quite unmoved, began to regard him as more and more of a danger.

She jumped up, murmuring something about lunch, and tried to collect all her little books. But even then the Marchese must carry them back to the hotel for her, and what with three stiles, and some stepping-stones, and a plank bridge across the little stream into the hotel grounds, he seemed to be holding her hand most of the way. Nor was he slow to make the most of these opportunities. In spite of Caryl, and in spite of her loyalty, she found that it was an exciting walk.

"We have had an enchanting walk," said the Marchese. And he began to repeat his invitation for the evening.

But Fenella was adamant. As soon as she could get away, she ran off to her room.

Locked up in her jewel-case there was a small piece of tissue-paper, and inside this were some faded yellow rose-leaves, a relic of the bunch which Caryl had pressed into her hands at the railway station in Venice. She took it out and kissed it, and burst into another fit of crying. For she did not want, or hoped that she did not want, to flirt with the Marchese, but if she was to see him often, and if she was never to see Caryl again, it was all going to be very difficult.

"I'll stay at home and do shorthand," she vowed. "I shall never see him again if I go rushing off to look at marionnettes."

In which conclusion she was not much more mistaken than human beings generally are.

(To be continued)

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Toto-Tembo

(*Continued from page 59*)

the trees. Toto didn't like his cousin very well. She wouldn't let him run away into the grass land by himself. Sometimes she would hit him with her trunk when he wandered too far away from the rest of the herd. When little Toto got hungry, he would cry, just as human babies do, then Old Mom would come over and pet him with her trunk and give him milk to drink.

Toto admired that great big mother of his. She was bigger than any other elephant in the herd. Old Mom loved little Toto. Each day, when they went down to the water hole, she watched over him so carefully. She would push him along with her trunk. Then she taught him to hang on to her tail because his little legs would not carry him along as fast as the other elephants traveled.

They had so much fun when they reached the water hole. Old Mom and the other elephants would wade into it; Toto would go just a little way from shore, just about up to his knees. He was afraid. Mom would dip her trunk deep into the water, then she would lift it up and give Toto a shower bath. It felt so good. The baby elephant would raise his tiny trunk and squeal for joy. Sometimes she would lift him up with her trunk and give him a good ducking.

The elephants decided one day that there was better grass to eat on the other side of the water hole. When they reached the water, they started to wade across. Toto knew in some strange way that they were going to the other side. He was terrified. Toto remembered the day he had waded out too far into the water and got stuck in the mud. If it had not been for Old Mom, he could not have got out. His little legs were in the mire right up to his hips. Toto lifted his trunk and screamed. It wasn't more than a minute until Mom reached him. She picked him up with her trunk and carried him to a dry place. Mom scolded quite a bit that time, but she dipped her trunk into the water and washed all the mud off her baby. Then she went over to the cousin elephant who was supposed to take care of Toto and scolded her also. This tickled the little baby elephant. Cousin was always so stern and unreasonable.

At the Water Hole

But seeing the elephant herd start to cross the water hole was something new to Toto. Mom waded right out into the stream and didn't seem to pay much attention to him. He was afraid to go. Toto stood on the bank, worried and puzzled, and not knowing what to do. He was just about ready to cry when all of a sudden he felt a pair of ivory tusks under his little stomach. A big trunk wrapped itself about his back. The first thing he knew, he was high in the air and was being carried across the water. It was Toto's uncle that picked him up and carried him safely to the other side of the water. That's the way elephants do.

The first time I saw little Toto, I wanted to steal him. He was the cutest little darling. Martin and I were making pictures when we came to a herd of thirty elephants. Among them were Toto and Old Mom. I wanted Martin to go and get the little baby elephant. How he was to do it, I don't know. Old Mom, who appeared to be as big as the side of a house, watched Toto every minute. I don't blame her a bit. Toto was the dearest little thing. He ran along beside his mother, but couldn't go very fast, he was so little. Once he fell into a hole and commenced to scream. Mom came running to him. She looked him over to see whether he was hurt. Then she told him to be careful and follow her. Toto went along slowly beside his huge mother, his big ears flapping against his tiny body.

Martin kept taking pictures of Mom and her baby. Finally she saw us and became afraid that we would get her little one. She started to walk away from us with great, long strides. She forgot that Toto could not keep up with her. She came back to him and pushed him along with her trunk. Once she nearly stepped on the little fellow. He kept wandering about between her legs. Mom became angry and spanked the little elephant with her trunk. She spanked him hard. Toto squealed. Then he became so hot and tired that he just lay down in the grass, and he told Mom if she wanted to go on she could just leave him, as he wasn't going any farther.

Mom seemed to feel sorry about that spanking. She came over and talked to her baby, coaxed it to follow her, and then wrapped her trunk about the little fellow's trunk and pulled him to his feet. Then Old Mom turned around and stared at Martin's camera.

It looked bad for us. I thought she was going to come after us. I aimed my rifle at her brain and for a single second wished that she would charge, I wanted her baby so much. Then I realized what a selfish and bad thought that was.

Mom just stood and looked at us as if to say: "Now you just leave my baby alone. If you don't, I'll fix you."

She loved little Toto so much.

Old Mom walked away into a green grove of trees that God had made just for her and little Toto and the rest of the elephant family.

The Sweet Potato Patch

That was the last time I saw little Toto, but I met Old Mom on two other occasions. When we lived at Lake Paradise, Martin and I, with the aid of our black boys, planted a garden. Part of it was a sweet potato patch. On moonlight nights we would walk down to the lake and watch the wild animals of the jungle come down to drink water. We would see the big elephants bathing their babies and hear the little ones shriek with joy. We had many a good laugh at their antics.

One night the elephants started to wander away. Martin and I hastened home. We could hear them approaching our garden. We watched. Old Mom was leading the herd. She looked around as if to say:

"Here's the Johnsons' sweet potato patch. They have so many of them that they won't miss a few. Besides, they have been taking pictures of us and owe us something. Let's go in and have some dinner."

Martin and I watched the herd invade our garden. We couldn't very well shoo them away. The little elephants got sweet potato vines twisted about their necks. The big ones dipped their trunks into the little hills in which the potatoes were planted.

When they got through eating the potatoes, they thought, "Well, we'll just fool Mrs. Johnson and not let her know we have been here."

They scraped up the dirt with their feet and covered up the hills so it would not look as if they had been disturbed. But they forgot about their tracks. Whenever you see a foot print as big as a dish pan, you can feel sure that an elephant has been around.

The last time I saw Old Mom was one evening when I was coming back to Lake Paradise. Bukari and another black boy were following me up Elephant Street. All of a sudden we came around a twist in the road, and there in front of us was Old Mom not more than forty feet away. She started toward us, ears laid back in a way that meant she was thinking of charging. The black boys and I dropped down on our knees and crawled into the bush. Apparently she thought we were baboons, and after standing rigid a minute turned and started to eat leaves off the trees.

We crawled away and ran down Elephant Street. We had fooled Old Mom and paid her back for the time she and her family looted my sweet potato patch. But just the same I was glad to get away from her, and I never want to get close to such a big elephant again.

Stepmother

(*Continued from page 51*)

would be at her, her face lifted, her arms stretching. Mother would sweep her close.

"Well, look who's here! Mother's own little girl!"

"Darling mother!" Her little hands patting.

On Sundays, when Daddy did not have to go in to the office and they could all sleep a bit later, Mitzi had her "cuddling" hour. Bright in the morning, just as it got light, she would wake and call from her bedroom.

"Mo—ther! Mother de—ar! It's Sunday! May I come in and cuddle?"

"This very minute!" Mother would call back instantly.

And Mitzi would climb out of her bed and go pattering down the hall in her bare feet. And there would be Daddy, sleeping in his bed near the window, the quilt bunched over his shoulders while his big, pink toe wriggled in the open. And there would be Mother in her bed nearest the door, her black hair curly on the pillow, her nightie all pretty with bows of ribbon.

"Come on, crawl in," she would say, and hold the covers open.

She would crook her arm to form a little hollow, and draw Mitzi's head into it, and hold her close and gently like a little baby.

Sometimes Mitzi would cuddle with Daddy. And that would be a treat. Daddy was so warm, and his arm so big! He would wait for her to get comfortable, for that took a bit of wriggling. Then:

"All set?" he would ask. "O. K. then. Let's snooze!"

These days there was no cuddling. Not even with Daddy. Nor would there ever be again. Mitzi knew that. For once, just after she had returned home from Grandma's, she had awakened early in the dawn from a terrible dream. Frightened and shivery in the half-light, she had called out,

"Mother!"

She sometimes did that when she was not quite awake and forgot. But then she opened her eyes and remembered, and thought to seek out Daddy. Perhaps he would let her snuggle in with him for just a little while, till she got over the fright of the dream. Carefully, so as not to make any noise, she climbed out of bed and went down the hall to his room. But *she* was there, her head on his arm, her silvery-goldy hair splashed all over the pillow. They seemed to be together, the two of them, in a little, warm world all of their own, a little warm world in which there was no room for Mitzi. Standing in the doorway, she felt outside, all alone, very small, cold. Turning, she fled back to her bed and huddled down under the covers.

HER stepmother was "doing her best by her." Every one said so.

From eight to twelve Mitzi went to school, washed, combed, all spick and spandy. She was on morning time this year. At noon she had her lunch, sitting with her stepmother in the breakfast nook. Chop, baked potato, green vegetable, bread and butter, dessert. Just the proper things for a little girl to eat. But there was no fun in them. No talk with them. No games to see who could beat. No arguing. You couldn't say, "If I eat the potato, can I leave out the spinach?" the way you could with Mother and Grandma. Oh, no. The food was put down before you, and you just ate.

After lunch she had to rest—a full hour—whether she wanted to or not. Then she had to go out for her play in the open, with her skates, or ball, or jumping rope. Then she had to have her half-hour at the piano. Her stepmother was teaching her day by day, sitting always beside her so she couldn't do a single thing wrong. Her stepmother was really a good teacher. She explained everything so it was all just too easy. Mitzi could play the Lollypop March, and the Andante of Haydn's with the big bang right in the middle of it, and the Minuet of Bach's. Simplified, of course. Her stepmother made her memorize everything. And when people came to visit, Mitzi played for them. And they always seemed surprised.

"My!" they said. "Doesn't she play *well!* Who is teaching her? Oh! *You* are?"

Mitzi really liked to play the piano. But not just at the times when she had to. She would be outside, having a game of hop-scotch or ten-twenty-thirty, and her stepmother would come to the window and call:

"Mitzi! Time for your lesson!"

And she would have to go in on the minute. The other children on the block didn't. They always got a little time extra. When their mothers called they would say:

"Please, Mother, just one weeny minute more? Just till the end of the game? Please?"

But with a stepmother you couldn't do that. You mustn't be a bother to a stepmother. You *had* to be on the minute.

TWICE a week Mitzi went to dancing class. Her stepmother took her, all the way over to Manhattan, in the subway. And Mitzi carried a little traveling bag with her slippers and costume in it. Her stepmother said she needed dancing because her feet were weak; they sort of curved in at the ankles and knees when she walked. She got special shoes for Mitzi, too, high ones, with the soles and heels a trifle thicker on the inner side than they were on the outer. Mitzi hated the shoes. Every time she put them on, she cried a little to herself. All the other girls wore low shoes with straps or bows.

She tried to remonstrate with Daddy about them. Often, when Mother was alive, he used to plead a cause for her.

But this time he shook his head. "They may not be so nice-looking," he said, "but they're good for your feet. Besides, if you wear them now, while you're small, you won't have to wear them when you're all grown-up!"

Which was scant consolation. But that was the way Daddy was, these days. He agreed with her stepmother in everything. He thought she was always right, that whatever she did was best. He never sided with Mitzi against her, the way he sometimes had against Mother.

P'raps her stepmother *was* right. Mitzi didn't know. She was only a little girl, after all. And there *were* things that you had to do that you didn't want to do. Mother had taught her that, and she had had to do some even with her. But somehow she hadn't minded so much then. Mother knew how hard it was to do something you didn't want to do. She always said:

"I know you don't *want* to do it, darling. I know it's going to hurt a little even. But, dear, it's got to be done. And you're such a brave, strong girl!"

And afterward there were always her loving arms and her kiss.

Her stepmother never put her arms about her. Only when Mitzi had first returned home from Grandma's had she done that. Mitzi hadn't responded to her, though, because 'way down deep she had been afraid of her. And now, though her stepmother always smiled and there were bells in her voice, she was stiff and straight-up-and-down.

The days were strict and dreary. No one to laugh with, no one to tease with, no one to catch a little girl up and hug her just because she *was* a little girl.

One morning Mitzi missed the picture of Mother. She kept it always in a little drawer in the top of her desk, locked in with her coral beads and her ivory fan. The night before, she had taken it out, to look at it as she had promised Grandma. And she must have fallen asleep before she remembered to put it back.

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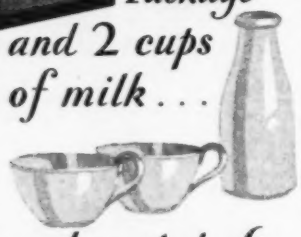

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Stepmother

When she woke in the morning, she didn't think about it. But when she was in school, she suddenly reminded herself.

When she returned home at lunch time, she went straight to her room to look for it. She hunted in her desk, and under the bed, and even took the pillows up. But it was nowhere about. She searched so long that her stepmother had to call to her:

"Mitzi! Your lunch is getting cold!"

She searched after lunch, when she was supposed to be resting. But all to no avail. Then she bethought herself to ask Helga, the maid, about it, and tiptoed to the kitchen.

"W'at? Pigshure?" Helga was Finnish. "Sooch little ones? Yeh . . . I see. The Missus, she picks her up in bedroom."

And then the doorbell rang, and Helga went to the front and let in the policeman.

"Mrs. Cameron?" he asked, consulting a little book he had in his hand.

"Wait. I call," said Helga.

Mitzi's stepmother came out of her room, alarm in her eyes.

"Mrs. Cameron, Ma'am?" asked the policeman again, removing his cap.

"Yes," she said. "I'm Mrs. Cameron." And then, quickly, "What is it?"

The policeman raised his hand. "Now, Ma'am," he said, "you don't want to go and get all excited. It's nothing terrible. It's about Mr. Cameron, Ma'am."

"Mr. Cameron?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said the policeman. "He was hurt, Ma'am. Oh, it wasn't nothing much. This morning—"

"Hurt!" The word was a little frightened, explosive. Her hand went to her throat, grew stiff there.

"It was in the street, Ma'am," went on the policeman. "He was just passin' by this buildin', y'see, when these thugs dashed out. We was after them with our guns, and by accident Mr. Cameron was shot."

"Shot!" It was a shriek that her stepmother gave then.

Helga, who had retreated to her kitchen, came running at the sound, her eyes staring.

"Now, Ma'am!" said the officer, and he sounded a little angry. "It wasn't much. Just a sort of nick, like, in the leg. The bullet kinda grazed him, that's all. We had him to the hospital right off, and the doctors fixed him up okay. In a couple days he'll be as good as new again. It was just—"

What happened next was commotion. Mitzi had never seen her stepmother act like that. She didn't seem to know what she was doing. She flew first one way, then another. She seized her coat and couldn't seem to find the armhole. She forgot her hat and had to go back for it. She went circling around for her bag when all the time it was lying right on the hall table. All the time she sobbed under her breath, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Then: "Helga!" she said. "Helga, look after the child!"

And ran out ahead of the policeman.

MITZI stood alone in the hall, and wild thoughts raced furiously through her little head. Daddy was hurt, shot, the policeman had said. They had taken him to the hospital. That meant he would not be coming home in the evening. She would be alone with her stepmother. At that thought a strange, frightened, little flutter went through her. Suddenly, all the stories that had ever been read to her about stepmothers came crashing into her mind. She remembered, with a sinking chill at her tummy, that it was when the husbands were away from home that the stepmothers committed their wicked deeds. Florina's, and Snow White's, and the stepmother in "The Three Little Men in the Woods." And there was the picture of Mother. Her stepmother had taken it this very day!

Mitzi's heart thumped with panic. She began to tremble. Fear, awful and devastating, shook her. Her lips began to quiver. She whimpered in a choked voice. And then—out of nowhere, it seemed—the idea came to her. She voiced it aloud, in a whisper, to herself.

"I'm going to Grandma!"

She knew the way. First, you went on the trolley. Then in the subway. Then on the trolley again. She had enough for fare in her little red pocketbook. She was getting it, in her room, when Helga called:

"Mitzi! Iss time for go out play!"

Mitzi put on her coat. Into one pocket she emptied her money. She took her skates from the bottom of her closet. You would never think that a little girl could be so crafty. She went down the hall to the kitchen, her knees trembling, her skates clanking.

"All right, Helga," she said. "I'm going."

"Be good girl," said Helga. "Not go in gutter!"

"No," said Mitzi. "I won't."

GRANDMA said, "Mitzi, you shouldn't have done it!" And was all for taking her right back.

But Mitzi put her arms about her neck. "Grandma," she wept, "don't. Don't take me back. I want to stay here with you, Grandma. I want to stay here with you!"

She clung close and trembled.

Grandma pressed her tight. Her eyes were troubled. She sat for a time and rocked Mitzi on her lap.

"Mitzi," she said, "tell me. Tell Grandma. Why are you so frightened? What did she do to you?"

But Mitzi only clutched tighter.

Grandma's mouth formed a thin, straight line. "Stay, then," she said. "But we must telephone."

A week Mitzi stayed. Grandma made her cookies and jelly tarts. She took her along to market when she went shopping, and bought her tidbits on the way. Peanuts, or chocolates, or a lollypop. She found bright remnants in her scrap bag and made a patch quilt for Mitzi's doll. Also a weeny little coat with pockets and brass buttons. She unearthed a little stamped sampler, and stretched it out over a small hoop, and gave it to Mitzi with needle and embroidery thread.

"Your mother used to embroider," she said. "When she was even smaller than you. All those cushions on the sofa are her work. And all my shelving."

Mitzi learned willingly. How to knot her thread, and cut it, and get the cross-stitches just so. Where to use black and where to use orange.

Grandma clucked encouragingly. "Beautiful!" she said. "Beautiful!"

It was nice to be with Grandma again. Nice to be put to bed with singing and wakened with laughing. Grandma would stand and tickle her toes in the morning.

"Wake up, sleepy-head! Here's the sun again!"

All day long Mitzi flew busily around. She helped make the beds, and sat with a pot on her lap and shelled peas. She wiped the dishes after grandma washed them. She put all the knives and forks and spoons into their proper compartments in the cutlery box in the kitchen drawer. She dusted the furniture in the sitting-room.

"That's the way," said Grandma. "That's the way a little girl learns."

Mitzi was happy. She forgot about her stepmother. She even forgot about Daddy.

And then, in the middle of a day—Saturday, it was—in he walked.

"Hello, Mother!" he said to Grandma. "Hello, Mitzi!" And kissed them both.

He sat a while and talked to Grandma about his leg. He looked a little thinner and kind of pale. After a while he said:

"Well, Mitzi, time to get your things. We've got to be getting along home."

Mitzi got her hat and coat and skates.

Stepmother

Grandma wrapped the things they had made—the patchwork quilt, the little doll's coat, and the sampler—in a small package.

"Goodby, Mitzi," she said. "Come again."

"She will," said Daddy. "Very soon."

He was jolly on the way home; told riddles and jokes and funny stories. Never once did he ask, "Mitzi, why did you run away?" Soon Mitzi had a feeling that he would never ask her that.

She put her hand in his and asked solemnly: "Does your leg hurt any more, Daddy? Is it all, all better?"

"All, all better," said Daddy.

There seemed to be no one about, when they got home.

"Go and put your things away," said Daddy.

Mitzi went. She had a queer feeling, as she came into her room, that it was somehow different. She looked around it once, twice. And then she saw it, standing on the top of her desk, in a gold frame. Mother's picture. The same as it had been in the little brown book, only larger, brighter. She stood there, Mother did, and smiled at Mitzi. Mitzi reached up and took the picture down.

She was holding it in her hands, looking at it, when a step sounded behind her. And there was her stepmother in the doorway, smiling.

"Do you like it, Mitzi?" she asked softly. "I had it made from your little one. I found it on the floor one morning, and it looked so shabby I thought you would like a new one to keep on your desk."

Mitzi stood unanswering. But her brain was in a whirl. So her stepmother hadn't taken the picture away! She had just borrowed it to have this big one in a gold frame made! And she was to keep it right on her desk, in front of her all the time, to look at whenever she wanted to! Why—why—her stepmother was *nice* to do that!

She stood digesting that thought, the picture still in her hands. And slowly a question was born and formed itself in her mind, causing a little frown to pucker her brow. P'raps—p'raps she had been wrong about her stepmother. P'raps she wasn't mean, and wicked, and bad? Because if she were, she wouldn't do a nice thing like this, would she? None of the stepmothers in the stories had.

P'raps her stepmother *wasn't* like the stepmothers in the stories? P'raps, as her mother had said, it was *only* in the stories that stepmothers were wicked and cruel? P'raps, if you were good and gave them no trouble, they really *would* love you as much as your own mother had?

Bewildered and puzzled, she put the picture back on the desk, then turned and raised inquiring eyes to her stepmother. Her stepmother smiled right back at her.

"You do like it, don't you, Mitzi?"

Mitzi nodded. A queer little lump was in her throat. Painfully she brought out words: "It's beautiful . . . You're—you're nice."

Her stepmother stood very still a minute, as if she hadn't heard. Then the tiniest little quiver came at the corner of her mouth, and a sudden shininess sprang to her eyes. Mitzi thought she was going to cry. But she didn't. She just blinked rapidly and put out her hand.

"L—Let's go to Daddy," she said.

Without hesitation Mitzi brought her own hand out.

Read Before You Sign

(*Continued from page 84*)

guard against salesmen trying to sell "unbreakable" china, but these women were not, and they succumbed to the smooth talk of this man who represented himself as a salesman, and they each gave him a deposit. Up to the present time, they have not received their china, and of course they never will.

Do not give money to any one who is not properly accredited. Women—or men, for that matter—who deal with strangers who have no credentials, obviously are assuming unusual risks. It might seem superfluous to say this, but the fact remains that much money is collected this way fraudulently, and because so many people respond, it is still profitable for frauds and cheats to stay in business.

There is no doubt that signatures are secured to contracts sometimes through sly practises. For example, we had our attention called to a case where a woman book agent offered to send a set of books for examination. Instead of putting down the woman's name and address herself the saleswoman asked the woman to please write her name and address on a paper she produced "so that there would be no mistake." The woman, to be accommodating, did this, but what she put her name on was a contract that she did not even read. Of course, this really was fraudulent, but as there were no witnesses, it would have been a difficult thing to prove the fraud, and the transaction ended by the purchaser paying for the set of books, which she really did not want. This again points to the maxim, "Read Before you Sign."

In corresponding with women who have entered into contracts to purchase equipment or appliances, we find there is a real lack of knowledge of the importance of a contract or agreement. A legal contract is an important paper. Much of the business of the country is done on the basis of contracts, and the law of contracts is well defined. If the courts did not uphold contracts, business could not go on. There is no help for it, if you have made a proper contract, but to see it through. The fact that you find it inconvenient or difficult to meet payments is not a valid reason to attempt to break a contract. The question of whether or not you can make payment is one to be considered beforehand.

In the making of a legal contract there is a coming together or meeting of two or more minds, and a consideration, as it is called, is given for the performance of a service. It takes at least two people to make a contract. A contract can not be dissolved without the consent of these two people. This means, of course, that if you change your mind after you have signed a contract, this is no ground for breaking the contract. People who do not understand this—and we have found that there are many who do not—think it an evidence of bad faith or unfairness on the part of a manufacturer when he requires the fulfillment of the terms of a contract. This is simply his legal right, which you accorded to him when you signed the contract.

There is no reason whatsoever to be afraid of purchasing by a contract if you will simply appreciate what a contract means and then "Read before you sign," and understand just what you are doing.

Do not expect to receive more than the contract stipulates and do not expect to do less than the contract requires. Make your investigations ahead of time, and if something is told you in conversation that you doubt or are not sure of, especially if it is not covered by the contract, do not enter into a contract until the matter, whatever it is, is cleared up to your satisfaction. If some change or addition is to be made to a contract, it must be agreed upon by the contracting parties. This means that if the usual type of contract made for the sale of appliances is to be changed, the change must be at the sanction of, and signed by, an accredited officer of the company.

Just use a little care and judgment and understand fully what you are doing, and we feel sure you will not have any difficulties from entering into contracts to purchase equipment or appliances.

While he sleeps, treat his cold with VAPEX

ITS DELIGHTFUL VAPOR KILLS THE GERMS OF COMMON COLDS

At the first sign of a cold in your child, use Vapex. Put a drop of this pleasant inhalant at each end of his pillow and let him breathe the vapor while he sleeps. Put a drop on his handkerchief or his blouse when you send him off to school.

Vapex relieves the distress of colds swiftly and surely. A few deep breaths bring clearer heads—*easier breathing*. The Vapex vapor kills the germs of common colds.

Both you and the children will like the crisp, fresh odor of Vapex. You'll like its convenience, too, and you'll appreciate its economy. A dollar for Vapex now saves dollars and distress later. The bottle contains fifty applications and each application lasts at least eight hours.

Insist on V-A-P-E-X in the trim, white box with the green triangle at your druggist's. Don't expect the same results from a cheaper imitation.

If your druggist cannot supply you, write, enclosing $1, to E. Fougera & Co., Inc., 41 Maiden Lane, New York, in the United States, or to the Kennedy Manufacturing Company, Montreal, in Canada.

A drop on your handkerchief

*VAPEX

A drop on your pillow

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In using advertisements see page 6

safe

Sterilized pure in process of manufacture. Every roll packed in individual box for complete sanitation.

color

Spotless white, or dainty pastel shades in fast colors. Blue, green, lavender, pink for any bathroom color scheme.

soft

Fine, cloth-like tissue — in every roll a thousand full-sized sheets. Fits either open or recessed fixtures.

strong

Unusual tissue quality prevents uneven tearing. Exact perforation assures easy stripping from the roll.

absorbent

A dainty tissue with exceptional absorbent characteristics. There's no better toilet tissue at any price.

At chain, department, grocery, and drug stores. If dealer can not supply you, send 15 cents for one roll, 25 cents for two. Send dealer's name for future convenience.

Texlin

REGAL PAPER COMPANY, INC., Pulaski, New York

The Art of Creating An Atmosphere

(Continued from page 57)

A mahogany Pembroke table beautifully inlaid with satinwood. It has drop leaves and tapered legs

wall; the outside is cream to match the woodwork of the room, and the inside is painted red, which gives a touch of individuality.

Out of this room opens a delightful little bathroom. Its walls are covered with a green and white marbleized paper, which has been shellacked to give it a softer look. The floor is green and white marbleized linoleum with a deep green border. The porcelain bathtub, toilet, and wash-basin are of jade green, and an accent of a darker color is given by the black iron sidelights with crystal prisms hung on either side of a plain beveled mirror above the wash-basin. These lights are distinctly individual and a pleasant change from the uninteresting fixtures generally used in a bathroom.

The outstanding feature of this little bathroom is a triple mirror with a delightfully curved top. Set into a recessed space in the wall, it not only is most attractive, but solves the often difficult problem of finding a place for a mirror of this size in the bedroom.

On either side of the mirror are two recessed shelves, where the attractively bottled and boxed perfumes, soap, and bath preparations may be placed. Storage space of this sort is essential in a bathroom, and the small medicine closet generally provided is never large enough for all the toilet accessories of the modern woman. The intriguing bottles and boxes which hold cosmetics nowadays look very nice in the open shelves, and less decorative things can be put in the lower sections behind the doors.

Drum table with pedestal base, reproduced in a useful small size

Spring Fabrics from Paris

(Continued from page 269)

The long, trailing evening gowns of today would not be the long, trailing gowns they are if made in heavy fabrics—instead, they are of sheer, lacy fabrics, or very clinging ones, to give the long and supple line. In other words, the fabric should suit the silhouette, and the smart woman realizes this. It is such an important fashion theme that today many stores where patterns are sold have instituted departments where a special fashion-wise person, a woman with taste and a knowledge of clothes, will advise customers the fabrics to choose for the patterns they are buying.

Woolens seem to grow more important each fashion season. This year every smart woman includes a tweed ensemble in her wardrobe, and the prediction is that for spring they will be even more popular. It might be interesting at this point to mention something about tweeds. There is a great difference between what has always been termed tweed in America and what the French designers term tweed. Tweed, by right and tradition, is a weave mostly carried out in Scotland with pure wool, the colors in the beginning being often hand-dyed with the juice of berries, and the result a stiffer, longer-wearing material than almost any other. In the same family are the homespuns, only the weave being different. Of course, tweeds are now manufactured in America, and France makes tweeds, but the soft, fancy-woven woolens from France are more correctly termed *lainage fantaisie* than tweeds. They are softer, more porous, more feminine, suitable for all types of woolen clothes, whereas real tweed is generally for the man or for the severely masculined tailored garment. French manufacturers have adapted colored worsted to the clothing of women and feminine feeling, but it is different in texture, and the name "tweed" has come to mean almost any fancy mixed weave.

Meyer especially features these soft, charming tweed-weaves and has skilfully eliminated the pulliness they seem to have had. They are more solid and definitely handled so that they will hang straight. Flaked and powdered tweeds, frisca tweeds, and weaves like willow furniture with round, loose threads, are some of the newest you will see this spring.

News of fabrics, especially in the spring and autumn, when we have the French designs to write about, is really important. But this year, ever so many more people are interested because of the new feminine fashions and the consequent revival of the art of dressmaking. Not the old-fashioned style of dressmaking, but an entirely new, more individual type, where the dressmaker adapts and adjusts to suit each individual figure and taste. So much depends on the suitability of the frock and coat to the person who has chosen them, and so much depends on the adaptability of these clothes to the figure, that a great many women have turned to the dressmaker. That is as it should be, too, for it is certain to result in clothes more suited to the individual, and surely better fitted —two big points in the choice of clothes today.